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PARODIES

OF THE WORKS OF

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS,

COLLECTED AND ANNOTATED BY

WALTER HAMILTON,

Fellow of the Royal Geographical, and Royal Historical Societies;
Author of "A History of National Patriotic Songs," "A Memoir of George Cruikshank,"
"The Poets Laureate of England," "The Æsthetic Movement in England," etc.

"I have here only made a Nosegay of culled Flowers, and have brought little more
of my own than the band which ties them."

VOLUME V.

CONTAINING PARODIES OF

Thomas Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard,"
AND OTHER POEMS.
WILLIAM COWPER. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
S. T. COLERIDGE. M. G. LEWIS. LEIGH HUNT.
LORD MACAULAY.
W. M. PRAED. W. M. THACKERAY. LORD LYTTON.
P. B. Shelley. Mrs. Browning. The Ingoldsby Legends.
J. ADDISON. W. COLLINS. S. ROGERS. E. WALLER.
NATIONAL SONGS OF THE UNITED STATES.
MODERN AMERICAN POETS.
SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

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INTRODUCTION.

VOLUME V.

THE completion of the Fifth Volume of this collection of Parodies affords me an opportunity of acknowledging many acts of courtesy shown by gentlemen who take an interest in the subject.

They have appreciated the importance of making the collection complete, and reliable as a *book of reference* on Parody and Burlesque, and by the information they have sent, have assisted me to carry out my design so far as it has gone.

In some few cases the difficulty of finding the authors has prevented me from obtaining their permission to insert their poems, but in every instance due acknowledgment has been made.

No trouble has been spared to obtain every parody worth quoting, to trace every poem to its original source, and to give the Authors' names, wherever they could be ascertained.

Without the assistance of the Authors themselves it would have been impossible to collect and verify such a mass of information, and my thanks are especially due to the following gentlemen, either for permission to reprint their parodies, or for other literary assistance in the compilation of the work: E. B. Anstee, Cuthbert Bede, (Rev. E. Bradley,) F. W. Crawford, T. F. Dillon-Croker, J. G. Dalton (of Boston, U.S.) F. B. Doveton, James Gordon, F.S.A., J. H. Ingram, J. Brodie-Innes, John Lane, Rev. H. C. Leonard, J. M. Lowry, A. W. Mackenzie, F. B. Perkins (of San Francisco, U.S.) Walter Parke, Edward Simpson, G. R. Sims, T. H. Smith, (of Chicago, U.S.) Edward Walford, M.A., C. H. Waring, and Edmund H. Yates.

Not only has their friendly aid cheered my labors, but it has encouraged me to hope for equally valuable assistance during the publication of the Sixth Volume, which will deal principally with the works of living poets, or with the poems of those who have only recently passed away.

WALTER HAMILTON,
57, Gauden Road, Clapham, S.W.

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"There is no talent so universally entertaining as that of mimickry, even when it is confined to the lively imitation of the air, manner, and external deportment of ordinary individuals.

It rises in interest, however, and in dignity, when it succeeds in expressing, not merely the visible and external characteristics of its objects, but those also of their taste, their genius and temper. A vulgar mimic repeats a man's known stories, with an exact imitation of his voice and gestures ; but he is an artist of a far higher description, who can make stories or reasonings in his manner, and represent the features and movements of his mind, as well as the accidents of his body. The same distinction applies to the mimickry, if it may be so called, of an author's style and manner of writing.

It is another matter, however, to be able to borrow the diction and manner of a celebrated writer to express sentiments like his own—to write as he would have written on the subject proposed to his imitator—to think his thoughts in short, as well as to use his words—and to make the revival of his style appear a natural consequence of the strong conception of his peculiar ideas. To do this in all the perfection of which it is capable, requires talents, perhaps, not inferior to those of the original on whom they are employed—together with a faculty of observation, and a dexterity of application, which that original might not always possess ; and should not only afford nearly as great pleasure to the reader, as a piece of composition, —but may teach him some lessons, or open up to him some views, which could not have been otherwise disclosed.

The exact imitation of a good thing, it must be admitted, promises fair to be a pretty good thing in itself ; but if the resemblance be very striking, it commonly has the additional advantage of letting us more completely into the secret of the original author, and enabling us to understand far more clearly in what the peculiarity of his manner consists, than most of us should ever have done without this assistance. The resemblance, it is obvious, can only be rendered striking by exaggerating a little, and bringing more conspicuously forward, all that is peculiar and characteristic in the model."

Lord Jeffrey on *The Rejected Addresses.*

THOMAS GRAY.

Born in Cornhill, London, December 26, 1716.
Died in Cambridge, July 30, 1771.

THE following is a list of the principal poems written by Thomas Gray, upon most of which parodies will be given :

- ELEGY written in a Country Church-Yard.
- Ode on the Spring.
- On the Death of a favourite Cat.
- On a distant Prospect of Eton College.
- To Adversity.
- The Progress of Poesy.
- The Bard.
- Ode for Music.
- The Fatal Sisters.
- The Triumphs of Owen.
- The Descent of Odin.
- The Death of Hoel.
- A Long Story.

* * *

THE ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD was commenced by Gray in 1742, at the age of 34; it was then laid aside, to be taken up again after the death of his aunt, Mary Antrobus, in 1749. Stoke-Poges Churchyard, where this lady was buried, is the generally accepted scene of the poem, and there the poet was himself afterwards laid to rest.

The "Elegy" was completed at Stoke in June, 1750, a copy, in MS., was sent immediately by Gray to his friend Horace Walpole, and another to Dr. Wharton of Durham, which latter is now in the library of the British Museum. Another MS. is in the library of Pembroke College, Cambridge, but which was really the *original* MS. cannot be definitely ascertained, as Gray sent out several other copies to his friends. Hence the difficulty there is now in deciding upon the particular version of the "Elegy" which received the last finishing touches of the author, who was known to be most fastidious in the diction, and punctuation of his poems.

On the 12th June, 1750, Gray announced to Walpole that "a thing," whose beginning he had seen long before, had at last got an end to it, "a merit," he added, "that most of my writings have wanted and are like to want." This "thing" was the "Elegy." Walpole showed it about, copies were taken, and early in 1751 Gray received a letter from the editors of the "Magazine of Magazines" informing him that his "ingenious poem" was in the press, and begging not only his indulgence, but the *honour* of his correspondence. "I am not at all disposed," wrote Gray, "to be either so indulgent or so correspondent as they desire." Gray had not intended to publish the poem, but annoyed at the unscrupulous action of the proprietors of the "Magazine of Magazines," he determined to forestall them if possible, and requested Walpole to get the "Elegy" printed, without the author's name, "in what form is most convenient to the printer, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any intervals between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them." Accordingly, on the 16th of February, 1751, five days after this letter was written, the first edition was printed and published by Robert Dodsley of Pall Mall. In this hasty manner, and without the author's corrections, was issued from the press one of the most popular poems in the English language.

It also appeared in *The Magazine of Magazines* (London) for February, 1751, where it was introduced as having been composed "by the very ingenious Mr. *Gray*, of *Peterhouse*, Cambridge." In this it was entitled, *Stanzas written in a Country Churchyard*, although it was entered in the Index as *An Elegy made in a Country Churchyard.* This was more modern in its orthography, and contained several variations from the authorised edition published by Dodsley.

There can be little doubt but that this pirated version of the "Elegy" was at first generally preferred to Gray's authorised edition, in which there were some very obvious errors, due to its hasty production. Certain it is that all subsequent editions far more nearly resembled the pirated version, than that printed by Dodsley at Gray's request.

Dodsley's first edition was in quarto, and is now excessively rare. The following is an exact reprint of it, the original orthography and style of printing being in strict accordance with the copy now in the library of the British Museum. The only variation being that the stanzas are numbered for convenience of reference to the foot notes.

AN
ELEGY
WROTE IN A
COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

London:
Printed for R. DODSLEY, in *Pall-mall;*
and sold by M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row.* 1751.
[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following POEM came into my Hands by accident, if the general Approbation with which this little Piece has been spread, may be call'd by so slight a Term as accident. It is this approbation which makes it unnecessary for me to make any Apology but to the Author: As he cannot but feel some Satisfaction in having pleas'd so many Readers already, I flatter myself he will forgive my communicating that Pleasure to many more.

THE EDITOR.

[1] THE Curfeu tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd winds slowly o'er the Lea,
The Plow-man homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkness, and to me.
[2] Now fades the glimmering Landscape on the Sight,
And all the Air a solemn Stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
And drowsy Tinklings lull the distant Folds.
[3] Save that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tow'r,
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret Bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary Reign.
[4] Beneath those rugged Elms, that Yew-Tree's shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the Hamlet sleep.
[5] The breezy Call of Incense-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twitt'ring from the Straw-built Shed,
The Cock's shrill Clarion, or the ecchoing Horn,
No more shall wake them from their lowly Bed.
[6] For them no more the blazing Hearth shall burn,
Or busy Houswife ply her Evening-Care:
No Children run to lisp their Sire's Return,
Or climb his Knees the envied Kiss to share.
[7] Oft did the Harvest to their Sickle yield,
Their Furrow oft the stubborn Glebe has broke:
How jocund did they drive their Team afield!
How bow'd the Woods beneath their sturdy Stroke!
[8] Let not Ambition mock their useful Toil,
Their homely Joys and Destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful Smile
The short and simple Annals of the Poor.
[9] The Boast of Heraldry, the Pomp of Power,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour.
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.
[10] Forgive, ye Proud, th' involuntary Fault
If Memory to these no Trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn Isle and fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem swells the Note of Praise.
[11] Can storied Urn or animated Bust
Back to its Mansion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the silent Dust,
Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold Ear of Death?
[12] Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celestial Fire;
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to Extacy the living Lyre.
[13] But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.
[14] Full many a Gem of purest Ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a Flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its Sweetness on the desart Air.
[15] Some village *Hampden*, that, with dauntless Breast
The little Tyrant of his Fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may rest,
Some *Cromwell*, guiltless of his Country's Blood.
[16] Th' Applause of list'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to despise,
To scatter Plenty o'er a smiling Land;
And read their Hist'ry in a Nation's Eyes
[17] Their Lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through Slaughter to a Throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,
[18] The struggling Pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the Blushes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With Incense, kindled at the Muse's Flame.
[19] Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their sober Wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd Vale of Life
They kept the noiseless Tenor of their Way.
[20] Yet ev'n these Bones from Insult to protect
Some frail Memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhimes and shapeless Sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing Tribute of a Sigh.
[21] Their Name, their Years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The Place of Fame and Elegy supply:
And many a holy Text around she strews,
That teach the rustic Moralist to die.

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1. *Curfew* in later editions.

The Curfeu tolls the knell of parting day.
———squilla di lontano
Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.
Dante, *Purgat. l.* 8.

And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.
Cary's Translation.

2. This verse seems to have strong features of similarity with the following in Collins's "Ode to Evening:"

"Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
"With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
"Or where the beetle winds
"His small but sullen horn."

10. Another version reads;

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise.

11. Burns borrowed an idea from this verse in his epitaph on the monument to Robert Fergusson, the poet:—

No sculptured marble here, nor pompous lay,
No storied urn or animated bust.
This simple stone directs pale Scotia's way
To pour her sorrows o'er her poet's dust.

14. This beautiful comparison of the Gem and the Flower seems borrowed (but with added force and elegance) from Dr. Young:

"———Such blessings Nature pours,
"O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores;
"In distant wilds, by human eyes *unseen*,
"She rears her *flow'rs*, and spreads her velvet green:
"*Pure* gurgling rills the lonely *desert* trace,
"And *waste* their music on the savage race."
Universal Passion, Sat. V.

15. Mr. Edwards (author of the Canons of Criticism), who, though an old bachelor, like Mr. Gray, was far more attentive to the fair sex, endeavoured to supply what he thought a defect in this Poem, by introducing after this the two following stanzas:

Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
Shone with attraction to herself unknown;
Whose beauty might have blest a monarch's arms,
And virtue cast a lustre on the throne:

That humble beauty warm'd an honest heart,
And cheer'd the labours of a faithful spouse;
That virtue form'd, for every decent part,
The healthy offspring that adorn'd their house.

18. After this verse, in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the Poem, were the four following:—

The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe,
Than Pow'r or Genius e'er conspir'd to bless.

And thou who, mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate:

Hark! how the sacred calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground,
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

No more, with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequestred vale of life
Pursue the silent tenor of thy doom.

And here the Poem was originally intended to conclude, before the happy idea of the hoary-headed Swain, &c. suggested itself to him.

[22]For who to dumb Forgetfulness a Prey,
This pleasing anxious Being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring Look behind!
[23]On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the closing Eye requires;
Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries
Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.
[24]For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some hidden Spirit shall enquire thy Fate,
[25]Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the Peep of Dawn
"Brushing with hasty Steps the Dews away,
"To meet the Sun upon the upland Lawn,
[26]"There at the Foot of yonder nodding Beech,
"That wreathes its old fantastic Roots so high,
"His listless Length at Noontide wou'd he stretch,
"And pore upon the Brook that babbles by.
[27]"Hard by yon Wood, now frowning as in Scorn,
"Mutt'ring his wayward Fancies he wou'd rove;
"Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
"Or craz'd with Care, or cross'd in hopeless Love.
[28]"One Morn I miss'd him on the custom'd Hill,
"Along the Heath, and near his fav'rite Tree;
"Another came; nor yet beside the Rill,
"Nor up the Lawn, nor at the Wood was he;
[29]"The next with Dirges due in sad Array
"Slow thro' the Church-way Path we saw him born.
"Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the Lay,
"Grav'd on the Stone beneath yon aged Thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his Head upon the Lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his Bounty, and his Soul sincere,
Heav'n did a Recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a Tear:
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a Friend.

No farther seek his Merits to disclose,
Or draw his Frailties from their dread Abode,
(There they alike in trembling Hope repose,)
The Bosom of his Father and his God.

FINIS.

:o:

Notwithstanding the want of originality in some detached passages of this "Elegy," and the obvious truisms of many of its ideas, it is doubtless the finest poem of its kind in the language, not even excepting the beautiful, and perhaps more pathetic, "Elegy on the Death of Sir John Moore." The best proof of its popularity is to be found in the immense number of Parodies, Imitations, and Translations to which it has given rise. In dealing with the Parodies the chief difficulty has been to decide which were worthy of preservation. To reprint *all* the Parodies, in full, is out of the question, yet the omission of any important or noteworthy example would destroy the utility of this Collection as a work of reference, especially in the eyes of the numerous admirers of Thomas Gray.

To readers not having access to either of our great public libraries it is the earlier parodies which are the most difficult to refer to, these will therefore be inserted complete, though it must be admitted that the first half dozen will be found rather heavy reading.

These will be followed by selections from the most amusing modern parodies, and a few of the best imitations and translations.

The earliest parody I can trace of Gray's "Elegy" is one entitled—

AN
EVENING CONTEMPLATION
IN A
COLLEGE.
Being a Parody on the
ELEGY
IN
A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.
By another Gentleman of Cambridge.

LONDON:
Printed for R. and J. Dodsley in Pall-mall; and Sold
by M. Cooper in Pater-noster Row. 1753.
[*Price Sixpence.*]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Author of the excellent* POEM *on which the following* PARODY *is built, it is hop'd will forgive this innocent Play upon it; which a sincere admiration of its beauties invited the Parodist to attempt: and if it should be thought there is any merit in this Imitation, it must be attributed in a great measure to his working after so fine an Original.*

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION IN A COLLEGE.

THE Curfew tolls the hour of closing gates;
With jarring sound the porter turns the key,
Then in his dreary mansion slumb'ring waits,
And slowly, sternly quits it—tho' for me.

---

23. *Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.*
Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, et due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville.
Petrarch, Son. 169.

25. In the M.S. copy of the Elegy bequeathed by Gray to his friend Mason which is now in the possession of Sir William Fraser, Bart., the last two lines of this stanza read :—
With hasty footsteps brush the dews away
On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.
After this stanza in the same manuscript there was the following :—
Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labour's done,
Oft as the woodlark pip'd her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun.

"I rather wonder (says Mr. Mason) that he rejected this stanza, as it completes the account of his whole day; whereas, this Evening scene being omitted, we have only his Morning walk, and his Noontide repose."

29. Before the Epitaph, Mr. Gray originally inserted a very beautiful stanza, which was printed in some of the first editions, but afterwards omitted, because he thought that it was too long a parenthesis in this place. The lines however are, in themselves, exquisitely fine, and demand preservation.

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the Year,
By Hands unseen are show'rs of Violets found;
The Redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little Footsteps lightly print the ground.

To some readers they may appear to be an imitation of the following in Collins's "Dirge in Cymbeline:"

"The female fays shall haunt the green,
"And dress thy grave with pearly dew;
"The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
"Shall kindly lend his little aid,
"With hoary moss and gather'd flow'rs,
"To deck the ground where thou art laid."

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And thro' the cloyster Peace and Silence reign ;
Save where some fidler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain :

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where lies a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide-echos thro' the gloom
The droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where thro' the glimm'ring shade
Appear the pamphlets in a mold'ring heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful fellows of the college sleep.

The tinkling bell proclaiming early pray'rs,
The noisy servants rattling o'er their head,
The calls of business, and domestic cares,
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed.

No chatt'ring females crowd their social fire,
No dread have they of discord and of strife ;
Unknown the names of husband and of sire,
Unfelt the plagues of matrimonial life.

Oft have they bask'd along the sunny walls,
Oft have the benches bow'd beneath their weight ;
How jocund are their looks when dinner calls !
How smoke the cutlets on their crowded plate !

O, let not Temp'rance too disdainful hear
How long our feasts, how long our dinners, last :
Nor let the fair with a contemptuous sneer,
On these unmarry'd men reflections cast !

The splendid fortune and the beauteous face
(Themselves confess it, and their sires bemoan)
Too soon are caught by scarlet and by lace :
These sons of Science shine in black alone.

Forgive, ye fair, th' involuntary fault,
If these no feats of gayety display,
Where thro' proud Ranelagh's wide-echoing vault
Melodious Frasi trills her quav'ring lay.

Say, is the sword well suited to the band ?
Does broider'd coat agree with sable gown ?
Can Dresden's laces shade a Churchman's hand,
Or Learning's vot'ries ape the beaux of town ?

Perhaps in these time-tott'ring walls reside
Some who were once the darlings of the fair ;
Some who of old could tastes and fashions guide,
Controul the manager and awe the play'r.

But Science now has fill'd their vacant mind
With Rome's rich spoils and Truth's exalted views ;
Fir'd them with transports of a nobler kind,
And bade them slight all females—but the Muse.

Full many a lark, high tow'ring to the sky
Unheard, unheeded, greets th' approach of light ;
Full many a star, unseen by mortal eye,
With twinkling lustre glimmers thro' the night.

Some future HERRING, that with dauntless breast
Rebellion's torrent shall, like him oppose ;
Some mute, some thoughtless HARDWICKE here may rest,
Some PELHAM, dreadful to his country's foes.

From prince and people to command applause,
'Midst ermin'd peers to guide the high debate,
To shield Britannia's and Religion's laws,
And steer with steady course the helm of state

Fate yet forbids ; nor circumscribes alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confines ;
Forbids in Freedom's veil t' insult the throne,
Beneath her mask to hide the worst designs,

To fill the madding crowd's perverted mind,
With " Pensions, Taxes, Marriages, and Jews ; "
Or shut the gates of Heav'n on lost mankind,
And wrest their darling hopes, their future views.

Far from the giddy town's tumultuous strife,
Their wishes yet have never learn'd to stray ;
Content and happy in a single life,
They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Ev'n now, their books from cobwebs to protect,
Inclos'd by doors of glass, in Doric style,
On fluted pillars rais'd, with bronzes deck'd,
They claim the passing tribute of a smile.

Oft are the authors' names, tho' richly bound,
Mis-spelt by blundering binders' want of care ;
And many a catalogue is strow'd around,
To tell th' admiring guest what books are there.

For who, to thoughtless Ignorance a prey,
Neglects to hold short dalliance with a book ?
Who there but wishes to prolong his stay,
And on those cases casts a ling'ring look ?

Reports attract the lawyer's parting eyes,
Novels Lord Fopling and Sir Plume require ;
For songs and plays the voice of Beauty cries,
And Sense and Nature Grandison desire.

For thee, who mindful of thy lov'd compeers
Dost in these lines their artless tales relate,
If Chance, with prying search, in future years,
Some antiquarian shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some friend may shake his hoary head
And say, " Each morn, unchill'd by frosts, he ran,
" With hose ungarter'd, o'er yon turfy bed,
" To reach the chapel ere the psalms began.

" There, in the arms of that lethargic chair,
" Which rears its moth-devoured back so high,
" At noon he quaff'd three glasses to the fair,
" And por'd upon the news with curious eye.

" Now by the fire, engag'd in serious talk
" Or mirthful converse, would he loit'ring stand ;
" Then in the garden chose a sunny walk,
" Or launch'd the polish'd bowl with steady hand ;

" One morn we miss'd him at the hour of pray'r,
" Beside the fire, and on his fav'rite green ;
" Another came, nor yet within the chair,
" Nor yet at bowls, nor chapel was he seen.

" The next we heard that in a neighbouring shire,
" That day to church he led a blushing bride ;
" A nymph, whose snowy vest and maiden fear
" Improv'd her beauty while the knot was ty'd.

" Now, by his patron's bounteous care remov'd,
" He roves enraptur'd thro' the fields of Kent ;
" Yet, ever mindful of the place he lov'd,
" Read here the letter which he lately sent."

THE LETTER.

" IN rural innocence secure I dwell,
Alike to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Approving Conscience chears my humble cell,
And social Quiet marks me for her own.

Next to the blessings of Religious Truth
Two gifts my endless gratitude engage ;
A wife—the joy and transport of my youth,
Now, with a son, the comfort of my age.

Seek not to draw me from this kind retreat,
In loftier spheres unfit, untaught to move ;
Content with calm, domestic life, where meet
The smiles of Friendship and the sweets of Love."

FINIS.

The above is an exact reprint of the very scarce first edition of this parody, which was brought out by the same publisher, and within two years, of Gray's "Elegy." It was published in quarto size, and in type and style closely resembled the original "Elegy."

"An Evening Contemplation in a College" was written by the Rev. John Duncombe, M.A., of Corpus College, Cambridge, who was born in 1730 and died on January 19, 1786. He was the author of several other poems and parodies, neither of which obtained the success of the above, which has been frequently reprinted. It appears at the end of one Dublin edition of Gray's Poems, in 12mo, 1768, and of another printed by William Sleater in 1775. A pirated quarto edition was published in London by J. Wheble in 1776, and attributed to "An Oxonian," it was also included in the collection entitled *The Oxford Sausage*, and in the second volume of *The Repository*, London, 1777. All these reprints contain numerous verbal alterations from the original.

:o:

The next parody, which bears no date, was probably published only a little later than the above, as it was issued in quarto in the same general style, and by the same firm.

THE
NUNNERY.
AN
ELEGY.
In imitation of the
ELEGY IN A CHURCH-YARD.
Son pittore anche io.—CORREGIO.

LONDON :
Printed for R. and J. DODSLEY, at Tully's-Head, Pall-Mall.
[*Price Sixpence.*]

THE NUNNERY.

RETIREMENT's Hour proclaims the tolling Bell,
Each sacred Virgin follows its Decree ;
With meek submission seeks her lonely Cell,
And leaves the grate to Solitude and me.

Now shows the sinking sun a fainter glare
And Silence thro' the Convent reigns confest,
Save where some pale-ey'd Novice (wrap'd in Pray'r)
Heaves a deep groan, and smites her guiltless breast.

Save where in artless melancholy Strains
Some *Eloisa* whom soft Passion moves,
Absorpt in Sorrow to the night complains ;
For ever bar'd the *Abelard* she loves.

Within those ancient walls by moss o'erspread,
Where the relenting sinner learns to weep ;
Each in her narrow Bed till Mid-night laid,
The gentle Daughters of Devotion sleep.

No stings of Conscience goad their easy Breast,
No unrepented Crimes their Slumbers fright,
No mournful Dreams invade their peaceful Rest
Nor shrouded Spectres stalk afore their sight !

Th' endearing scenes of Life They all forego
Ev'n Hymen's Torch for Them must never blaze,
The Husband's fond Embrace They ne'er shall know,
Nor view their Image in their Children's Face.

Oft did they steal the flow'ry Robe of *May*
To deck the altar and the shrines around :
How fervent did They chant the pious Lay,
While the deep organ swell'd the sacred sound ?

Let not the gay Coquette with Jest profane,
Mock their veil'd Life and Destiny severe :
Nor Worldly Beauty with a sneer disdain
The humble Duties of the Cloyster'd Fair.

The glist'ning Eye : The half seen Breast of Snow,
The coral Lip, the clear vermilion Bloom
Awaits alike th' inexorable Foe,
The Paths of Pleasure lead but to the Tomb.

Forgive, Ye fair, whom *Britain's* Sons admire,
If This her meanest Bard incur your Blame,
While He devotes not to your Praise the Lyre,
But to the convent dedicates his Theme.

Can These partake the sprightly-moving Dance ?
Or in the Garb of Luxury appear ?
Can These e'er pierce the Lover with a Glance ?
Or grace the Tragic scene with Pity's Tear ?

Perhaps in this drear Mansion are confin'd
Some whose accomplish'd Beauty cou'd impart
The soft Desire to the severest Mind,
And wake to Extacy the throbbing Heart.

But splendid Life in each Allurement drest
Attracts Them not, tho' flush'd with youthful Bloom :
Stern Pennance chills the Ardour of their Breast,
And buries their Ambition in his Gloom.

Full many a Riv'let steals its gentle way
Unheard, untasted, by the thirsty Swain,
Full many a Philomel attunes her Lay,
And pours her plaintive Melody in vain.

Some veil'd *Eliza* (like the clouded Sun)
May here reside inglorious and unknown ;
Some, like *Augusta*, might have rear'd a Son
To bless a Nation and adorn a Throne.

From Flatt'ry's Lip to drink the Sweets of Praise,
In Wit and Charms with other Belles to vie,
In Circles to attract the partial Gaze
And view Their Beauty in th' Admirer's Eye

Their Lot forbids : nor does alone remove
The Thirst of Praise, but e'en their Vices chains,
Forbids thro' Folly's Labyrinths to rove,
And yield to Pleasure the unheeded reins :

To raise mid Hymen's Joys domestic Strife,
Or seek that Converse which They ought to shun
To break the sacred Ties of married Life
And give to many what they vow'd to one.

Far from the Bustle of the splendid Throng
They tread Obscurity's sequester'd Vale,
Where the white Hours glide silently along
Smooth as the Stream, when sleeps the breezy Gale.

Yet tho' they're sprinkled with ethereal Dew?
  With blooming Wreaths by Hands of Seraphs crown'd?
Tho' Heav'n's eternal Splendors burst to View?
  And Harps celestial to their Ear resound?

Still grateful Mem'ry paints the absent Friend,
  Not e'en the World to their Remembrance dies:
Their Mid-night Orisons to Heav'ns ascend
  To stop the Bolt descending from the Skies.

For who entranc'd, in Visions from above
  The Thought of Kindred razes from the Mind?
Feels in the Soul no warm returning Love
  For some endear'd Companion left behind.

From Friendship's Breast reluctant they withdrew,
  And with a sigh forsook their native air:
To their fond Parents when they bad adieu
  Gush'd from their Eye the tender filial Tear.

For Thee, who mindful of th' encloyster'd Fair
  Dost in these Lines their artless Tale relate,
If Chance in distant Time's revolving Year
  Some kindred Spirit shall enquire thy Fate.

Haply some aged Vestal may reply,
  "Oft have we seen Him 'ere Aurora's Ray
"Had faintly ting'd with red the op'ning Sky
  "Hasten to Church, and Join the Matin Lay.

"There at the Tomb where *Eloisa* lies,
  "He'd read th' Inscription: and her Fate condole,
"Then in his Breast, as scenes of Grief arise,
  "Sigh the kind Requiem to her gentle soul.

"Against yon Pillar careless now He'd lean,
  "Smiling at what his wayward Fancy moves:
"Now drooping, wan, and pensive, wou'd be seen
  "As one abandon'd by the Fair He loves.

"One morn I miss'd Him in the aweful Dome
  "Along the Isle, and in the Sacristy;
"Another came, nor yet beside the Tomb,
  "Nor at the Font, nor in the Porch was He.

"The next we heard, which did our wonder move,
  "He was departed to return no more,
"Yet lest the sudden change we shou'd reprove,
  "These Lines He sent us from *Britannia's* shore.

"What time in Transport lost the Naïad Throng,
  "First catch'd their *Akenside's* enchanting Lay,
"And raptur'd Fancy listen'd to the Song
  "Of laurel'd *Whitehead*, and sweet-plaintive *Gray*.

THE LETTER.

A Vestal Fair (Her Name I mayn't unfold)
  Has planted in my Breast the pleasing Dart;
Who by relentless vows, if not controll'd,
  Wou'd own, perchance, a Sympathy of Heart.

The growing Passion impotent to quell,
  Severe Discretion urg'd me to retreat;
Now at my native rural Home I dwell,
  Where Contemplation keeps her lonely seat.

Seek not to draw me from this still abode,
  Where the kind Muses to my Aid repair,
And when the Thoughts of hapless Love corrode
  Check the deep Sigh, and wipe the trickling Tear.

This is given from the original quarto; there have been numerous reprints, all containing considerable variations from the above, which it would be alike tedious and unnecessary to enumerate. One version, and perhaps the best known, is to be found in *The Repository*, Vol. 2, London, 1777.

ELEGY
On the Death of
"THE GUARDIAN OUTWITTED." 1764.*

THE shrill bell rings the knell of "Curtain rise"
  From the thrum'd string the scraping herd to warn
Behind the scenes the plodding snuffer hies
  And leaves the stage to operas and to Arne.

Now strike the glimmering lamps upon the sight
  And all the house a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the Seaman from the Gallery's height,
  For roast beef bawling, the cu'd Fiddler scolds;

Save that in yonder velvet-mantled box
  A moping Countess to her Grace complains
Of macaws, monkeys, perroquets, and shocks,
  And losses *vaist* and *vaistly* paltry gains.

Behind those rugged spikes that bag-wigs shade,
  Where tuneful Folios lie in many a heap,
Each in his narrow line for ever laid
  The embryo crotchets of the "Guardian" sleep.

The long, long trill of quaver-torturing Brent,†
  Miss Hallam † twittering from her tender throat,
Thy clarion, Beard,† that Echo's ear has rent,
  No more shall rouze each lowly-slumbering note.

For these no more a parent's breast shall burn;
  His busy fingers ply their evening care;
Poor banish'd children! never to return,
  Nor their own tender sire's applause to share.

Oft did the City Nymph their sweetness own
  Their force the stubborn sentinel has broke;
How jocund did they drive the dull farce down,
  When wit and sense expir'd without a joke!

Yet let not genius mock their useless toil,
  Their transient honours and their life not long,
Nor sense behold with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple annals of a song.

The pomp of Tragedy, expression's power,
  And all that Garrick, all that Quin e'er gave,
Have found alike th' inevitable hour,
  And the Fifth Act still led them to the grave.

Forgive, ye Bards, th' involuntary fault,
  If love parental shall no trophies raise,
Where in th' Orchestra's low sequestered vault
  The coxcomb Fidler plies his arm for praise.

Can pensive Arne, with animated strain,
  Back to its audience call his fleeting Play?
Can Music's voice the hand of death restrain,
  Or soothing sounds prolong the fatal day?

Perhaps, ere this, he many an Opera made,
  Which, though not pregnant with celestial fire,
Might yet, like this, its little night have sway'd,
  And wak'd to extacy the living lyre.

---

* An Opera, written and composed by Thomas Augustine Arne, M.D. It was acted at Covent Garden Theatre, London. six nights in the month of December, 1764.

† Performers in the Opera.

But shrill rehearsal each unprinted page,
Lavish of grins and squalls, did n'er unroll
The hiss contemptuous and the catcall's rage
Repress'd the great ambition of his soul.

Full many a book, of purest page serene,
The high ungenial cells of Grub-street bear;
Full many a pamphlet leaves the press unseen,
In Moorfields dangling to the desart air.

Some village * * * * * *, who a wife's fell frown,
A vixen wife with music has withstood,
Some blind Corelli oft may scrape unknown,
Some Arne, not guilty of an Opera's blood

Th' applause of listening Boxes to command,
Damnation's pain and ruin to dispise;
To scatter crotchets o'er a fidling land,
And read their influence in a lady's eyes,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
Their tuneful empire, but their pride confin'd,
Forbade pert Nonsense to usurp the throne
Of Taste, and banish genius from mankind.

Oft pilfer'd airs and borrow'd strains to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
And feed the fondness of a Fidler's pride
With dull pretences to a Muse's flame.

Far from the merry wake, and rustic ball,
No vain pursuits, their sober wishes led;
Along the streets and round his worship's hall
They scrap'd the noisy tenor for their bread:

Yet still the blind from insult to protect,
Some faithful consort ever wandering nigh,
With vary'd garb, and uncouth'd pinner deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute with a sigh.

Her ditties oft, though an unletter'd Muse
The place of air and sonnet would supply;
And songs of grace at Christmas would she chuse,
Repaid with luncheons from the grey-goose pye.

For who, so much to gloominess a prey,
Whose spirits music knows not to advance?
Or who could listen to her roundelay,
Nor lift one longing, lingering leg to dance?

On some smart air the active heel relies,
Some sprightly jig the springing foot requires;
E'en to a march the moving spirits rise,
E'en in a minuet wake our youthful fires.

For Thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines the *Guardian's* Tale relate,
If chance, by love of Elegy misled,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate;

Haply some antiquated Maid may say;
"Oft have we seen him at the hour of prayer
"Brushing, with hasty hand, the dust away
"From his rent cassock and his beaver bare.

"Oft by the side of yonder nodding font
"That lifts its old fantastic head so high,
"To wait the frequent christening was he wont
"And frown upon the Clerk that babbled by.

"Oft in yon pulpit, smiling as in scorn,
"Muttering his uncouth doctrines would he preach,
"Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
"In deep despair the Mitre's grace to reach.

"One morn I miss'd him at the hour of prayer,
"In vain I took my spectacles to see;
"His wonted surplice did another wear,
"Nor in the vestry, nor the desk was he.

"The next with dirges due, in sad array,
"Slow through the church-way path we saw him brought,
"Approach and read (if thou canst read!) the lay
"Which his own Clerk, his Parish Clerk has wrote."

EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A Curate poor, to stalls and tythes unknown;
No Bishop smil'd upon his humble birth;
No Minister e'er mark'd him for his own.

Bread was his only food, his drink the brook;
So small a salary did his Rector send;
He left his laundress all he had—a book
He found in Death, 'twas all he wish'd—a friend.

No longer seek his wardrobe to disclose,
Nor draw his breeches from their darksome cell;
There, like their master, let them find repose,
Nor dread the horrors of a Taylor's hell.

AN EPITAPH
ON
A CERTAIN POET.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth
One nor to Fortune nor to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble Birth,
And smooth-tongued Flattery mark'd him for her own.

Large was his wish—in this he was sincere,
Fate did a recompence as largely send,
Gave the poor C——r four hundred pounds a year
And made a dirty minister his friend.

No further seek his deeds to bring to light
For, ah! he offer'd at Corruption's shrine;
And basely strove to wash an Æthiop white,
While Truth and Honour bled in every line!

AN ELEGY,
Written in Covent-Garden.
(Printed before 1777.)

ST. PAUL'S proclaims the solemn midnight hour,
The wary Cit slow turns the master-key;
Time-stinted 'prentices up Ludgate scour,
And leave the streets to darkness and to me.

Now glimmering lamps afford a doubtful ray,
And scarce a sound disturbs the Night's dull ear;
Save where some rumbling Hack directs its way,
Or frequent tinklings rouse the tavern-bar:

Save that, at yonder iron-grated tower,*
The watchmen to the constable complain
Of such as, in defiance to his power,
Molest their ancient, solitary reign.

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* The Round-house.

Beneath those butchers stalls, that pent-house shade,
  Where rankling offals fret in many a heap,
Each in his nasty stye of garbage laid,
  The dextrous sons of Buckhorse stink and sleep.

The chearful call of "Chair! your honour—chair!"
  Rakes drunk and roaring from the Bedford-head,
The oaths of coachmen squabbling for a fare,
  No more can rouse them from their filthy bed.

For them the blazing links no longer burn,
  Or busy bunters ply their evening care;
No Setters watch the muddled Cit's return,
  In hopes some pittance of the prey to share.

Oft to their subtlety the fob did yield,
  Their cunning oft the pocket-string hath broke:
How in dark alleys bludgeons did they wield!
  How bow'd the wretch beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their humble toil,
  Their vulgar crimes and villainy obscure;
Nor rich rogues hear with a disdainful smile
  The low and petty knaveries of the poor.

The titled villain, and the thief in power,
  The greatest rogue that ever bore a name,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
  The paths of wickedness but lead to shame.

Nor you, ye proud! impute to these the fault,
  If Justice round their necks the halter fix;
If, from the gallows to their kindred vault,
  They ride not pompous in a hearse and six.

Gives not the lordly axe as sure a fate?
  Are Peers exempt from mouldering into dust?
Can all the gilded 'scutcheons of the Great
  Stamp on polluted deeds the name of Just?

Beneath the gibbet's self perhaps is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with infernal fire;
Hands that the sword of Nero might have sway'd,
  And 'midst the carnage tun'd th' exulting lyre.

Ambition to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with such monstrous crimes, did n'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their native rage,
  And froze the bloody current of the soul.

Full many a youth, fit for each horrid scene,
  The dark and sooty flues of chimnies bear;
Full many a rogue is born to cheat unseen,
  And dies unhang'd for want of proper care.

Some petty Chartres, that with dauntless breast
  Each call of worth or honesty withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Wilmot* here may rest;
  Some *******, guiltless of his steward's blood.

The votes of venal senates to command,
  The worthy man's opinion to despise,
To scatter mischiefs o'er a trusting land,
  And read their curses in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
  Their groveling fortunes, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad with libels to insult the throne,
  And vilify the noblest of mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious guilt to hide,
  To bid defiance to all sense of shame;
Their bleeding Country's sorrow to deride,
  And heap fresh fuel on Sedition's flame;

To such high crimes, such prodigies of vice,
  Their vulgar wishes ne'er presum'd to soar;
Content at wheel-barrows to cogg the dice,
  Or pick a pocket at a Play-house door.

Yet e'en these humbler vices to correct,
  Old Tyburn lifts his triple front on high;
Bridewell, with bloody whips and fetters deck'd,
  Frowns dreadful vengeance on the younger fry.

Their name, their years, their birth and parentage,
  (Though doubtful all) the Ord'nary supplies;
Points out what first debauch'd their tender age,
  And with what words each ripen'd felon dies.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  When to the dreadful tree of death consign'd,
But yearns to think upon the fatal day
  That first seduc'd to sin his pliant mind?

No soul so callous but remorse may wring,
  No heart so hard but grief may teach to sigh;
Contrition forces heartfelt tears to spring,
  And melts to tenderness the sternest eye.

For him, the master of the pilfering herd,
  Whom certain punishment attends, though late;
If, when his wretched carcase is interr'd,
  Some curious person should enquire his fate;

Haply some hoary-headed thief may say,
  "Oft have I seen him with his lighted link
"Guide some unwary stranger cross the way,
  "And pick his pocket on the kennel's brink.

"There, at the foot of yonder column stretch'd,
  "Where Seven Dials are exalted high,
"He and his Myrmidons for hours have watch'd,
  "And pour'd destruction on each passer-by.

"Hard by yon wall, where not a lamp appears,
  "Skulking in quest of booty would he wait;
"Now as a beggar shedding artful tears,
  "Now smiting with his crutch some hapless pate.

"One night I miss'd him at th' accustom'd place,
  "The seven-faced Pillar and his favourite wall:
"Another came, nor yet I saw his face;
  "The post, the crossings, were deserted all.

"At last, in dismal cart and sad array,
  "Backward up Holborn-hill I saw him mount:
"Here you may read (for you can read, you say)
  "His Epitaph in th' Ord'nary's Account."

The Epitaph.

Here festering rots a *quondam* pest of earth,
  To virtue and to honest shame unknown;
Low-cunning on a dung-hill gave him birth,
  Vice clapp'd her hands, and mark'd him for her own.

Quick were his fingers, and his soul was dark;
  In lucky knavery lay all his hope;
No pains he spar'd, and seldom miss'd his mark,
  So gain'd ('twas what he merited) a rope.

---

* Earl of Rochester.

If further you his villainies would know,
And genuine anecdotes desire to meet,
Go read the story of his weal and woe,
Printed and sold by Simpson, near The Fleet.

The exact dates of the first appearance of this and the following parody are unknown, but they were both included in Vol. 2 of "*The Repository; a Select Collection of Fugitive Pieces of Wit and Humour,*" London, 1777.

:o:

An Elegy.

Written in Westminster Hall during the long Vacation.

(*Printed before* 1777.)

THE courts are shut—departed every judge,
Each greedy lawyer gripes his double fee:
In doleful mood the suitors homeward trudge,
And leave the hall to silence and to me.

Now not a barrister attracts the sight,
And all the dome a solemn stillness holds,
Save at the entrance, where with all her might,
The *Quean* of Apples at the porter scolds:

Save that at fives a group of wrangling boys
At intervals pursue the bounding ball,
Make Henderson,[*] the studious, damn their noise,
When battering down the plaister from the wall

From every court, with every virtue crown'd,
Where many get, and many lose their bread,
Elsewhere to squabble, puzzle, and confound,
Attornies, clerks, and council—all are fled.

Contending fools too stubborn to agree,
The good fat client (name for ever dear!)
The long-drawn brief, and spirit-stirring fee
No more, 'till Michaelmas shall send them here.

'Till then, no more th' Exchequer[†] nymphs shall run
To fetch their wigs, and giggling stroke the tail,
Or dressy orange-wenches ply their fun
And offer their commodities to sale.

With these the Templar oft has stopped to chat,
And tipped them sixpence for each cake he broke;
How jocund did they give him tit for tat!
And bonnily return'd him joke for joke!

Let not droll Peter[‡] look with eyes askew,
Nor envy them the profits of the hall;
Let him not think that with a spiteful view,
They mean to draw the custom from his stall.

The cinder-wench in dust-cart seated high,
With arms begrim'd, and dirty as her sieve,
The ragged trulls, who, sprats and herrings cry,
The meanest trollops, have a right to live.

Nor you, ye belles! impute the fault to these,
If at the glittering ball they not appear,
Where music has a thousand charms to please,
And with its sweetness almost wounds the ear.

Will Almack, or the goddess of Soho,
Inlist these misses in their brilliant train,
Admit them e'en to see the puppet-show,
To take one peep and light them out again?

Perhaps in their neglected minds were sown
The seeds of worth from Nature's large supply;
The seeds of worth, which might in time have grown,
And flourish'd lovely to the ravish'd eye.

But the calm sun-shine of a parent's care,
With one warm ray their bosom's ne'er imprest;
Ill-usage drove the wretches to despair,
And check'd each growing virtue of the breast.

Full many a rural lass in Britain's land
The vile unwarrantable brothels hold;
Full many a town-bred damsel walks the Strand,
And trucks her beauty for a piece of gold.

Some ghost of Jefferies will this floor parade,
Some daring Pettifogger, stern of brow,
Who might have done due honour to the spade,
Whirl'd the tough flail, or grasp'd the peaceful plough

This upstart thing some useful trade to learn,
By far more suited to his shallow head,
Some trade, by which he might have known to earn
With honest industry, his daily bread,

False pride forbade; nor to himself alone,
Confines his views, but to his son extends;
Forbade the youth, to quirks already prone,
To mind the means, so he could gain the ends.

Forbade to bind him 'prentice to a trade,
Behind the compter all the day to stand,
His birth by work mechanic to degrade,
Or wait on customers with cap in hand,

Far from the worthy members of the law,
A rogue in grain, he ever kept aloof;
From learn'd bum-bailiffs learn'd his briefs to draw,
And where he could not find, he coin'd a proof.

Yet doth this wretch, illiterate as proud,
With low-lif'd homage low-lif'd business meet,
And pick the pockets of th' unhappy crowd,
Moor'd in th' Compter, Newgate, and The Fleet,

Bound by their creditors in durance fast!
In plaintive murmurs they bewail their fate,
And many an eager, wishful eye they cast,
Whene'er the turn-key opes and shuts the gate.

For who to dull imprisonment a prey,
The pleasing thoughts of freedom e'er resign'd,
From home, from wife and children dragg'd away,
"Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind!"

Some sharp attorney must the captive hire,
Who knows each secret winding of the laws;
Some previous fees th' attorney will require
Before he ventures to conduct his cause,

For you, who traverse up and down this shrine,
And lounge and saunter at your wonted rate,
If in some future chat, with arch design,
Some wag should ask this Pettifogger's fate;

In sneering mood some brother quill may say,
"I've seen him oft at ale-house table sit,
"Brushing with dirty hands, the crumbs away,
"And eye the mutton roasting on the spit.

"There in the snug warm corner of the bench,
"Part stain'd with grease, and part defil'd with beer
"His thirst with cooling porter would he quench,
"And bend his noddle o'er the Gazetteer.

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[*] An author and bookseller.
[†] The coffee house.
[‡] A trinket seller.

“Hard by yon steps, now grinning as in scorn,
  “Muttering his oaths and quibbles he would stand;
“Now hanging down his pate like one forlorn,
  “As if some dread commitment was at hand.

“One morn I miss'd him in this custom'd hall,
  “And at the Oak,[*] where he was wont to be,
“His clerk came down, and answered to my call,
  “But by me stepp'd, nor at the Oak was he.

“The next I heard (oh, melancholy tale!
  “On our profession was a foul reproach!)
“That he for forgery was confin'd in jail,
  “And dragg'd (oh, shameful!) there without “a coach.”

His Character.

Vulture, the arrant'st rascal upon earth,
  At length is caught, and into Newgate thrown.
Fair Honesty disclaim'd him at his birth,
  And Villainy confess'd him as her own.

Grown old in sin, at no one crime dismay'd,
  'Gainst nature's cries he arm'd his callous heart,
“For when his father was to death convey'd,
  He growl'd, and damn'd the slowness of the cart.

Jack Ketch, to shew his duty to his friend
  Will soon confirm it with the strongest tie;
But on such ties what mortal would depend?
  A rogue he liv'd, and like a rogue he'll die.

Now prest with guilt, he feels its sharpest sting,
  Great his transgressions, and but small his hope,
He gave the Sheriff (all he had!) a ring,
  He gain'd from justice (all he fear'd!) a rope.

No farther seek his vices to disclose,
  But leave the culprit to his dark abode;
There let him rest, till, breaking his repose,
  The hangman summons him to Tyburn-road.

—:o:—

An Elegy written in St. Stephens.

Gazettes now toll the melancholy knell,
  Of Statesmen fallen from their high degree;
Whitehead disdains to ring their passing bell,
  And leaves the task to Printers and to me.

Now fades Ambition's landscape on the sight,
  Mock-patriot faces marks of sadness hold,
Dire Disappointment hides his head in night,
  But Faction wakes to pen Addresses bold.

In yonder stately rook'ry (Brookes's fane)
  Nothing is heard but rout and wild uproar;
Th' affrighted Rooks forsake their wonted reign,
  Tables are turn'd, and *hazard* is no more.

Beneath this dome, where dwells St. Stephen's shade,
  And benches rife in many a verdant bed,
No seats are occupied, no motions made,
  The quondam Treas'ry Members all are fled.

The early call of incense-breathing tools,
  The Council's summons thund'ring at their door;
The Levee's courtly pomp (the pride of fools)
  Shall rouze them from their privacy no more.

For them no more shall Council dinners smoke,
  Or City feasts display their sumptuous fare;
No needy hangers-on retail each joke,
  No parasites the flatt'ring smile prepare.

Some time they reap'd the harvest of the feats
  Full many an act they plann'd, debated well;
Their chariots rattled thro' Augusta's streets,
  And loud they laugh'd, whilst public credit fell.

Yet let not future statesmen mock their toil,
  Their strange connection, and their means obscure;
Nor grandeur look with a disdainful smile,
  Because, beside their faults, these men were poor.

Not all the wealth that either India brings,
  Not all those arts which fell corruption tries,
Can buy the best prerogative of Kings
  To listen to an injur'd people's cries.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the blame,
  That mem'ry, o'er their fall, no trophies raise;
Those men had better die without a name,
  Who merit infamy instead of praise.

Perhaps, amidst this band, have sunk in night,
  Some hearts once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that might well have done their country right,
  Or wak'd to extacy the Muse's lyre.

But Science, tho' she led their early youth,
  Beheld her power to politics give way;
Accurst self-int'rest hid the face of truth
  And party zeal assum'd unrivall'd sway.

Perhaps some Calvin, in whose restless brain
  Things call'd Reform Bills lurk'd, (a specious brood,)
Perhaps some Catiline might head their train,
  Some Cromwell yet unstain'd with legal blood.

The votes of venal Senates to command,
  To break the Constitution's strongest ties;
To seize the sacred charters of the land,
  And on the ruins of her commerce rise,

Their lot forbade, nor circumscrib'd alone
  Their views tow'rd India, but their plots unplann'd,
Forbad to chain their sovereign on his throne
  And ride triumphant o'er th' insulted land.

Far from their Monarch's sight, the senate's strife,
  These madd'ning Patriots now shall learn to stay.
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
  Unplac'd, unpension'd, unlamented, stray.

From *The History of the Westminster Election.* London, J. Debrett. 1784.

—:o:—

Elegy,

Written in a Grub street Garret.

Now sinks the sun within the azure main,
  The dirty walls assume a darker hue;
Each brother Poet racks his muddy brain
  To write fresh strictures on the *fighting Jew.*

Now the whole house a solemn stillness holds,
  Save from the staircase head, with noisy tongue,
My landlady inexorably scolds,
  And with shrill clamours interrupts my song.

---

[*] The Royal Oak, a public-house near the Hall.

Beneath a heap of rude waste paper plac'd,
(Alas that Grub-street Bards so soon should die!)
The writings of my brethren are disgrac'd,
Or, doom'd to chandlers-shops, neglected lie.

Fresh oysters, chaunted with melodious voice,
Or Printers' Devils ever hasty tread,
Shall nought avail to make these men rejoice,
Or rouse those writings which to fame are dead.

For these no more the ceilings shall be swept,
Or spiders driven from their dreary dens,
Who twice ten months have unmolested slept
And brav'd the fury of succeeding pens.

Oft did the actors tremble at their power,
When rang'd in dread array along the pit,
To hiss the varied fictions of each hour,
Supreme in judgment, arbiters of wit.

Let not rich aldermen the feasts deride
To which necessity the Poet calls;
For Nature, bounteous parent, can provide
Delicious fare apart from Gilded Walls.

Faint are the joys which Ven'son can bestow,
Faint is the pleasure Turtle can impart;
By sad experience we are taught to know,
These aching limbs succeed, with anguish'd heart.

Nor you, thrice happy few! whose writings please,
Contemn the Bard whom Fame disdains to crown,
Or scorn the wretch, whose vain attempts to seize
The Laureat Wreath, are sadly overthrown.

Can pompous dedication's splendid line,
Or praises on rich Lords profusely poured,
Make Envy her dire qualities resign,
Or empty fame satiety afford?

Perhaps in this sad garret once has lodged
Some vent'rous Knight, well skill'd to cog the die,
Who dextrously the Bailiffs oft has dodged,
Or made the sleepy watchmen nimbly fly.

Some sturdy Humphries, that with brawny fists,
Well skill'd in Boxing's *scientific* lore,
Defied the Sons of Israel to the lists,
And beat their champion till he rose no more.

Some Peter Pindar here has tun'd his lyre,
Or some sagacious Pig here learn'd to read;
Some Juggler chewed a stone, or swallowed fire;
Or here to eat live cats 'twas first decreed.

Yet e'en their fame from Malice to defend,
Unhappy Poets shall essay to write,
With labour'd lines and verses badly penn'd,
Whate'er the God of Dulness may recite.

Their Names and Portraits on the dusty walls,
With ballads setting forth their high renown,
In rural cottages, or servants halls,
Shall gratify the gaping country clown.

For what incurious mind could e'er resign
The busy bustling pleasures of the town;
Who could the joys of London e'er decline,
Unless deterr'd by Poverty's sad frown.

On some gay scene, by flattering Fancy dress'd,
The visionary mind still loves to dwell;
And Sadler's Wells, or Lord Mayor's gaudy vests,
Delight the village beau, or rustic belle.

For thee, who, mindful of the Scribbler's lot
Dost in these lines their ill success relate,
If chance, when in the world thy name's forgot,
Some kindred Poet should enquire thy fate?

Haply some tavern waiter may declare,
"Oft have we seen him at the hour of ten
Sipping his coffee, with a mournful air,
Or holding sage discourse with learned men.

In yonder box, now moisten'd as with tears,
Conning his wayward verses he would sit;
Now sooth'd with hope, and now depress'd with fears,
He pour'd the wild effusions of his wit.

One morn we miss'd him at the 'custom'd place,
Nor at the bar, nor in the room was he:
Another came , who had not seen his face,
In the King's Bench, or Fleet, or Marshalsea.

Him next, in sad procession borne along,
We saw proceeding through the churchyard's gloom;
Affliction had abridg'd his mournful song,
And wrote this sad inscription on his tomb."

EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head, six feet beneath the earth,
An hapless youth, to hunger often known;
The Grub-street Muses frown'd not at his birth,
But mark'd the scribbling infant for their own.

Tho' in his breast each virtue made abode,
The Public never recompensed his lays;
He gave the King—'twas all he could—an ode—
The King refus'd his only wish—the Bays.

No further seek his errors to reveal,
Or scrutinise his wit with envious eye
Oblivion's hand his writings shall conceal,
And with the Poet all his works shall die.

From *The Literary Magazine, and British Review*, London, September, 1789.

:o:

ELEGY.

Written in Bartlemy Fair at five o'clock in the morning.

THE clock bell tolls the hour of early day,
The lowing herd their Smithfield penance drie,
The watchman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the fair—all solitude to me!

Now the first beams of morning glad the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save when the sheep dog bays with hoarse affright,
And brutal drovers pen the unwilling folds.

Save that where sheltered, or from wind or shower,
The lock'd out 'prentice, or frail nymph complain,
Of such as, wandering near their secret bower,
Molest them, sensible in sleep, to pain,

Beneath those ragged tents—that boarded shade,
Which late display'd its stores in tempting heaps ,
There, children, dogs, cakes, oysters, all are laid,
There guardian of the whole, the master sleeps.

The busy call of care-begetting morn,
The well-slept passenger's unheeding tread;
The showman's clarion, or the echoing horn,
Too soon must rouse them from their lowly bed.

Perhaps in this neglected booth is laid,
Some head volcanic, oft discharging fire!
Hands—that the rod of *magic* lately sway'd;
Toes—that so nimbly danc'd upon the wire.

Some clown, or pantaloon—the gazers' jest,
Here, with his train in dirty pageant stood:
Some tired-out posture master here may rest,
Some conjuring swordsman—guiltless of his blood!

The applause of listening cockneys to command,
The threats of city-marshal to despise;
To give delight to all the grinning band,
And read their merit in spectators eyes,

Is still their boast;—nor, haply, theirs alone,
Polito's lions (though now dormant laid)
And human monsters, shall acquire renown,
The spotted Negro—and the armless maid!

Peace to the youth who, slumbering at the *Bear*,
Forgets his present lot, his perils past:
Soon will the crowd again be thronging there,
To view the man on wild Sombrero cast.

Careful their booths, from insult to protect
These furl their tapestry, late erected high;
No longer with prodigious pictures deck'd,
They tempt the passing youth's astonish'd eye.

But when the day calls forth the belles and beaux,
The cunning showmen each device display,
And many a clown the useful notice shows,
To teach ascending strangers—*where to pay*.

Sleep on, ye imps of merriment, sleep on!
In this short respite to your labouring train;
And when this time of annual mirth is gone,
May ye enjoy, in peace, your hard-earned gain!

From *The Morning Chronicle*. 1810.

Bartholomew (or Bartlemy) Fair, was formerly held in Smithfield on September 3rd, unless that day fell on a Sunday. Of later years it became an intolerable nuisance in the city, the shows were discontinued in 1850, and the Fair was proclaimed for the last time in 1855. A very interesting account of the old customs attending it will be found in Hone's "Every Day Book."

———:o:———

ELEGY.

Written in Drury Lane Theatre.

THE prompter rings the lofty curtain down,
The gaping audience leave the pit with glee,
Homeward in troops returns the weary town,
And leaves the house to emptiness and me.

Now fades each glimmering candle to the sight,
And thro' the air a smoky silence reigns,
Save where some lobby hero seeks the fight,
And bravely gets a beating for his pains:

Save that to scare Piazza-haunting flocks,
The moping watchman does in oaths complain,
Of such as, wandering near his secret box,
With clamour loud intrude on his domain.

Their parts perform'd, behind that curtain's shade,
Where stretch the scenes in many a motley heap,
Each in his humble lodging quiet laid,
The chorus-singing tribe securely sleep.

The summons of rehearsal-bringing morn,
The prompter whispering from his wooden shed,
The trumpet, hautboy, clarionet, and horn,
Shall rouse each man to-morrow from his bed.

And yet for them no opera pours its rhyme;
No loud *encore* rewards their evening care;
No children run to hail their pantomime,
Or crowd the box, the envied laugh to share.

As sailors oft they hail'd Britannia's shore;
As forty thieves they spurn'd the Sultan's yoke;
Their shoulders oft Peruvian Rolla bore;
How bow'd their heads when mighty Bluebeard spoke.

Let not tragedians mock their useful toil,
Their russet boots by hundreds worn before;
Nor fashion hear, with a disdainful smile,
The lowly annals of our Thespian corps.

The dice of Beverley, the straw of Lear,
And all that Hamlet, all Macbeth e'er gave,
In the fifth act conclude their high career—
For tragic glory leads but to the grave.

Nor you, rich actors, lay on these the blame,
If their poor names no daily journals raise,
Where, thro' the long-drawn column, bent on fame,
The editor resounds the note of praise.

Can studied puffs an actor's fame decide,
Or to a throne a mute attendant carry?
Can praise give pow'rs that nature has denied,
Or make Beau Clincher equal to Sir Harry?

Perhaps in these neglected ranks has stray'd
Some swelling bosom, fraught with tragic fire;
Tongues that Othello's vengeance might have stay'd,
Or base Iago prov'd a living liar!

But authors to their eyes their ample plays,
Rich in fine acting parts did never bring;
The manager repress'd their mental blaze,
And pent them up in chorusses to sing.

Of sonnetteers, full many a rhyming moan,
The monthly magazines, unread, contain;
Full many a joke is cut to die unknown,
Lost in the echoing dome of Drury Lane.

Some unknown Garrick, with advent'rous wing,
Clipp'd by the shears of want and melancholy;
Some low, inglorious Braham here may sing,
Some Betty, guiltless of a nation's folly!

Th' applause of wondering boxes to attract,
Their face engraved in public shops to boast,
T' ensure a full box-book whene'er they act,
And read their history in the *Morning Post*,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone,
Their growing talents, but their faults unseen
T' omit the author's jest, insert their own
Or woo the boxes while they slight the scene.

By mummery the writer's text to hide,
Their influence o'er the galleries to boast,
Or mar the play, and decency deride,
With nonsense purchas'd at the muse's cost.

Far from the rattling squares and Fashioned sport,
Their small finances rather bade them stay
In Russell Street, Long Acre, Martlet Court;
Convenient spots contiguous to the play!

Yet e'en these names from Lethe to protect,
  Some lengthen'd play-bill still erected there,
With letters of all sorts and sizes deck'd,
  Implores the passing tribute of a stare!

Their names, their characters, a motley pack;
  Great heroes first, and mute attendants last:
Robbers and senators, in red and black,
  To show the public how the parts are cast.

For who, to careless *nonchalance* a prey,
  Of self-importance never gave one hint,
Pass'd idly by the red bills of the day,
  Nor cast one look to see himself in print?

Ambition on our mimic stage will rise,
  Trueman survives, when Barnwell yields his breath,
Emilia raves, when Desdemona dies;
  The bleeding captain emulates Macbeth.

For thee, who mindful of thy brethren dead,
  Dost in these lines their useful toils relate,
If chance by curiosity misled,
  Some gentle critic shall enquire thy fate,

Haply the leader of the band may say:
  "Oft have I seen him standing there aloof,
"Eager to write, as well as act a play,
  "And wooing Phœbus frowning on the roof.

"There on the boards he often play'd his part
  "Up to his ears in business of the stage;
"He ey'd the boxes oft with aching heart,
  "And trembling, strove their favor to engage.

"Fronting the audience, in a double mood,
  "Muttering his dialogue, now brisk, now sad:
"Sometimes, as actor, tolerably good,
  "Always, as bard, intolerably bad.

"One night they hiss'd him in the accustom'd scene,
  "I thought the play was damn'd—ah, woe is me!
"Another came, with scarce a pause between,
  "They hiss'd again—in doleful plight was he.

"The third with dirges due, in sad array,
  "The prompter's sheep-bell rang our poet's knell,
"Approach and read (none else will read) the play,
  "If not, the epilogue may do as well."

THE EPILOGUE.

Here rests his head upon prompter's shelf,
  A bard to wisdom and to wit unknown;
Thalia smil'd not on the scribbling elf,
  But gentle dulness mark'd him for her own.

Coy from his suit the Muses turn'd away,
  "*A Day in London*" ill his toil requites;
He gave the town, t'was all he had—a play;
  The town denied his only wish—nine nights!

No further seek his writings to deride,
  Nor try to mend what sentiment has marr'd,
Oblivion's veil his comedy shall hide,
  And shroud in night the actor and the bard.

From *The British Minerva.* Printed in Hamburgh. 1818.

:o:

ELEGY,

Written at a Christmas Feast in the country.

THE clock proclaims the welcome dinner hour,
  The guests are met—and ev'ry brow unbent,
Swift circles round the draught of potent power,
  Inspiring mirth, and banishing restraint.

Now crowd the Christmas dainties on the sight,
  And all the room is hush'd in silence deep;
Save where the plates with jarring sounds unite,
  And busy jaws a ceaseless murmur keep.

Save that from yonder bench, with hollow groan,
  The faithful Tray does to himself complain
Of those that, mindful of themselves alone,
  Allow him not a portion to obtain.

Around that friendly board, with plenty spread
  Where rise the bones in many a greasy heap,
Each in his easy chair supinely laid,
  The Sons of toil their annual revel keep.

The forest moaning hollow in the gale;
  The cold and cheerless winds surcharg'd with snow;
The headlong torrent rushing down the vale;
  Compel them not their banquet to forego.

For them no far-fetcht luxuries are spread,
  Nor costly Burgundy their care beguiles:
Yet Peace and Plenty at their table-head
  Are seen, with all their family of smiles.

Oft did they fast throughout the by-gone year,
  Their looks confirm the truth of what I say;
How patiently they bore their lot severe!
  How did they welcome this auspicious day!

Oh! let not Lux'ry mock their diet plain,
  Their flowing can, and toasts of pretty maids;
Nor titled Pride behold, with proud disdain,
  The poor, but neat, repast, that Labour spreads.

The crowd, that forms sweet smiling Pleasure's train,
  And all that fickle fortune's favours share,
Confess alike the iron sway of pain;
  The paths of power are but the paths of care.

Nor you, ye rich! account it as a fault,
  Though at their board no chosen wines are plac'd
Where the inspiring quintessence of malt,
  Lulls every sorrow, every care to rest.

Can luxury's sons in bloom, or vigour, vie
  With those of industry and toil severe?
Can creams and jellies taste like yonder pye;
  Or claret string the nerves like nappy beer?

Perhaps at this carousal might be found,
  Some heart that oft has bled at Mis'ry's cry;
Hands that could hurl oppression to the ground,
  Or wipe the falling tear from Sorrow's eye.

But these hard times a cheerless gloom have thrown
  O'er all their smiling prospects of delight;
Chill Penury, with heart-apalling frown,
  And hollow eye, now stands before their sight.

Full many a tear bedims Misfortune's eye,
  And, streaming from its source, unseen descends.
Full many a sad and unavailing sigh
  Is breath'd in secret—and with ether blends.

Some unknown Howard, that, with pity smit,
  Has oft explor'd Affliction's sad retreat;
Some poor unhonour'd Nelson here may sit;
  Some Burns, that sings and struggles with his fate.

Th' applause of jolly topers to obtain,
  At feasts to crack a bottle with Lord May'r;
To scour the watch along some dirty lane,
And rend with loud huzzas the midnight air,

Fortune forbids.—Nor circumscribes alone
  Their pleasures, but their sorrows too confines;
Forbids in private sadly to bemoan
  The gout and all the ills debauch combines;

The treach'rous perfidy of friends to prove,
  To lose at play a fortune, madly driven;
Or, for some loose-rob'd wanton strumpet's love,
  Risk life, and all their future hopes of heav'n.

Far from the hamlet, where their fathers grew,
  The sons have never wish'd nor sought to stray;
Fortune their humble dwelling never knew,
  And Science there ne'er shed her piercing ray.

Yet, e'en their welcome holiday they keep,
  A smile of pleasure sparkles in their eyes;
Drest in their Sunday's suits, and drinking deep,
  They draw the smile and pity of the wise.

Their wants, their woes, without disguise made known,
  The void, in conversation oft supply:
And many saving maxims are laid down,
  That teach the poor, lank hunger to defy.

For who, to penury and grief a prey,
  At Christmas-tide no signs of pleasure shows?
Flies from the scenes of happiness away,
  Nor casts one wistful glance where plenty flows?

At that glad time the face in smiles is drest,
  And ev'ry honest heart around is gay;
E'en the poor lab'ror strives to have a feast,
  E'en the sad widow wipes her tears away.

For thee who, mindful of this festal day,
  Dost try in rhyme its pleasures to relate,
If chance, when Reason shall regain her sway,
  Some boon companion should enquire thy fate,

Haply some near-observing friend may say,
  "When all was o'er, we saw him scour along,
Splashing through every puddle in his way,
  In hopes to gain his home e'er morning sprung.

"There in yon stream, that slowly wanders down
  The silent vale, remote from care and strife,
His listless length at midnight hour was thrown,
  And 'scap'd, by chance, with scarce a sign of life.

"Along yon trackless heath, his dreary way,
  Mutt'ring ten thousand curses, he explor'd:
Now starting, wild with terror and dismay,
  Now dreading yet th' unfathomable ford.

"That morn we missed him ope his cottage door,
  Within the barn, and on the bowling green;
Another fill'd his chair at dinner hour:
  Nor at the sports, nor ale-house was he seen.

"At night, by friends and neighbours homeward borne,
  We saw him pillow'd on the couch of rest,
Approach and hear his faithful Mary mourn,
  And mark the throbbings of the anxious breast."

THE SOLILOQUY.

HERE rests his head, now free from care or mirth,
  A man for drinking and misfortunes known;
Cold poverty presided at his birth,
  And ever since has mark'd him for her own.

Large were the draughts he quaff'd, by passion driv'n,
  And reason's power was lost amid the flow;
He gave his sorrow to the winds of heaven,
  And snatch'd a short oblivion to his woe.

No further seek his frailties to disclose,
  Or tell each little failing of his life,
Here they, forgot in silence, should repose—
  The bosom of his confidant and wife.

From *The Pleasures of Nature; or, the Charms of Rural Life. With other Poems.* By David Carey. London: Vernon and Hood. 1803.

(D. Carey also published "Reign of Fancy, with Lyrical Tales," 1804. "Craig Phadric; Visions of Sensibility, with Legendary Tales," Printed at Inverness for the Author, 8vo., 1811. Carey was the son of a manufacturer in Arbroath, Forfarshire, where he was born in 1782. He edited *The Inverness Journal* for five years, and died at Arbroath, October 4th, 1824.)

———:o:———

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

On returning at Day-break, through an Alley in London, from a Ball at Lady Dash's.

THE Watchman drawls the hour of dawning day,
  The breakfast booth is set with smoking tea,
The dancers homeward wind their weary way,
  And leave the streets to morning and to me.

Now brighter beams upon the pavement dart,
  Though yet a gen'ral silence holds the air,
Save where some gard'ner drives his early cart,
  Or drowsy milkmen clank along the square:

Save that, disguised with liquor and with paint,
  The fragile fair complains of some mishap,
From rough patroles, who, stern and ungallant,
  Molest her chill and solitary nap.

Beneath these humble roofs, these broken tiles,
  Blown from their lay'rs when April winds were high,
On beds uncurtain'd, and in crowded files,
  This narrow alley's lab'ring tenants lie.

The pealing knocker at the pompous porch,
  The fretful gabble of the elbow'd guest,
The clattering carriage, or the flaring torch,
  Has never robb'd them of their lowly rest.

For them no dame shall plan the brilliant ball,
  Nor Mr. Speaker ply his evening care:
No lacqueys bow before them through the hall,
  Nor scream their titles up the crowded stair.

Oft does the dray their sturdy strength invite,
  Their harden'd hands oft haul the stubborn rope,—
How jocund do they shut their shops at night!
  How smirk their chins beneath the Sunday soap!

Let not nice Nugent mock their useful toil,
  Their ill cut raiment, or their homely food,
Nor the Black Dandy* hear with scornful smile,
  The early hours of that unpolish'd brood.

---

* Long Pole Wellesley, Esq., afterwards Lord Mornington, thus mentioned by Lord Byron in *Don Juan*:—

"Where's Brummell? Dish'd. Where's Long Pole Wellesley? Diddled."

The pomp of liv'ries and the whirl of wheels,
  And all that Hoby,[†] all that Dyde[‡] e'er gave,
Are random toys that Fortune blindly deals,—
  Grave to the fool, but foolish to the grave.

Nor you, ye fair, contemn their lowly doom,
  If fops for them no rapt'rous plaudits raise ;
While in the buzz of many a scented room,
  Your voice, your dancing swell the note of praise.

Can animating reel, or melting waltz,
  Teach you to thread the giddier maze of life ?
Can D'Egville's skill redeem one step when false ?
  Or Cramer lull the jars of man and wife ?

Perhaps in yon dark garret may repose
  Eyes, of fair Castlereagh's celestial fire ;
Hands that, like Congreve's, had consumed our foes,
  Or swept, like Southey's, o'er the laureat lyre ;

But Fashion to their eyes her fruitful store
  Of gay accomplishment did ne'er unroll :
Chill penury repressed each livelier pow'r,
  And nipp'd the tender flow'rets of the soul.

Full many a Luttrell's mental ray serene
  The wide uncultured bogs of Erin bear :
Full many a Hope is born to blush unseen,
  Or waste her sweetness at a village fair.

Some nameless Ward, whose master-wit repress'd
  The alehouse patriot's dull disloyal arts,
Some bright untoasted Hertford here may rest—
  Some Jersey, guiltless of our broken hearts.

The Morning Post's applause to bear away,
  To tease the envious mob of aping cits,
To scatter plenty at a *fete ornée*,
  To learn of Statesmen, and to live with wits,

Their lot forbade : a power supremely wise
  Their fate, their fashion, and their faults confin'd :
Forbade, to deal destruction with their eyes,
  And shut the gates of mercy *on mankind :*

The modest throes of struggling truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
To vie with demireps in paint and pride,
  And swell the calendar of evil fame.

Far from St. James's, far from all the Squares,
  Their vulgar footsteps never learn'd to stray ;
About St. Martin's Lane, or Lambeth Stairs,
  They keep the noisy tenor of their way.

Yet, that ev'n these may taste their due delights,
  Some Evening Tea-garden with holly fence,
From caxon'd quizzes, and from flounce-cloak'd frights,
  Obtains the tribute of their eighteen pence.

Their cakes, their ale, brought by a tidy maid,
  The place of venison and champagne supply :
And cocks and hens are clipp'd from yew-tree shade,
  That meet their taste for rural scenery.

For who, in Nature's favourite month of June,
  Seeks not the velvet of some verdant sod ?
Feels the warm ray of Sunday afternoon,
  Nor casts one restless, roving look abroad ?

Tax'd carts unnumber'd roll through Bethnal Green,
  By Hatchett's door a knot of coaches wait :
On Greenwich Hill are some smart ankles seen,
  Even at the Horns some fearless husbands bait.

For thee, who, mindful of a friendless race,
  Dost in these rhymes their little lives define,
If chance, when years have sped their silent pace,
  Some kindred spirit shall enquire of thine,

Haply, some gentle dowager may say,—
  "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
"Kicking from painted floors the chalk away,
  "While sleepy chaperons would sit and yawn.

"There, where the Palace fronts St. James's Street,
  "And rears its old fantastic tow'rs so high,
"The rattling carriages he loved to meet,
  "And gossip with the folk that babbled by.

"From rout to rout, now laughing at the tricks
  "Of wayward jilts and dandies he would rove :
' Now deeply wrapt in chit chat politics,
  "Or slyly jesting on some corner-love.

"One morn I miss'd him in th' accustom'd walks
  "Along the Park, and near his fav'rite trees ;
"At night he sate not in my opera box,
  "Nor came to sup at Lady ——'s.

Next morn I heard that, just two days before,
  With a loved bride from busy Town he went :
Sit down with patience a few moments more,
  And read a letter that he lately sent :

The Letter.

Here lives, retired from all the haunts of men,
  A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
The muses frown'd not on his early pen,
  But Disappointment mark'd him for her own.

His heart was warm, and his ambition high,
  But Heav'n decreed a safer, stiller life :
He gave to pomp and pow'r a parting sigh :
  He gain'd from Heav'n a fond and faithful wife.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
  Nor wake his wishes for a world forgot :
Here, in his rustic home he finds repose,
  And love and letters bless his lonely cot.

From *Posthumous Parodies and other Pieces*, composed by several of our most celebrated Poets. London. John Miller, 25, Bow Street. 1814.

———:o:———

The Last of the Lotteries.

(Public Lotteries were abolished by Act of Parliament in 1826, and the last was drawn on October 18, 1826.)

The Chancellor has passed the stern decree,
  The daily press rings out the doleful knell,
Warning each old adventurer, that he
  Must now of Lotteries take a last farewell !

Dismay and wonder now pervade Cornhill—
  The printers, too, are in a dismal rout,
Swearing they ne'er shall print another bill,
  When those for whom *they puffed* are thus *puffed* out.

O Fred'rick Robinson, thou man of death !
  Our scanty pittance why should you begrudge it ?
Why—oh ! why thus in dungeon stop our breath,
  And shut us cruelly from out thy budget ?

[†] A celebrated boot-maker in Pall Mall, London.
[‡] Dyde and Scribe were then well known dealers in ladies finery.

What was it seem'd offensive in thine eyes,
  And gave thine act a plausible pretence?
Say—didst thou think the selling *a large prize*
  Was in itself a *capital* offence?

Whatever be the cause, the effect is sad;
  Since thou must close his well-known lucky wicket,
Bish, our Leviathan, is gone half mad,
  And looks as dismal as a blank-drawn ticket.

Carrol—alas! his carols, turned to sighs,
  Seem to his cheerful name to give the lie;
Hazard, with fear of *death* before his eyes
  Declares he'll stand the "*hazard of the die.*"

Swift, of the *Poultry*, too, is ill at ease,
  His grief breaks forth in this pathetic swell—
I go to pine on wretched bread and cheese,
  For, ah! to *poultry* I must bid farewell!"

Martin complains his rapid flight is checked,
  And doth the ruin of his house deplore,
Wond'ring that *martin's* nests don't claim respect,
  As they were wont to do in times of yore.

Richardson says the world will teem with crimes,
  And woe and misery pervade the state;
For what can prosper in those hapless times,
  When *Good-luck* is proscribed, and out of date?

The *web* of death encircles *J. D. Webb*,
  The common ruin on him too hath landed;
Him, too, must reach this melancholy ebb,
  And all the fortunes of the *Strand* be *stranded*.

Pidding, who did his corner much enjoy,
  Says, while he contemplates the prospect dim,
"How oft I've *hung* out my gay blue-coat boy—
  Now I must *hang* myself instead of him!

Happily, next year, some friend shall say and weep,
  As up *Cornhill* he takes his lonely way—
"Where are the *harvests* which I used to *reap*,
  Beneath the sickle of each drawing day?

"Ah! where is *Sivewright*? where is *Eyton* now?
  Where are the placards, which so lately told
The clustering congregation when and how
  The thirty thousands were all shared and sold?

"Where dwelt activity there reigneth gloom:
  My well-known friends have lost their public rank:
The *Lottery* has pass'd into the tomb,
  And left the world an universal *blank*."

From *The Literary Gazette*.

———:o:———

An Elegy,

Written in the King's Bench Prison.

The turnkey rings the bell for shutting out,
  The visitor walks slowly to the gate;
The debtor chum-ward hastes in idle rout,
  And leaves the Bench to darkness, me, and fate.

Now fades the high-spiked wall upon the sight,
  And all the space a silent air assumes!
Save where some drunkard from the Brace* takes flight,
  And drowsy converse lulls the distant rooms.

Save that from yonder Strong Room,* close confined,
  Some noisy wight does to the night complain,
Of Mister Jones, the marshal, who, unkind
  Has, by a week's confinement, check'd his reign.

Within those strong-built walls, down that parade,
  Where lie the stones all paved in order fair,
Each in his narrow room by bailiffs laid,
  The new-made pris'ners o'er their caption swear.

The gentle morning bustle of their trade,
  The 'prentice, from the garret overhead,
The dapper shopman, or the busy maid,
  Will never here arouse them from their bed.

For them no polish'd Rumfords here shall burn,
  Nor wife uxorious ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their dad's return,
  Or climb his knees, the sugar-plums to share.

Oft did the creditor to their promise yield,
  As often they that solemn promise broke;
How jocund did they drive the duns afield!
  'Till nick'd at last within the bailiff's yoke!

Let not ambition mock their heedless fate,
  And idly cry, their state might have been better;
Nor grandeur hear with scorn while I relate
  The short insolvent annals of the debtor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
  All wealth procures, its being to entrench,
Await alike the writ's appointed hour:
  The paths of spendthrifts lead but to the Bench.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
  That they are here, and not at large like you,
That they have bills at tailor's, and wine vault
  Bills that, alas! have long been overdue.

Can story gay, or animated tale,
  Back from this mansion bid us freely run?
Can honour's voice o'er creditors prevail,
  Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Dun?

Perhaps in this confined retreat is shut
  Some heart, to make a splash once all on fire:
Skill, that might Hobhouse to the rout have put,
  Or loyally play'd Doctor Southey's lyre.

But prudence to their eyes her careful page,
  Rich in pounds, shillings, pence, did ne'er unroll.
Stern creditors repress'd their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of their soul.

Full many a blood, in fashion an adept,
  The dark, lone rooms of spunging-houses bear
Full many a fair is born to bloom unkept,
  And waste her sweetness, none know how or where.

Some cockney Petersham, that with whisker'd cheek
  Once moved in Bond Street, Rotten Row, Pall Mall,
Some humble Mrs. Clarke† for rest may seek,
  Some Burdett, guiltless quite of speaking well.

The applauses of admiring mobs to gain
  To be to threats of ruin, prison, lost;
To see they have not spent their cash in vain,
  And read their triumph in the Morning Post.

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* A sort of under tap, in the interior of the Bench, in which porter is sold by the authority of the marshal, to the debtors.

* A solitary place of confinement for such as break the rules of the prison.

† Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, mistress of the Duke of York.

That lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing follies, but themselves confined;
The bailiff grimly seized them for his own,
And turnkeys closed the gates on them behind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
The King's Bench terribly pulls down our pride
For high or lowly born, 'tis all the same.

Far from the city's mad ignoble strife
They still retain an eager wish to stray;
They hate this cool sequester'd mode of life,
And wish at liberty to work their way.

And on those walls that still from duns protect
Those fire-proof walls, so strongly built and high,
With uncouth rhymes and mis-spelt verses deck'd,
They ask the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their names, their years, writ by th' unletter'd muse
The place of fame and brass plate fill up well;
And many a lawyer's too the stranger views
With pious wishes he may go to hell.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
His pleasing anxious liberty resign'd,
To Banco Regis bent his dreary way,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.

On some one out, the prisoner still relies,
Some one to yield him comfort, he requires;
E'en from the Bench the voice of nature cries,
E'en though imprison'd, glow our wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the debtor's doom,
Dost in these lines their hapless state relate;
If chance by writ or capias hither come,
Some kindred spirit may inquire thy fate.

Haply, some hoary bailiff here may say,
"Oft have we watch'd him at the peep of dawn,
But, damn him, still he slipped from us away,
And when we thought we had him, he was gone.

"Where Drury Lane erects its well-known head,
And Covent Garden lifts its domes on high,
Morning and noon and night we found him fled,
Most snugly poring on us passing by.

"On Sundays, ever smiling as in scorn,
Passing our houses, he would boldly rove;
We gave his case up as of one forlorn,
And for his person pined in hopeless love.

"One morn we track'd him near th' accustom'd spot
Along the Strand, and by his favourite she—
Another came; yet still we caught him not,
But on the third, we nabb'd a youth,—'twas he.

"The next, with warrant due, we brought our man,
Snug to the Bench, here all the way from town,
Approach and read the warrant (if you can),
You may a copy get for half-a-crown."

THE WARRANT.

HERE rests his head, in "seventeen" and one,
A youth to fortune and to fame well-known.
But tradesmen trusted and began to dun,
And Mister Sheriff marked him for his own.

Great were his spendings, he naught put on shelf,—
To send a recompense law did not fail:
He gave his cred'tors, all he had—himself
He gain'd from them (all he abhorred) a gaol!

No further seek his doings to disclose,
Or draw his follies from this dull abode,
(Here he'll at all events three months repose),
Th' Insolvent Act may open then a road.

This Parody was published anonymously in a little work, entitled, "*Prison Thoughts,*" by a Collegian. London, John Lowndes, 1821. It was afterwards reprinted in "*Doings in London,* or Day and Night Scenes in the Metropolis," by George Smeeton, which was published about 1828. In this it is said that the above Parody of Gray's Elegy was written by a favourite dramatist, but it does not give his name.

:o:

Another parody, with a somewhat similar title, was published, in quarto, in 1790, of which the following is an exact reprint, omitting an advertisement, a list of subscribers, a dedication to Sir Martin Stapylton Bart, and some rather tedious foot notes:—

AN ELEGY.

In Imitation of Gray.
Written in
THE KING'S BENCH PRISON.
BY A MINOR.
Printed for the Author; and sold by R. Lea, Greek Street.
MDCCXC.

THE surly crier rings his nightly knell,
The willing guest departs his weary way,
And hears with joy the lonely Prison-bell,
Nor wishes with his wretched friend to stay.

Now rest the noisy racket-playing cry,
And rattling balls against the dreary wall;
To them succeed the ruin-hurling die,
And bawling Potmen's never ceasing call.

Within these narrow cells, in durance vile,
Where lurid Vengeance holds its baleful reign,
Where awful Ruin hovers 'round the pile,
Th' inglorious captives ev'ry grief sustain.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn
Gives not its wonted joy unto their shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn
No more entices from their lowly bed.

Here dwells the rustic, who with thoughtless zeal
The petty *tyrant* of his fields defied,
Doom'd, by some lordly Villain's frown, to feel
The tedious malice of hard-hearted Pride.

Here too, in long captivity remain
The hardy warrior, and the nobly brave,
Who dar'd their Country's battles to sustain
Their honor'd Country's LIBERTY to save

But oh! despise not their ignoble toil,
Their loss of Liberty and Life obscure,
Nor proudly hear with a disdainful smile
The dull complaint of the impris'on'd poor.

On those who boast of Heraldry and Pow'r
Or all that Pomp and sordid wealth e'er gave,

The angry storms of Fortune soon may lour
  A wretched Prison may precede the grave.

Not ev'n can VIRTUE'S sacred name defend ;
  For round the good, and near the bad await,
The one t'afflict, the other to amend,
  The never-failing ministers of Fate.

Perhaps within this sad abode may pine,
  A heart once pregnant with Celestial fire,
Souls, that to warlike deeds do still incline,
  And hands, that still might wake the living lyre:

But Liberty to them, by cruel fate,
  Is now denied the panting heart to warm ;
Chill Penury confines their low estate,
  And Life's to them devoid of ev'ry charm.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Within these hated walls do they remain ;
With patience drink the *bitter dregs* of Life,
  And the dire load of misery sustain.

Their hopes, their wishes, and the chance of fate,
  The place of certainty, or truth supply;
They still would triumph o'er the proud one's hate,
  Nor yet despairing wildly wish to die.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  A miserable being e'er resign'd,
Left the dull precincts of the doleful day,
  Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

Still on some breast does ev'ry soul rely,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
For *distant friends* we breathe th'impassion'd sigh,
  To tears of SYMPATHY each wretch aspires.

But here, entomb'd within this living grave,
  Too many sink beneath their wretched fate,
No more have Friends the *pleasing pow'r* to save,
  And long-delay'd assistance comes too late.

While some, alas ! neglected by each friend,
  The world despising, by the world forgot,
With jovial riot their dull hours defend,
  And drown with sparkling wine their hapless lot.

The sumptuous feast, and ev'ry sensual joy,
  With noisy mirth each gloomy night infest ;
Still must REFLECTION'S piercing dart annoy,
  And such vile pleasures but disturb their rest.

And yet some *tutors* with a scanty fare
  Advise a PRISON, venial faults to mend :
But Ah ! they little know the anxious care,
  And less the danger which such schools attend.

Can prudent maxims to a conscious mind
  Supply the place of HONOR'S gentler sway?
Or can the dear-bought knowledge of mankind
  The loss of VIRTUE'S gen'rous flame repay?

Many, by fond credulity betray'd,
  Their *happiness* on other's *honor* stake ;
The faithless friends the angry laws evade,
  And honest friendship suffers for the rake.

The sober citizen, whose hard-earn'd wealth,
  Is lost by sad vicissitude of trade,
With heartfelt sorrow undermines his health
  While *Prudent* Friends his losses still upbraid.

Then by a cruel false deceiver led,
  Wearied with mis'ry, frantic with despair,
The blooming Partner of his marriage bed,
  Adds Jealous anguish to his wretched care.

For thee, who mindful of thy own mischance,
  Dost in these lines an artless tale relate ;
Some kindred spirit, or some friend perchance,
  In future times may mourn thy hapless fate.

And when with dirges due, in sad array,
  Slow thro' the church-way path thy corpse be borne,
May these few lines compose the parting lay,
  Grav'd on a stone beneath an aged thorn

THE EPITAPH.

Here rest his cares within the friendly earth,
  A YOUTH to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Some Dæmon frown'd upon his humble birth,
  And cheerless mis'ry marked him for her own.

When youthful, virtues glow'd within his breast,
  Allur'd by Passion, by Example led,
With Folly's children he too warmly prest,
  And idle joys their baleful influence shed.

But soon succeed these pleasures of the town,
  Th' unfeeling persecution of the proud,
With black misfortune's sad terrific frown,
  And hard neglect of the unthinking crowd.

Deserted by his friends, by all mankind,
  With silent anguish long he mourn'd his fate,
With joyful hope his willing breast resign'd
  In expectation of an happier state.

Around his grave the cypress wreath entwine,
  The Yew Tree's shade shall add its solemn gloom ;
The tender fair to pity will incline,
  And drop a tear upon his early Tomb.

———:o:———

EPITAPH ON A LATE ADMINISTRATION.

HERE rest their Heads in Power's and Honour's grave,
  A band to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science never smil'd on their conclave,
  And Scorn and Weakness mark'd them for their own.

Large were their means, yet constant their defeat,
  And France, deriding, mock'd their wild intentions ;
They gave to England, all they could—a debt ;
  They gain'd from England, all they wish'd—their
    Pensions.

Seek not (vain hope) their merits to disclose,
  Nor paint their faults to sadden their condition ;
These let them try with trembling hope t' expose,
  And those defend—on bench of Opposition.

From *The Morning Chronicle* (London). Jan. 18, 1811.

———:o:———

AN ELEGY IN A LONDON CHURCHYARD.

GREAT Tom now sounds the close of busy day,
  The weary dray horse rests from labour free,
From town, till morn, the merchant speeds his way,
  And London leaves to tumult and to me.

Now stars terrestrial glimmer through each street,
  Thro' all the air a din confus'd is spread,
Save where perchance some list'ning crowd you meet,
  By nightly songsters' strain discordant led;

Save that from yonder watch-box standing near,
  The old night-guardian tells his wonted tale;
Or urged by outrage dire to timely fear,
  Makes his loud rattle sound upon the gale.

On cobbler's stall, or screen'd by friendly shed,
  Full many a maid once breath'd her nightly woes;
Yet here from chill misfortune ever fled,
  The houseless wand'rers of the street repose.

The noisy call of Smithfield's early train,
  The sweep's shrill matins from the chimney stack,
The dustman's bell, or post-boy's piping strain,
  No more shall call their fleeting spirits back.

(*Eight verses omitted*)

* * * * *

Full many a forest oak of stately size
  To menial purpose bends it's lofty head;
Full many a treasure undiscover'd lies
  Beneath the passenger's unconscious tread.

Some latent WREN, who up the scaffold high,
  Obedient hasten'd to the bricklay'rs call:
Some poor harmonic Tinker here may lie,
  Some Statesman guiltless of his country's fall.

The Virtuoso's praises to command,
  The soul to lift with transports to the skies,
To scatter mis'ry o'er a smiling land,
  And fruitless schemes of conquest to devise

Their lot forbade:—nor yet did fortune frown,
  But equally their crimes and fame confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' folly to renown
  And gain the execration of mankind.

(*Seven verses omitted*)

* * * * *

Haply some cit may say:—"The crowd among
  "Oft have we seen him at the close of day,
"Bustling with hasty foot-steps thro' the throng,
  "To gain his fav'rite seat at some new play.

"There, in the midway region of the pit,
  "Where Critics oft their arts malignant ply,
"Near to the orchestra, sedate he'd sit,
  "And pore upon the scene with curious eye.

"Beneath yon elm, that each new loit'rer wooes,
  "He lov'd to sit, absorbed in musings deep;
"Then up the Green-Park, or by Chelsea-Mews,
  "He'd briskly run; or, tir'd, would slowly creep.

"One eve I miss'd him on th' accustom'd way:
  "Along the park, and near his fav'rite tree,
"Another came—I sought him at the play,
  "Nor in the pit, box, nor gallery, was he"

"The next in dreary hearse, with sad array,
  "Slow to th' uncypress'd church-yard he was borne,
"Approach and read (if thou hast time) the lay,
  "Grav'd on the stone, that no proud lies adorn."

EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon a folio terse,
  An Author, once to wits and patrons known;
The Critics frown'd not on his humble verse,
  Nor did the world his labours quite disown.

Large his editions, but his readers few;
  Fate did a recompence as largely send,
He wisely bade to Booksellers adieu,
  And (in their stead) each Chandler found a friend.

No longer now pil'd up in useless state,
  His pages freely circulate thro' town:
Perhaps, at last, doom'd by capricious fate
  To kindle pipes, or curl some crazy crown.

From *The Morning Post and Gazetteer*:
Thursday, November 28, 1799

———:o:———

NIGHTLY THOUGHTS IN THE TEMPLE.

ST. DUNSTAN's bells proclaim departing day,
  The weary hacks slow drag the axle-tree,
The 'prentice homeward runs his hasty way,
  And leaves the Town to dulness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ring lamps upon the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the watchman bawls "A cloudy night,"
  And tipsy rev'ller the shut tavern scolds.

Save that yon victim of a ruffian's pow'r
  Does loudly to the street-patrole complain
Of such, as lurking at this silent hour,
  Molest the king of midnight's ancient reign.

Within those gates that iron strong has made,
  Where rooms o'er rooms arise in many a heap,
Each in his chamber on a pillow laid,
  The law-learn'd Benchers of the Temple sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The sheriff's trumpet, or the postman's horn
  No more shall rouse them from their feather bed.

In them no more the muse's fire shall burn,
  Or metaphysics be their ev'ning care;
No school-boy's classic triumphs shall return,
  Or dulness pine the envied praise to share.

Oft did the grammar to their patience yield,
  The Latin oft and stubborn Greek they spoke;
How jocund hied they to the cricket field!
  How flew the ball before their sturdy stroke!

Let not a Wakefield mock their plodding toil,
  Their text corrupt and pedagogue obscure;
Nor Porson hear, with a disdainful smile,
  What stripes a slow-pac'd tyro must endure.

The boast of critic skill may worms devour,
  And all that study, all that wit e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
  The backs of Russia cannot always save.

Nor you, ye fam'd, impute to these the fault
 If learning o'er those shelves no volumes raise,
Where oft the book-collector loves to halt
 And Lackington* yet swells with his own praise.

Can hot-press'd page, or mezzotinto bust,
 Back to an author call th' expended sum?
Can honour's voice engage the printer's trust,
 Or flat'ry sooth the dull, cold debtor's room?

Perhaps in those muse-slighted courts are laid
 Some hearts once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of Thespis might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd the modern Pindar's laughing lyre,

But Themis to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of clients did unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their classic rage
 Or beauty warm'd the current of the soul.

Yet many a term, a Lawyer, too serene,
 The briefless bag to Westminster may bear,
Yet many a Lover's born to sigh unseen,
 Or waste his rhet'ric on th' obdurate fair.

Some Nash, that had alike with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant, or the great withstood
Some mute, inglorious Erskine there may rest;
 Some Scott, ne'er thirsting for a patriot's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning juries to command,
 The cause of Hardy and of Tooke to gain
To scatter pamphlets o'er their native land,
 And read their praises from a foreign pen,

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing merit, but their faults confin'd;
Forbade to raise the persecutor's throne,
 And shut the gates of freedom on the mind.

The gentle charms of Christian truth to hide,
 To wake her blushes of ingenuous shame,
Heaping the shrine of bigotry and pride,
 With incense kindled at her sacred flame.

Far from the wrangling Bar's high purchas'd strife,
 On a back seat they mark the wordy fray;
Along the circuit to the vale of life,
 They keep the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en their heads from eave-drops to protect
 Some frail umbrella still upheld on high
The uncouth wig, as Cloudesley Shovell's deck'd,
 Declare a councillor is passing by.

Their names, their years, spelt falsely in the news,
 The place of fame and Marlborough supply;
And many a line around the Printer strews,
 That teach how Barristers may wed and die.

But who, to dull law precedents a prey,
 The pleasing cares of science e'er resign'd,
Left the warm novel or the well-wrought play,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind.

On summer's pleasure the fagg'd clerk relies,
 Some rural ease the pleader's health requires;
E'en from the bench the Chief for leisure sighs,
 E'en on Welch mountains seeks his wonted fires.

Henry, for thee, who now to science dead,
 Dost on law folios rent thy classic pate;
If chance, by friendly recollection led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some Drama-loving wight may say—
 "Oft have we seen him at the hour of five,
"Brushing, with hasty steps the dust away,
 "For Drury's pit, and a front seat to strive.

"There, where a whisper from the stage can reach,
 "Though for the gaudy Pantomime too nigh,
"At pompous nothings would he yawn and stretch,
 "But mark the eloquence of Siddons' eye."

Hard by yon band, now fiddling as in scorn,
 Musing on Godwin would his fancy rove:
Now, drooping, when he thought of men forlorn,
 For public weal now slighting private love.

One eve I miss'd him o'er th' accustom'd pit,
 Along the Critics' seat, near twiddle dee;
Another came, nor where the Gods do sit,
 Nor up the slips, nor at half price was he.

Next morn, 'twixt lawyers two, in black array,
 Slow through the hall of Rufus was he borne;
Approach and read (if thou can'st read) the lay
 Engrav'd on parchment from an old deed torn.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rests his head upon a page of Coke,
 A youth, to foplings and to flirts unknown;
Fair science frown'd not on the words he spoke,
 And metaphysics mark'd him for their own.

Sound was his judgment and his soul sincere,
 Fortune a recompense did largely send;
He wrote at Colchester full many a year,
 He gain'd from Witham, all he wish'd—a Friend.

Nor Patisson, his civic faith disclose,
 Nor draw his frailties in a wordy brief;
For you, alike in trembling hope repose,
 To be admitted by my Lord the Chief.

J. T. R. 1806.

* * *

NOCTURNAL CONTEMPLATIONS IN BARHAM DOWNS CAMP.

THE moon slow setting sends a parting ray,
 The topers to the mess-room march with glee;
To bed the sober shape their quiet way,
 And leave the lines to pensiveness and me.

Now scarce a candle glimmers on the sight,
 And o'er the camp at length soft stillness reigns;
Save where the dice are dash'd with desp'rate might,
 Or braying asses wake the distant plains.

Save that from yonder show'r-sheltering box,
 The sentry's rough voice does the ear assail

---

* A well-known bookseller, who wrote some amusing but egotistical memoirs.

Of such who, trusting to the gloom of *Nox*
Steal to the well-known booth to tipple ale.

Within each tent of flimsy canvas made,
Where knapsacks rise in many a scatter'd heap,
Twelve men on narrow beds, till morning laid,
Refresh their senses with the dews of sleep.

The cannon's roar that through the vale resounds,
The *reveillée's* harsh echoing in their ears,
The sergeant's voice that ever rudely sounds,
Again shall wake them to their humble cares.

For them again the kitchen fires shall burn,
And busy matrons their saloop prepare,
The butcher's loaded wain from town return,
And quarter-masters loaves and mutton share.

Oft do their hardy hands the hatchet wield,
And vig'rous knees the stubborn faggot break;
How steadily they tread the rugged field,
How quick a column, or a square they make!

Let not lac'd loungers mock their thankless toil,
Their homely meals and toilets thrifty plan;
Nor 'broider'd gen'rals hear with scornful smile
The simple annals of a private man.

The salutations which to rank are due,
And all that gold e'er bought, or favor gave,
Cannot the worn-out wheels of life renew,
Promotion's high way leads but to the grave.

Nor you, ye beaus, forget that they are men,
If no white dust their soapy locks disguise;
If on their brawny limbs coarse cloth you ken,
And from their cloaths no musky scent arise.

Can kerseymere, or scarlet bought on trust,
Compel the lungs to stay the fleeting breath?
Can fun'ral vollies wake the slumb'ring dust,
Or gleaming gorget ward the dart of death?

Perhaps on tatter'd pillow now is laid,
Some head by nature fashion'd for command,
Whose solid sense in council might have sway'd,
And led to victory a num'rous band.

But science from their mind, with piercing rays,
The fogs of ignorance did ne'er dispel,
Mechanic toil consum'd their youthful days,
And scarcely left them time to scrawl or spell.

Full many an acre of uncultur'd land
Fertility within its womb contains,
Full many a rugged mass of sordid sand
Conceals of virgin gold the latent grains.

Some Wolfe that ne'er shall see pale Gallia fly,
Nor in bright victory's arms resign his breath,
Some Marlb'rough inglorious here may lie,
Some Coote unskilful in the art of death.

Th' applause of hoary vet'rans to command,
The bribes and threats of monarch's to despise,
To raise the glory of their native land,
And read their praises in an army's eyes,

Their lot forbids;—nor circumscribes alone
Their martial genius, but their crimes restrain,
Forbids to place a tyrant on a throne,
And forge for free-born men dire slav'ry's chains.

Unmov'd to mark the frantic widow's woe,
And hear her orphans wail their slaughter'd sire,
Or swell of guiltless blood the crimson flow,
With fury kindled by ambition's fire.

Fix'd in the fav'rite seat of noise and strife,
They never can enjoy one tranquil day,
Along the rough walk of an irksome life
They keep the restless tenor of their way.

Yet from grave thoughts their feelings to protect,
Frail temporary huts erected nigh,
With uncouth phrase and wretched daubing deck'd,
Invite their lips a cordial draught to try.

Their mantling mug, their song's sonorous swell,
The place of port and repartee supply;
And many a smutty tale around they tell
That teach the social hour with speed to fly.

For who, within the ranks by reason led,
The joys of Bacchus to his soul denies,
Treads the gay precincts of a sutler's shed,
Nor cast upon the door his longing eyes?

On some base hearts gold has a sov'reign sway,
Some pious minds delight in sighs and tears,
Fame can the poet's midnight toil repay,
But ale and brandy sooth a soldier's cares.

For thee who by thy natal stars compell'd,
Dost touch with artless hand the warbling lyre,
If chance, by friendship's soft regard impell'd,
Some kind companion shall thy fate inquire;

Haply some brother sub, shall smiling say:
"Oft in his tent retir'd the youth was seen,
"Scribbling with hasty hand a hum'rous lay,
"To fill a page in Urban's magazine.

"There in that field, beside that holy pile,
"That rears his Gothic steeple to the sky
"Each noon beneath those elms he mus'd awhile,
"Then por'd upon a book with greedy eye.

"Along the mazes of yon murm'ring stream,
"With pensive pace at ev'ning would he stray,
"'Till wrapt in wand'ring fancy's airy dream
"He mutter'd metre to the lunar ray.

"One morn I sought him vainly through the line,
"Among the elms and o'er the verdant lea,
"Another came, nor near the house divine,
"Nor by the stream, nor in his tent was he.

"The next he wrote that, prompted by his muse,
"In rural mansions Pegasus he pac'd,
"To camps and courts had made his last adieus,
"And o'er his antique gate these verses trac'd."

THE INSCRIPTION.

HERE let me rest in this sequester'd cell,
Where pomp and noise and riot are unknown,
Where raptur'd Contemplation loves to dwell,
And whose low roof Contentment calls her own.

Large splendid halls where gold and silver glare,
My mind's undazzled eye would never please;
Here am I freed from all that vex'd me—care,
And bless'd with all I wish—poetic ease.

No more blind folly my desires shall raise,
Nor draw my footsteps from this lov'd abode;
Here will I breathe the remnant of my days,
And court the favors of the tuneful god.

H. 1806.

———:o:———

Elegy on a Pair of Breeches.

Thrown upon a Dust-heap by a Miser.

Here rest my *breeches* on the *lap* of earth
By Time destroyed, by Pride now cast away;
Whose *waistband* never knew the stretch of mirth,
Whose *lining* long ere this had felt decay.

Oft has the *needle* tried its skill in vain,
Patch over *patch* full oft their *knees* have borne,
Oft have their rents my bosom doom'd to pain,
That sympathiz'd with them when they were *torn*.

Not half so tough the hide of roasted pig,
Not more ambrosial was the damask rose;
Not half so comely was the parson's wig,
As ye my Breeches—best of all my clothes!.

'Till Time's unpitying hand (by fate design'd),
Your stitches, strength, and youth, hath from you borne
So falls the flow'r before the ruthless wind,
So from its mate the guiltless turtle's torn,

Here, while ye lie upon the teeming earth,
Altho' no shell your funeral pomp displays,
Far from your grave shall fly the rebel Mirth,
And dust and ashes serve instead of *bays*.

Thomas Brand,

From *The British Minerva*, printed in Hamburgh. 1818.

———:o:———

Elegy.

Written in a College Library.

The chapel bell, with hollow mournful sound,
Awakes the fellows, slumbering o'er their fires;
Roused by the 'custom'd note, each stares around,
And sullen from th' unfinish'd pipe retires.

Now from the common hall's restriction free,
The sot's full bottles in quick order move,
While gayer coxcombs sip their amorous tea,
And barbers' daughters soothe with tales of love.

Through the still courts a solemn silence reigns,
Save where the broken battlements among
The east wind murmurs through the shatter'd panes,
And hoarser ravens croak their evening song.

Where groan yon shelves beneath their learned weight,
Heap piled on heap, and row succeeding rows,
In peaceful pomp and undisturb'd retreat,
The labours of our ancestors repose.

No longer sunk in ceaseless, fruitless toil,
The half-starved student o'er their leaves shall pore,
For them no longer blaze the midnight oil,
Their sun is set, and sinks to rise no more!

For them no more shall booksellers contend,
Or rubric posts their matchless worth proclaim;
Beneath their weigh no more the press shall bend,
While common sense stands wondering at their fame.

Oft did the Classics mourn their Critic rage,
While still they found each meaning but the true;
Oft did they heap with notes poor Ovid's page,
And give to Virgil words he never knew:

Yet ere the partial voice of critic scorn
Condemn their memory, or their toil deride,
Say, have not we had equal cause to mourn
A waste of words, and learning ill applied?

Can none remember? Yes: I know all can—
When readings against different readings jarr'd,
While Bentley led the stern scholastic van,
And new editions with the old ones warr'd.

Not ye, who lightly o'er each work proceed,
Unmindful of the graver moral part,
Condemn these works, if, as you run and read,
You find no trophies of the engraver's art.

Can Bartolozzi's all-enrapturing power
To heavy works the stamp of merit give?
Could Grignion's art protract oblivion's hour,
Or bid the epic rage of Blackmore live?

In this lone nook, with learned dust bestrew'd,
Where frequent cobwebs kindly form a shade,
Some wondrous legend, fill'd with death and blood,
Some monkish history, perhaps, is laid!

With store of barbarous Latin at command
Though arm'd with puns, and jingling quibble's might,
Yet could not these soothe Time's remorseless hand
Or save their labours from eternal night.

Full many an Elegy has mourn'd its fate,
Beneath some pasty cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd;
Full many an Ode has soar'd in lofty state,
Fix'd to a kite, and quivering in the wind.

Here too perhaps, neglected now, may lie
The rude memorial of some ancient song,
Whose martial strains and rugged minstrelsy
Once waked to rapture every listening throng.

To trace fair Science through each wildering course,
With new ideas to enlarge the mind,
With useful lessons, drawn from classic source,
At once to polish and instruct mankind,

Their times forbade: nor yet alone repress'd
Their opening fancy; but alike confined
The senseless ribaldry, the scurvy jest,
And each low triumph of the vulgar mind.

Their humbler science never soar'd so far,
In studious trifles pleased to waste their time,
Or wage with common sense eternal war,
In never ending clink of monkish rhyme.

Yet were they not averse to noisy fame,
  Or shrank reluctant from her ruder blast,
But still aspired to raise their sinking name,
  And fondly hoped that name might ever last.

Hence each proud volume, to the wondering eye,
  Rivals the gaudy glare of Tyrrel's* urn ;
Where ships, wigs, Fame, and Neptune blended lie,
  And weeping cherubs for their bodies mourn.

For who with rhymes e'er rack'd his weary brain,
  Or spent in search of epithets his days,
But from his lengthen'd labours hoped to gain
  Some presênt profit or some future praise ?

Though folly's self inspire each dead-born strain,
  Still flattery prompts some blockhead to commend ;
Perhaps e'en Timon hath not toil'd in vain,
  Perhaps e'en Timon hath as dull a friend.

For thee, whose muse with many an uncouth rhyme
  Dost in these lines neglected worth bewail,
If chance (unknowing how to kill the time)
  Some kindred idler should enquire thy tale ;

Haply some ancient Fellow may reply—
  "Oft have I seen him, from the dawn of day,
E'en till the western sun went down the sky
  Lounging his lazy listless hours away :

"Each morn he sought the cloister's cool retreat ;
  At noon at Tom's he caught the daily lie,
Or from his window looking o'er the street
  Would gaze upon the travellers passing by ;

"At night, encircled with a kindred band,
  In smoke and ale roll'd their dull lives away ;
True as the college clock's unvarying hand,
  Each morrow was the echo of to-day.

"Thus, free from cares, and children, noise and wife,
  Pass'd his smooth moments ; till, by Fate's command,
A lethargy assail'd his harmless life,
  And check'd his course, and shook his loitering sand.

"Where Merton's towers in Gothic grandeur rise,
  And shed around each soph a deeper gloom,
Beneath the centre aisle interr'd he lies,
  With these few lines engrav'd upon his tomb"—

THE EPITAPH.

OF vice or virtue void, here rests a man
  By prudence taught each rude excess to shun ;
Nor Love nor Pity marr'd his sober plan
  And Dulness claim'd him for her favorite son,

By no eccentric passion led astray,
  Not rash to blame, nor eager to commend,
Calmly through life he steer'd his quiet way,
  Nor made an enemy, nor gain'd a friend.

Seek not his faults—his merits—to explore,
  But quickly drop this uninstructive tale !
His works—his faults—his merits—are no more,
  Sunk in the gloom of dark oblivion's veil.

SIR J. H. MOORE.

From *Elegant Extracts from the British Poets.* 1824.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF BOW-FAIR, 1823.

(Bow Fair was instituted by Charles II. in 1664.)

THE *Bow-bell* tolls the knell of Bow-fair fun,
  And *Richardson* winds slowly out of town ;
Poor old "young Saunders" sees his setting son,—
  And *Gyngell* pulls his red tom-tawdry down.

Now three cart-horses draw the caravan,
  O'er smooth MacAdams, to provincial fairs,
And pining showmen, with companions wan,
  Make dreary humour, while the hawbuck stares !

No more shall cockneys don their Sunday coats,
  Stepney, Brook-green, or brighter Bow to fill,
No folk shall row to Greenwich Hill in boats,
  And roll in couples adown One Tree Hill !

Girls shall no longer dance in gingham gowns,
  Nor monkeys sit on organs at the door,
Gongs shall be turn'd to frying-pans ; and clowns
  Take to the country, and be clowns no more !

No learned pig, no veal, no mutton pie,—
  No heads be crack'd, no under garments won,—
No giants twelve no dwarfs just three feet high—
  No calves with two heads, shown to calves with one

At Scowton's dire destruction will be seen !
  The trumpet will give up its tragic truths !
The magistrate desiring to be *Keen*,
  Will put an end, as usual, to the *Booths*.

No lucky bags, no drums, no three-hand reels,
  No cocks in breeches, no tobacco-sots !
No more shall Wapping learn to dance quadrilles,
  Or shake a hornpipe 'mid the pewter pots !

No more the Fairing shall the fair allure,
    For fairs no more the fairing may expose ;
In pleasure-lovers, work shall work a cure;
  And Sundays only show the Sunday clothes !

The magistrates decree that "fair is foul,"
  And put a stop to profitable sport ;
They exercise the Lion's shilling howl,
  And cut the Irish giant's income short.

No more the backy-box, in dark japan,
  Shakes on the stick, and lures the rabble rout ;
No more the lemon, balanced by the man,
  Flies at the touch and flings its toys about ;

Take warning then, ye fair ! from this fair's fall !
  One Act (the Vagrant Act) has been its ruin !
Listen, oh listen, to *Law's serious call*,
  For fun and pleasure lead but to undoing !

From *The Mirror.* 1823.

:o:

THE LONG VACATION.

MY Lord now quits his venerable seat,
  The six clerk on his padlock turns the key,
From business hurries to his snug retreat,
  And leaves vacation, and the town to me.

---

* *Vide* Admiral Tyrrel's monument in Westminster Abbey.

Now all is hush'd, asleep the eye of care,
  And Lincoln's Inn a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the porter whistles o'er the square,
  Or Pompey barks, or basket woman scolds,

Save that from yonder pump, and dirty stair,
  The moping shoe-black and the laundry-maid,
Complain of such as from the town repair,
  And leave their little quarterage unpaid.

In those dull chambers where old parchments lie,
  And useless drafts in many a mouldering heap,
Each for parade to catch the client's eye,
  Salkeld and Ventris in oblivion sleep.

In these dead hours what now remains for me,
  Still to the stool and to the desk confined,
Debarr'd from Autumn shades, and liberty
  Whose lips are soft as my Cleora's kind.

Hail, beauteous nymph! How does thy presence gild
  The brow of care, and mitigate my pains!
With thee (such ecstacy thy beauties yield)
  Bondage is free, and hugs thy pleasing chains.

Blest in thy love, sincerely I despise
  The quibble, warmly urged with many a frown,
Hear each opinion of the learn'd and wise,
  Nor envy Cato's wig, or Tully's gown.

W. R.

From *The Mirror*. 1823.

Part of this parody was quoted in *Doings in London*, 1828; and also in *The Mirror*, May 28, 1831.

:o:

The following parodies of *The Elegy* may also be found in early volumes of *The Mirror*:—

LUCUBRATIONS IN AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP.

THE twilight curtains round the busy day,
  The sliding shutters close the tradesman's shop,
The street lamp now emits its useful ray,
  And homeward speeds the bustling Doctor Slop, &c.

The Mirror. Vol. 4,, p. 459.

ELEGY.

THE pealing clock proclaims the close of day,
  The attorney's clerk goes slowly to his tea;
And mine begins to plod his weary way,
  And leave my rooms to solitude and me, &c.

The Mirror. Vol. 5, p. 131.

:o:

ALAS! POOR FALLEN SIR FRANCIS! *

Elegy written in Westminster Hall.

THE Judges toll the knell of Burdett's fame,
  The rabble-rout disperse with lack of glee;
The counsel homeward plod just as they came,
  And leave the Hall to darkness and to me.

Now fades each fairy prospect on my sight;
  All nature now appears to make a pause,
Save where the wits the *Chronicle* who write
  Weave drowsy paragraphs to patch my cause.

Beneath these ancient walls, once vocal made
  By vote of thanks, which late I found so cheap,
Indignant Justice bids my laurels fade,
  The dull co-partners of my folly weep.

For me no more the flaming press shall teem,
  Nor busy printers ply their evening care;
No patriots flock to propagate my theme,
  Nor lick my feet the ill-got wreath to share.

The fulsome strain of incense-breathing puff,
  The *snuffman* bawling to the throng misled;
Cobbett's foul Register, nor all the stuff
  Of *weekly* scribes, can raise my drooping head.

Oft did the thoughtless to their judgments yield,
  Their railings oft disloyal rage provoke;
How jocund each his secret soul reveal'd,
  How laugh'd the crowd at ev'ry hackney'd joke

Now you, ye loyal, fix on them the fault,
  If memory to my name no trophies raise
Where in the ample page, with zeal unbought,
  The pen historic gives the meed of praise.

Can golden box,* though worth a hundred pounds,
  Back to poor Burdett bring his forfeit fame?
Can honour's voice now on his side be found,
  Or flattery shield him from contempt and shame?

The boast of popularity's short hour,
  And all that faction gains by means most base,
Await alike exposure, dreaded power!
  The paths of folly lead but to disgrace.

Yes; still my name to rescue from neglect,
  Some frail memorial that on bookstalls lie,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
  Implore the passing tribute of a sigh.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  Such pleasing transient laurels e'er resign'd,
Left his proud height, the idol of a day,
  Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

On some frail prop sedition still relies,
  Some *pious souls* its frustrate arm admires,
E'en from the grave its fetid stench will rise,
  E'en in its ashes live its wonted fires.

For ye, who mindful of my honours dead,
  Do in your lines my hapless tale relate,
If by kind feeling to your office led,
  Some crazy patriot shall inquire my fate,

Ah, woe is me! some wicked wit will tell,
  "Oft have we seen him, ere the evening fall,

---

* Sir Francis Burdett (father of the present Lady Burdett Coutts) was Radical M.P. for Westminster. Perhaps the greatest event of his life was his committal to the Tower under the Speaker's warrant for a libellous letter published in *Cobbett's Political Register* of March 24, 1810, in which he questioned the power of the House of Commons to imprison delinquents. He at first resisted the execution of the warrant, and being a favourite with the mob, a street contest ensued between the military and the people, in which some lives were lost.

*The City Box, refused by the Prince Regent, was proposed by draper Waithman to be given to the Baronet if his cause had succeeded; but alas! it was destined again to go a-begging. Robert Waithman was Lord Mayor of London.

Brushing with hasty steps along Pall Mall,
To meet Lloyd Wardle at the House's call.

"There to the nodding members, luckless wights!
In hackney'd strains, till midnight would he preach
'Bout Magna Charta, and the Bill of Rights,
And prate of things far, far, beyond his reach.

"To prison sent, he swore they us'd him ill,
The *room*[*] was powerless, as all should see.
The trial came, and British Judges still
Refused to change the House's just decree.

"And now with judgment due, in sad dismay,
He sees himself consign'd to public scorn;
Approach and read, if thou can'st read, the lay
Penn'd in the *Post*, to Jacobins a thorn;

EPITAPH.

"HERE hides his head, now humbled to the earth,
A man to John Horne and his Faction known;
Fair talents never smil'd upon his birth,
And Disappointment mark'd him for her own.

"Large were his wishes, but his lot severe;
To Tooke he ow'd his fortune and reverse:
He gain'd from John, 'twas all his portion—shame;
John gain'd from him, 'twas all he wish'd—his purse.

"No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
Where they have met the awful test he chose,
The judgment of his country and his God."

ALFRED.

From *The Morning Post.* London. May 20, 1811.

———:o:———

THE PETTIFOGGER.

Written in Westminster Hall, during the long Vacation of 1812, and addressed to a

LITTLE ATTORNEY!

THE courts are shut, departed every Judge,
Each greedy lawyer gripes the double fee,
In doleful mood, the suitors homeward trudge,
And leave the hall, to silence, and to me.

Now, not a Barrister attracts the sight,
And all the dome, a solemn stillness holds,
Save, at the entrance, where with all her might,
The Barrow-wheeler at the Porter scolds.

From every court, with ev'ry virtue crown'd!
Where numbers gain, and numbers lose their bread,
Elsewhere to squabble, puzzle and confound,
Attornies, clerks, and counsel—all are fled.

Contending fools! too stubborn to agree,
The good warm client, name for ever dear
The long-drawn brief, the spirit-stirring fee,
No more till Michaelmas, shall send them here.

'Till then, no more the orange nymphs shall ply,
Their ripen'd fruit, all glossy as their cheek;
Nor strive, with jest, and sportive leering eye,
The custom of the youthful clerk, to seek.

Let not the pedlar, frown with eyes askew,
Nor envy them the profits of the hall;
Let him not think, that with a spiteful view,
They mean to draw the custom from his stall.

The cinder wench, in dust-cart seated high,
With hands begrim'd, and dirty as her sieve;
The ragged sluts—who sprats and herrings cry—
The meanest wenches, have a right to live!

Nor you, ye Belles! impute the fault to these,
If at the glittering ball they don't appear,
Where music hath a thousand charms to please,
And with its sweetness, almost wounds the ear,

Perhaps in their neglected minds, were sown
The seeds of worth, from nature's rich supply;
Such seeds of worth, as might in time have grown,
And flourish'd lovely, to the ravish'd eye.

Full many a rural lass in Britain's land,
The vile unwarrantable b———s hold;
Full many a town-bred damsel walks the Strand,
And barters beauty—for a piece of gold.

The daring *Pettifogger*, stern of brow,
Who might have done due honor to the spade,
Whirl'd the tough flail, or grasp'd the peaceful plough,
Presumes, the Courts of Justice to parade.

This upstart *thing* some useful trade to learn,
By far more suited to his shallow head,
False pride forbade, nor suffer'd him to earn,
By *honest* industry his daily bread!

Far from the *worthy* members of the law,
A rogue in grain, he ever kept aloof;
By low *Jew Bailiffs* taught his brief to draw,
And where he couldn't find, he coin'd a proof.

Yet doth this wretch, illiterate as proud,
With low-life-homage, low-life business meet,
And pick the pockets of th' unhappy crowd
'Mur'd in the Bench, the Counters, and the Fleet.

Bound by the creditors, in durance fast,
In plaintive murmurs, they bewail their fate,
And many an eager, wistful eye they cast,
Whene'er the turnkey opes, and shuts the gate.

For who to dull imprisonment a prey,
The pleasing thoughts of freedom e'er resign'd?
From home, from wife—from children—dragg'd away,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind;

For you, who traverse to and fro this shrine,
And lounge, and saunter, at your wonted rate,
If in some future chat, with arch design,
Some wag should ask—the Pettifogger's fate

In sneering mood, some brother quill, will say,
"I've seen him oft at tavern table sit;
"Brushing with dirty hands, the crumbs away,
"And eye the joint, just taken from the spit,

"One morn I miss'd him in this 'custom'd hall,
"And at the room, where he was wont to be,
"His boy I saw, who register'd my call;
"But by yon steps—nor at his desk was he.

---

[*] A name given by the Baronet to the British House of Commons.

"The next I learnt (O melancholy tale),
"On the profession, what a foul reproach !
That his deserts had sent him to a jail,
"Where he was dragg'd (O shame !) without a coach !

His Character.

"Vulture ! the arrant'st cormorant on earth,
"At length is caught, and into Newgate thrown ;
"Fair honesty disclaim'd him at his birth,
"And villainy confess'd him for her own !

"Grown old in sin, at no one crime dismay'd,
"'Gainst nature's cries, he arm'd his harden'd breast ;
"For when his parents were to earth convey'd,
"He smil'd and spurned compassion, as a jest.

"Now press'd with guilt, he'll feel its sharpest sting ;
"Great his transgressions, and but small his hope ;
"He'll give the Sheriff (all he'll have) a ring,
"And gain from Justice, all he fear'd—a rope !

"No farther seek his vices to disclose,
"But leave the wretch unpitied to deplore
"His ill-spent life, till breaking his repose,
"The turnkey leads him to *the Debtors' Door.*"

J. B. Fisher.

This parody originally appeared in a publication called *Town-Talk*, but was afterwards reprinted in a scarce little volume of poems entitled "*Plaintive Tales*," by a Comedian. Published by W. Tilley, Chelsea, London, in 1819. This book is now principally sought after by collectors because it has an early illustration by George Cruikshank, on which the name is incorrectly spelt *Cruikshanks.*

———:o:———

An Elegy

Written in the Long Vacation.

The vacant streets proclaim the '*parting* day,'
The loaded coaches setting off, you see,
The Gownsman homeward bends his joyous way,
And leaves the college and the town to me.

No wine, no supper-parties glad the sight,
O'er all the court a solemn stillness reigns ;
Save where some gambling Gyps o'er skittles fight,
When Fortune robs them of their easy gains.

Save that at intervals from yonder tow'r
You hear some moping Questionist complain,
Condemn'd to toil thro' many a weary hour
O'er Newton, Smith, and 'Calculus' again.

(Haply the Porter or some Gyp may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the break of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dew away,
And take his seedy walk across the lawn.")

All else is hush'd !—the Spider here has made
His web o'er books in many a mould'ring heap ;
And on the shelf till next October laid
Euclid and Wood and Aristotle sleep !

Togatus.

The Gownsman. Cambridge, January 7, 1831.

Woes of Change,
or
The Lachrymatory Lament
of
Laudator Temporis (et Rerum) Acti.

By *Thomas Dibdin, Esq.*

Improvement tolls the knell of what, of yore,
We loved, and May-day garlands have gone by ;
And *Charleys* on their posts now sleep no more,
But hourly *weep* the hours they used to cry !

No more grim heads, each stuck upon a pike,
On lookers *up* from Temple Bar look *down* ;
The strikers at St. Dunstan's cease to strike,
They gave a *quarter's* notice, and left town.

(And, could St. Dunstan's *club*-mates *club* to dine,
Their "marble jaws" would make a curious clatter ;
Clay goblets would contain their wall-fruit wine,
And all their pastry would be "stony batter !")

The Strand's so *changed*, they've left no '*Change* at all,
Where beasts and beefeaters once held their sway ;
Exeter 'Change is turned into a hall,
And operas that *ran* have *run* away !

If many a coach, to *omnibus* enlarged,
Takes, for a tizzy, Dandyzettes or drabs,
By such a fare the fair are fairly charged,
Yet why have chariots dwindled down to *cabs* ?

Who but for *Porridge Island* sheds a tear,
Its sav'ry steam's to ev'ry nose a loss !
Shops in *arcades* to buyers may be dear !
But will they give us back one golden cross ?

All is changed round where King Charles the First
Rears his dark motionless Equestrian phiz ;
That, could he speak, he'd say, "May-I be curst
If my poor *girthless* steed knows where he is !"

Water in *wooden* pipes, ran under ground,
They're *iron* now, and fire runs by their side ;
And, could but fairy laundresses be found,
We might *below* get iron'd, wash'd, and dried !

Stout oars and swelling sails we once did deem
Sufficient in a boat for tide and wind ;
Now only boiling water we esteem,
And all, though *right before* is *left behind !*

Horses were changed, *en route* to Gretna Green,
And "first pair out !" would landlords loudly bawl ;
But "Polly put the kettle on," I ween,
Will greet us when for horses there's *no call !*

Three theatres, C. G., D. L., H. M.
Were thought enough, but now no limit bars
Some *three-and-thirty,* while the most of *them*
Exist on *moonshine* to support the *stars !*

Velocipedes have hurried *quickly* past,
Kaliedescopes have *changed* this many a day,
While, o'er McAdam's dust, wheels slow or fast
Maintain the "*noiseless tenor* of their way."

Churches increase, and *chapels* ten times more,
But, most of all, in streets, and rows, and ranks,
Do gin shops grow with temp'rance clubs next door,
And lovely little hells and saving banks !

With *penny* periodical reviews;
Halfpenny prints precede *Old Ladies Mags.*,
And coffee shops present their farthing news,
With crumpets, cream, and kidneys done to rags!

Thus things will change as long as time doth move!
And now upon the humble *lay* I sing
A veto let me lay, lest it should prove
THE COMIC MAGAZINE's a serious thing!

The Comic Magazine, Volume I. 1832.

* * *

THE GAMBLER.

THE lamps refract the gleam of parting day,
The weary vulgar hail the friendly night,
The GAMESTER hies him to his darling play,
And leads the way to deeds that shun the light.

Now reigns a dreary stillness in each street,
And mortal feuds are hush'd in breathless calm,
Save where the votaries of *Hodges* meet,
And springing rattles sound the shrill alarm.

Save that from yonder lantern lighted walk,
The drowsy watchman bawls with clam'rous din,
At such as stopping in the streets to talk,
Omit the tribute of a glass of gin.

Beneath the roof, that ruin fraught retreat,
Where beams the fanlight o'er the guarded door,
Each wedg'd by numbers in his narrow seat,
The *faithless* gamblers chink their current ore.

The triste entreaties of impassion'd grief,
The piteous tale of family distressed,
The stranger's ruin, or the friend's relief,
No more shall raise compassion in their breast.

For them no more the midnight rush shall burn,
Or wearied menial be detain'd from bed;
No wives expectant watch for their return,
Or anxious listen to each passing tread.

Oft do the purses of the victims fail,
Their fury oft on box and dice they wreak
How jocund look they if their luck prevail!
How grand their manner when they deign to speak!

Let not the legislator deem it harm
That *others* trifle with the laws *he* breaks;
Nor rich knaves hear, with counterfeit alarm,
That men distress'd will often *make mistakes.*

The boast of honesty, the laws dread power,
And all that pride of feeling can achieve,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The rage for gaming leads us all to thieve.

Nor scorn, ye rulers of the states' finance,
The prompt expedients of these pilfering scenes,
Where thro' the aid of rapine they enhance
The scanty budget of their ways and means.

Can stories sad, or supplicative grief,
Back to the owner bring his valued dross?
Can blunt rebuffs administer relief,
Or aidless pity compensate his loss?

Perhaps, amidst that motley group there stand
Some who once graced far other scenes of life;
Dupes, that have mortgaged the last rood of land,
Or lost the fortune of some hapless wife.

But rife examples, which bid wisdom think,
Their frantic folly never can appal,
Blind avarice leads them to the ruin's brink,
And dark *despair* accelerates their fall.

Full many a trinket, pledged for half the cost,
Hath raised the means of venturing *once* more;
Full many a *watch* is destined to be lost,
And run its time out in some broker's store.

Some fancy shirt-pin that hath deck'd the breast,
On plaited cambric, starch'd in spruce array;
Some ring, memento of a friend at rest,
Some seal, or snuff box, of a better day.

The servile tongues of borrowers to command,
The tributary dues of boxes to evade,
To spread the paper'd plunder in the hand,
And read their consequence in homage paid,

Their luck forbids; nor circumscribes alone
To them its evils, but its range extends;
Forbids the needful purchases at home,
And shuts the door of welcome on their friends.

The petty processes of law to stop,
To prove how groundless are the landlords fears;
Or gain fresh credit at the chandler's shop,
By paying off the grocery arrears.

Far from all dreams of splendid opulence,
Their wish is answered if their way they clear;
Well can they dine for twelve or thirteen pence,
Including waiter, and a pint of beer.

Yet e'en their painful efforts to exist,
Some *Knaves in heart*, as yet *unskilled* to cheat,
With secret whisper when a piece is missed,
Will strive from pique, or envy, to defeat.

Their *names*, their means, on which at large they dwell,
Invade at intervals the startled ear,
And many an anecdote in point they tell,
That teaches gaping *novices* to fear.

For who, to damn'd fatality a prey,
Gives his last piece, without concern or pain,
Leaves the warm circle of the crowded play,
Nor asks the table if a chance remain?

To some staunch friend is the decision left,
Some sturdy swearing the event requires,
E'en the chous'd fools are conscious of the theft,
E'en on their oaths would not believe such liars!

For thee, who, absent from the wonted game,
Dost think these lines some pointed truths relate,
If, when is heard the mention of thy name,
Some fellow-sufferer shall ask thy fate:

Haply some wight loquacious may reply,
"Oft-times we met him at approach of night,
"Brushing with haste along the streets hard by,
"As if all matters were not going right.

"There, in some house where charges are not high,
"And penny candles shed a glimm'ring light,
"He give the maid some cheap-bought scrap to fry,
"Of which he'd eat with ravenous delight.

"There in some corner shunning to be seen,
"He'd draw his hat down o'er his prying eyes,
"Or with a handkerchief his visage screen,
"Like one who fear'd a capture by surprise.

"One night we miss'd him in his usual seat,
"We searched both kitchen and the scullery;
"We search'd again, nor in his old retreat,
"Nor at the *Tun*, nor at the *Bell* was he.

"At length a letter to discovery led,
"With separate notice serv'd at each friend's door
"Reminding his creditors he was not dead,
"But meant to *live* to owe them something more."

The Letter.

Here rots in jail, with scarce one hope on earth,
A wretch that's sacrificed to love of play;
Success, *at first* to golden dreams gave birth,
And fortune flatter'd *only* to betray.

Large were his LOSSES, yet no *loss* deterr'd,
Those mischiefs followed, such as seldom fail:
He gave his friends *(t'was all he'd left)* his *word*,
He gained by Hazard *(as most do)* a JAIL!

Seek not his future projects to reveal,
Nor draw conclusions to prejudge the fact;
In anxious dread *(which most of you must feel)*,
He waits the benefit of the INSOLVENT ACT.

From *Pierce Egan's Book of Sports.* 1832.

Dry Goods: An Elegy.

A Manchester Parody.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The trading herd wind slowly to their tea,
The buyers *Inn*-ward wend their weary way,
And leave the street to darkness and to me.

Now roll the bleachers' waggons from my sight,
"The market" now a solemn stillness holds,
Save where some straggler piles a dizzy height
Of "Blackburn seventies," in unnumber'd folds.

Save that some *Charley* hoarsely bawls the hour,
Proves all the padlocks, or may chance complain
To such as, wand'ring near his nightly bower,
Molest his vigilant and *virtuous* reign.

Beneath their dimities the men of trade,
'Till *rainy day* upon their eye-lids peep,
(Each in his narrow crib in comfort laid,)
The clerk and master innocently sleep.

The smoky call of sooty-breathing morn,
The servants stirring just above their head,
The milk-*man's* whistle, or a mail-guard's horn,
Shall soon arouse them from their feather bed:

For they no more will risk "another turn,"
But to their former posts with haste repair,
To greet some cousin-German's safe return,
And of his orders crave the bliss—a share.

(Thirteen verses omitted here.)

Whoe'er to torpid indolence a prey,
His busy cares in trade hath oft resign'd;
Quitted the race of fortune for a day,
Is left by jostling brothers far behind.

Thus on the game of chance the soul relies,
'Till fading nature peace and rest requires;
'Till from the tomb are heard death's warning cries,
To join in partnership with buried sires.

For thee, who patiently thus far hast read
These faithful memoirs of thine humble state,
If chance (when thou art number'd with the dead)
Some wag, like me, enquire into thy fate,

Haply some hoary hooker-in may say,
"Oft have we seen him as the clock struck eight,
Bending his steps with eager haste away,
On new-come customers intent to wait.

"There at the end of yonder spacious street,
By time and usage nominated 'High,'
Some few 'choice spirits' of his kin he'd meet,
To pounce upon the buyers passing by.

"Hard by yon Inn, yclep'd the 'Mosley Arms,
To circulate his cards he'd daily rove;
Now drooping, woeful man, with strange alarms,
And craz'd with care that goods he could not move.

"One morn I miss'd him at the 'custom'd post,
Along the street, and near his fav'rite Inn;
Another came,—I thought him surely lost,—
'Twas ten o'clock, and he had never been!

"The next, with coaches two, in sad array,
Slow to the 'Rushholme Ground,' I saw him borne;
Go there, and read the plain, but honest lay,
Grav'd on the stone above this wight forlorn."

Epitaph.

HERE rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth respected, and in town well known;
But fortune smil'd not on his humble birth,
Though many merchants sought him for their own.

Large was his knowledge, and his soul sincere,
But they a paltry recompense did send;
They gave him only eighty pounds a year,
And never paid him till its very end.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from the silent tomb;
There they alike in trembling hope repose,
Till he receives his solemn, final doom.

From "*Gimcrackiana*, or Fugitive pieces on Manchester Men and Manners." By Geoffrey Gimcrack. Manchester. 1833.

Meditations on Mr. Barry's New Houses of Parliament.

Written on board the "Lily" Steamboat.

THE wharf-bell tolls the knell of starting steam
The jostling crowd pours quickly o'er the pier;

The ladies forward rush with timid scream,
And leave the stern to *Punch*, and bottled beer.

Now fades each public building from the sight,
As on her course the *Lily* steamer holds,
Till new St. Stephen's rears its moderate height,
Which many a tier of scaffolding infolds.

Beneath those beams ; those yet unfinished towers,
At present echoing with the workman's clang :
Upon their legs, perchance, for weary hours,
Shall Britain's future Senators harangue.

Full many a Whig of coldest heart serene,
Shall broach his philosophic nonsense there ;
Full many a Tory, born abuse to screen,
Shall waste his humbug on the midnight air.

Some future Duncombe, there, with dauntless breast,
The tyrant of his diocese shall twit ;
Some mute, good-humoured Brougham contented rest—
Some Sibthorp, guiltless of his country's wit.

Mourn not the Houses burnt some years ago :
No vain regrets the ruin'd pile requires.
E'en from its dust a voice exclaims "Oh! oh!"
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires."

Punch, 1844.

—:o:—

Elegy in a London Theatre.

The curtain falls, the signal all is o'er,
The eager crowd along the lobby throng,
The youngsters lean against the crowded door,
Ogling the ladies as they pass along.

The gas lamps fade, the foot-lights hide their heads,
And not a soul beside myself is seen,
Save where the lacquey dirty canvas spreads,
The painted boxes from the dust to screen.

Save that, in yonder gallery enshrined,
Some ragged girl complains in angry tone
Of such as, sitting in the seat behind,
Had ta'en her shawl in preference to their own.

There where those rugged planks uneven lie,
There on those dirty boards—that darken'd stage
Did Kean and Kemble fill the listener's eye,
And add a lustre to the poet's page.

But they are gone—and never, never more
Shall prompter's summons, or the tinkling bell,
Or call boy crying at the green-room door,
"The stage waits, gentlemen !" their dreams dispel.

For them no more the coaches of the great
Shall stop up Catherine Street—for them, alas !
No more shall anxious crowds expectant wait,
Or polish up the gilded opera glass.

Oft did the vicious on their accents hang,
Their power oft the stubborn heart hath bent,
And, whilst the spacious house with plaudits rang,
They sent the harden'd homewards to repent.

There, in that empty box, perchance hath swell'd
A heart with Romeo's burning passion rife,
Hands that "poor Yorick's" skull might well have held,
Or clutch'd at Macbeth's visionary knife.

But unto these the bright and glorious stage
Full in their face its holy portals slamm'd,
Harsh managers repressed their noble rage,
And told them, ungenteelly, they'd be "*damned*."

Full many a pearl of purest ray serene
The rugged oyster-shell doth hold inside,
Full many a vot'ry of the tragic queen,
The dingy offices of London hide.

Some Lear, whose daughters never turn'd his head,
Nor changed to gall the honey of his life ;
Some white Othello who with feather bed
Had smothered not, his unoffending wife.

The applause of listening houses to command,
The critics smile and malice to despise,
To win reward from lord and lady's hand,
And the approval of the thundering skies,

Their parents hindered, and did thus o'erthrow
The brilliant hopes that in their bosom rose,
To tear Macready's laurels from his brow,
And put out Charley Kean's immortal nose.

Of one of these I heard a drummer say,
"Oft have I seen him from the muddy street,
Across the crimson benches make his way,
To gain his well-loved and accustomed seat,

"There, where yon orchestra uprears its rail,
On which I hang my drumsticks, many a night
I've seen him with a dirty shirt, and pale,
Watching the motley scene with wild delight.

"There, upon yonder seat, which now appears
To have rent its robe for grief he is not here,
Oft have I seen him sit, dissolved in tears,
Veiling his grief in draughts of ginger beer.

"One night I missed him from his favourite seat.
I wondered strangely where the boy could be.
Another night—I gazed—in vain my gaze—
Nor in the *pit*, nor in the *house* was he !

"Come here ! I saw him carried to that tomb,
With drunken mutes, and all their mock parade,
Just read—I've left my spectacles at home—
The Epitaph a friend has kindly made."

The Epitaph.

"Here lieth one beneath the cold damp ground,
A youth to London, and the stage unknown,
Upon his merits stern Macready frowned,
And 'Swan and Edgar' marked him for their own.

"Large was his bounty, unto aught wherein
The stage did mingle, and the cost was sweet;
He gave the drama all he could—his 'tin,'
And gained—'twas all he could—his favourite seat.

"No father had he who could interfere
To check his nightly wanderings about,
And from the best authority we hear,
His mother never dreamt that he was out !"

Hotspur.

From *Bentley's Miscellany.* 1843. This parody was afterwards republished, with alterations, and omissions, in *The Bentley Ballads.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

SAINT MARTIN tolls the hour of long past day,
The gas-lights glimmer through deserted streets,
The drunkard staggers on his homeward way,
And runs his head against each post he meets :

In every house they've now put out the light,
Save where a rushlight burns with feeble shine,
Gin palaces have shut up for the night,
And I'm watched closely by B, 59.

Here, as I stand, pond'ring on this and that,
A cabman pulls his horse up with a "Wo!"
And looks me in the face, to touch his hat,
While hoarsely asking "Vere I'd wish to go?"

To-night invited to a small carouse,
I've stayed much later than I meant to be,
In vain I've sought admission to my house,
My wife won't rise, and I forgot the key.

To-morrow morning when my spouse shall wake,
To mark my absence, wondering what it means,
Some rude strange hand shall rouse me with a shake
In Covent Garden, slumbering on the greens.

From *The Man in the Moon,* Volume 2 (About 1848.)

———:o:———

AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A LONDON CHURCHYARD.

By a Tradesman in the vicinity.

THE sexton tolls the knell till parting day,
The latest funeral train has paid its fee,
The mourners homeward take their dreary way
And leave the scene to Typhus and to me.

Now fades the crowded graveyard on the sight,
But all, its air who scent, their nostrils hold,
Save where the beadle drones, contented quite,
And drowsy mutes their arms in slumber fold.

Save where, hard by yon soot-incrusted tower,
A Reverend Man does o'er his port complain,
Of such as would, by sanitary power,
Invade his ancient customary gain.

Beneath those arid mounds, that dead wall's shade,
Where grows no turf above the mouldering heap,
All in their narrow cells together laid,
The former people of the parish sleep.

The queasy call of sewage-breathing morn,
The ox, urg'd bellowing to the butcher's shed,
The crowd's loud clamouring at his threatening horn,
No more shall rouse them from their loathly bed.

For them no more the chamber-light shall burn,
The busy doctor ply his daily care,
Nor children to their sire from school return,
And climb his knees the dreaded pest to share.

Good folks, impute not to their friends the fault,
If memory o'er their bones no tombstone raise ;
Where there lie dozens huddled in one vault,
No art can mark the spot where each decays.

No doubt, in this revolting place are laid,
Hearts lately pregnant with infectious fire ;
Hands, by whose grasp contagion was conveyed,
As sure as electricity by wire.

Full many a gas of direst power unclean,
The dark o'erpeopled graves of London bear,
Full many a poison, born to kill unseen,
And spread its rankness in the neighbouring air.

Some district Surgeon, that with dauntless breast
The epidemic 'mongst the poor withstood,
Some brave, humane Physician here may rest,
Some Curate, martyrs to infected blood.

To some doom'd breast the noxious vapour flies,
Some luckless lung the deadly reek inspires,
Ev'n from the tomb morbific fumes arise,
Ev'n in men's ashes live Disorder's fires.

For thee, who, shock'd to see th' unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their shameful plight relate
If, chance, by sanitary musings led,
Some graveyard-gleaner shall inquire thy fate.

Haply some muddle-headed clerk will say,
"We used to see him at the peep of dawn,
Shaving with hasty strokes his beard away,
Whene'er his window-curtains were undrawn.

"There would he stand o'erlooking yonder shed,
That hides those relics from the public eye,
And watch what we were doing with the dead,
And count the funerals daily going by.

"One morn we miss'd him, in the 'custom'd shop ;
Behind the counter where he used to be,
Another serv'd ; nor at his early chop,
Nor at the "Cock," nor at the "Cheese," was he.

"The next, by special wish, with small array,
To Kensall Green we saw our neighbour borne,
Thither go read (if thou canst read) the lay
With which a chum his headstone did adorn."

THE EPITAPH.

HERE rest with decency the bones in earth,
Of one to Comfort and to Health unknown,
Miasma ever plagued his humble hearth,
And Scarlatina mark'd him for her own.

Long was his illness, tedious and severe,
Hard by a London Churchyard dwelt our friend ;
He follow'd to the grave a neighbour's bier,
He met thereby ('twas what he fear'd) his end.

No longer seek Corruption to enclose
Within the places of mankind's abode ;
But far from cities let our dust repose,
Where daisies blossom on the verdant clod.

(Published during the dreadful Cholera Visitation, when attention was being called to the danger of burials in the crowded churchyards of the City of London.)

Punch. September 15, 1849.

———:o:———

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A LONDON CHURCHYARD.

ST. CLEMENT'S tolls the knell of parting day
The gaudy shops their portals 'gin to close ;
The wearied workman homewards wends his way,
And leaves the town to silence and repose.

Now fades the glare of business from our sight,
And o'er the air a solemn stillness rests,
Save yon gin-palace's unholy light,
Save yonder crowd's obscene and drunken jests ;

Save where the houseless wanderer, forlorn,
Casts on yon steeple clock his hopeless eye,
Counting the dull, slow hours, until the morn—
Another day to suffer, or to die.

Beneath that steeple clock, beneath those stones,—
Beneath that earth piled up in many a heap,
Scarce covering their poor dishonour'd bones,
Past generations of our fathers sleep.

Sleep ! do we mock the word ? This crowded tomb,
In which this morn those hallow'd ashes lay,
Must be to-night re-open'd to make room
For others who have died since yesterday.

No rest is there. Within that narrow space
Full—hideously full long years before,—
Still day by day must those now there give place ;
Still day by day must room be found for more.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Is not the end and object of our song,
No, 'tis that others may with us reflect
On their sad fate who dwell these graves among.

Death in the midst of life ! the vapours dank
Of churchyards mingling with our every breath ;
Dead men subduing with their poisons rank
Men yet alive ! Death propagating Death !

Full many an exhalation cursed, unclean,
The damp unhallow'd graves of London bear ;
Full many a poison, virulent and keen,
To spread disease upon the wings of air.

Then who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Can cease this crying wrong to bear in mind,
And suffer those already pass'd away
To slay by thousands those still left behind ?

For thee, unmindful of this horror dread,
Nor caring the foul nuisance to abate,
If chance by lonely contemplation led,
Some fellow-shopkeeper shall ask thy fate.

Haply some ancient citizen may say,
"Oft have I seen him at the peep of dawn,
Putting his shop in order for the day,
Dusting the muslins, doing up the lawn.

"There, in the heat of yonder stifling shop,
Breathing yon crowded graveyard's fatal airs ;
Still trying not the hideous wrong to stop,
Intent on nothing but to sell his wares.

"One morn I miss'd him from th' accustomed till,—
Another victim had that churchyard slain ;
And yet another, and another still ;
''Twill slay as long as suffer'd to remain.' "

But there are vested rights ! these graveyards pay !
Although the nation be by them disgraced ;
And so more men are murder'd every day ;
And this the epitaph above them placed :

EPITAPH.

HERE rest in heaps, scarce cover'd by the earth,
A lot of bones unhonour'd and unknown,—
Men doom'd to slaughter at their hour of birth,
And graveyard jobbers mark'd them as their own.

Diogenes. February 5, 1853.

———:o:———

There was another short parody in *Diogenes* entitled—

ELEGY ON A BETTING OFFICE.

REMOVE the lists, take down the green baize board,
Shut up the shop (the landlord takes the key) ;
Fate lays such heavy odds, that I am floor'd ;
The Act has made the pace too strong for me.

No more behind my office-rail shall I
Watch greenhorns, on a chance of gain intent,
Into the changes of the market pry,
Or commune with a friendly sporting gent :

No more for me the pleasing sight remains
Of those who thought a fortune here to make,—
The waiter hastening with his daily gains,
And shop-boys raising from the till their stake.

The cabman oft would loiter at my door,
To glean the tout's last information there ;
Invest what he had earned the hour before,
And trust to Fortune for another fare,

And if some wight a heavy stake should claim,
More than I could conveniently drop,
I donn'd a wig and whiskers, changed my name,
And open'd, two streets off, another shop,

Another shop awaits me now no more—
The Finish of my Race arrived, I see ;
On a Walk-over though I won before,
This time I'm done, and Luck walks over me.

Diogenes. 1853.

———:o:———

ELEGY.

Written in a Railway Station.

THE Station clock proclaims the close of day ;
The hard-worked clerks drop gladly off to tea ;
The last train out starts on its dangerous way,
And leaves the place to darkness and to me.

Now fades the panting engine's red tail-light,
And all the platform solemn stillness holds,
Save where the watchmen, pacing for the night,
By smothered coughs announce their several colds.

Behind that door of three-inch planking made,
Those frosted panes placed too high up to peep,
All in their iron safes securely laid,
The cooked account-books of the Railway sleep.

The Debts to credit side so neatly borne,
What should be losses profits proved instead ;
The Dividends those pages that adorn
No more shall turn the fond Shareholder's head.

Oft did the doubtful to their balance yield,
Their evidence arithmetic could choke :

How jocund were they that to them appealed !
  How many votes of thanks did they provoke !

Let not Derision mock KING HUDSON'S* toil,
  Who made things pleasant greenhorns to allure ;
Nor prudery give hard names to the spoil
  'Twas glad to share—while it could share secure.

All know the way that he his fortune made,
  How he bought votes and consciences did hire ;
How hands that Gold and Silver-sticks have swayed
  To grasp his dirty palm would oft aspire,

Till these accounts at last their doctored page,
  Thanks to mischance and panic did unrol,
When virtue suddenly became the rage,
  And wiped GEORGE HUDSON out of fashion's scroll.

Full many a noble Lord who once serene
  The feasts at Albert Gate was glad to share,
For tricks he blushed not at, or blushed unseen,
  Now cuts the Iron King with vacant stare.

For those who, mindful of their money fled,
  Rejoice in retribution, sure though late—
Should they, by ruin to reflection led,
  Ask *Punch* to point the moral of his fate,

Haply that wooden-headed sage may say,
  "Oft have I seen him, in his fortune's dawn,
When at his levees elbowing their way,
  Peer's ermine might be seen, and Bishop's lawn.

"There the great man vouschafed in turn to each
  Advice, what scrip or shares 'twas best to buy,
There his own arts his favourites he would teach,
  And put them up to good things on the sly.

"Till to the House by his admirers borne,
  Warmed with Champagne in flustered speech he strove,
And on through commerce, colonies, and corn,
  Like engine, without break or driver, drove.

"Till when he ceased to dip in fortune's till,
  Out came one cooked account—of our M.P. ;
Another came—yet men scarce ventured, still,
  To think their idol such a rogue could be.

"Until those figures set in sad array
  Proved how his victims he had fleeced and shorn—
Approach and read (if thou canst read) my lay,
  Writ on him more in sadness than in scorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies, the gilt rubbed off his sordid earth,
  A man whom Fortune made to Fashion known ;
Though void alike of breeding, parts, or birth,
  God Mammon early marked him for his own.

Large was his fortune, but he bought it dear ;
  What he won foully he did freely spend.
He plundered no one knows how much a year,
  But Chancery o'ertook him in the end.

No further seek his frailties to disclose :
  For many, of his sins, should share the load :
While he kept rising, who asked how he rose ?
  While we could reap, what cared we how he sowed ?

Punch. February 26, 1853.

:o:

ELEGY.

Written near a Suburban Station House.
By a Ticket-of-Leave-Man.

THE muffin-bell proclaims the parting day,
  The City clerks wind, weary, to their tea,
The Crusher cookwards plods his steady way,
  And leaves the streets to Bill Sykes and to me.

Now far and wide there's not a Blue in sight,
  Like harmless loungers, safe our watch we hold,
Save that we grasp the life-preserver tight,
  And the garotte arrange in artful fold.

Meanwhile from yonder station-house the snore
  Of sleeping Crushers makes it very plain,
That Blues who snooze when they the streets should scour,
  Will ne'er molest our solitary reign.

Within those well-warmed rooms Inspectors paid
  Out of the parish rates the peace to keep,
Each in his watch-coat warm and snugly laid—
  The mild protectors of the public—sleep.

The choking call of passengers forlorn,
  With the garotte twitch'd dext'rous o'er their heads,
Cries of "Police !" and "Murder !" faintly borne,
  No more will rouse them from their cosy beds.

For them at morn no pompous beak shall turn
  To the charge-sheet made out so neat and square,
No prisoner nabb'd shall swell the night's return,
  Or grace the hand-cuffs o'er the Inspector's chair.

Oft did the cook-maid to their flatt'ries yield,
  Their fast how oft the rabbit-pie hath broke ;
How many an area's been their triumph's field,
  How much cold meat fall'n 'neath their sturdy stroke !

Let not harsh censure mock their nightly toil,
  Their stolen chats and area conquests sure ;
Nor RICHARD MAYNE with too much strictness spoil
  The short and simple suppers they procure.

Nor you, householders, fix on them the fault,
  If no cold joint e'er lasts its second day,
While through the cupboard-shelf and pantry-vault
  The hungry household cat is free to stray.

Can mild reproof, or anger's hasty gust
  Back to its dish the rabbit-pie restore ?
Can master's threats recall the flaky crust,
  Or wipe the mopped-up beer from off the score ?

Perhaps in some neglected spot is laid
  A heart, well stuffed, brown from the kitchen fire,—
Meat, that to water hermit's chops had made,
  Or waked a vegetarian's desire !

Say, if it goes, can nought your wrath assuage ?
  No hint of area-sneaks or cats that stroll ?
Must Missus with the Cook fly in a rage,
  And the Police still come in for the whole ?

---

* George Hudson, a draper, and Lord Mayor of York in 1839, by his successful management of various railway schemes amassed a large fortune (which he afterwards lost), and became known as the Railway King."

Full many a gem of the Em'rald Isle so green,
The dark ungarnished Crusher's coat may wear;
Can you expect such flowers to blush unseen,
Or fill their stomachs with the chill night air?

Some village Lovelace, whom with dauntless breast,
Rustic Clarissa painfully withstood;
Some mute inglorious Dando here may rest;
Some Soyer, with a genius for food.

The smiles of real ladies to command,
Glances to win from more than cookmaid's eyes,
Dinners and suppers in good style to stand,
And area-snacks and broken meat despise,

Their means forbade—nor circumscribed alone,
Their loves and pockets, their beats, too, confined:
Forbade to make the pot-house chair their throne,
And floor their glass like truncheonless mankind.

Far from the dangerous scenes of London life—
Garottes and Life-Preservers—let them stay,
And past the area-railings, free from strife,
Pursue the harmless tenor of their way.

For me, who for the Crusher snoring laid,
Do in these lines obvious excuses state—
If ever to the Hulks or Portland led
Some pal should kindly ask about my fate—

Haply may some grey-headed warder say,
" Oft have we seen him, in the convict rank,
Brushing with measured steps the dust away
From off the mill, or working at the crank.

" There in the school-room where the boys they teach,
The Chaplain he would queer, upon the sly;
Glib texts would quote, or contrite mug would stretch,
Tipping the wink to pals that sniggered by.

" When, in the chapel, duller rogues would scorn,
The Parson's pains that to convert them strove;
He still would sigh both afternoon and morn,
And in his tearless eye his knuckles shove.

One morn I missed him on the 'customed mill,
Nor at the crank, nor oakum room was he,
Another came his vacant cell to fill,
His game had proved the ticket—he was free.

" And in our Office here the other day,
Upon the prison-books I found him borne,
As one who, with his ticket sent away,
Would any station (house) in life adorn."

Moral,

If Life-Preserver or Garotte you're worth,
O youth, to Portland and the Hulks though known,
The capital you'll find the snuggest berth,
Its wide unguarded suburbs all your own.

Long though your sentence and your task severe,
The pious dodge a ticket soon will send:
You give the Chaplain all he asks, a tear,
You'll find the Crusher (all you wish) a friend.

No farther seek the system to expose,
Or stop the ticket Colonel Jebb bestowed;
To spoil the child the British public chose,
And on the grown-up Convict spares the rod.

Punch. November 29, 1856.

A Lunatic Parody.

The curlew rolls amidst the darting spray,
And showy birds ride boldly o'er the sea,
Striving the foaming clods to clear away,
And leave the earth to chaos and to me.

The glades are simmering in the red moonlight,
And Hanwell all a solemn stillness holds;
Nay, e'en the beadle feels the moaning light,
And jelly sparkles in the glistening moulds.

There on the jagged shells 'neath beauty's shade,
Where melancholy watch the mole doth keep,
Each in his waistcoat straight for ever laid,
The well-bred lunatics of Hanwell sleep.

Haply, some keeper, hard-hearted, may say,
Oft have we seen him calling to the moon,
Beck'ning, with hasty thumb, the stars away,
To meet the sun when he comes out at noon.

There at the foot of yonder nodding tower,
That breathes so bold beneath the azure sky,
He'd form himself of oyster-shells a bower,
And pour his look on all that travelled by.

One noon we missed him, as about we dodged,
He drew his breath, but nothing could we see;
Another came—we had him safely lodged
In the asylum of Colwell Hanley.

Fun. April 1, 1865.

———:o:———

Elegy,

Written in the House of Commons.

The big clock tolls the knell of parting day,
The tired Whips clubward now do adjourn to tea,
The Speaker homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the House to darkness, and to me.

Now fade the Treasury Benches on the sight,
The mace no more my languid eye beholds;
No longer Whalley wheels his drony flight;
No longer Gladstone eloquently scolds.

Only from yonder gilt and fretted tower
Big Benjamin doth to the night complain,
Recording mournfully the passing hour,
And pealing forth his mellow-toned refrain.

Unnoticed now beneath the gallery's shade,
Where the mice gambol, and the beetles creep,
Prone on the floor-cloth worn and half-decayed,
The Echoes of Reform are laid to sleep.

The freezing chill of Cranbourne's bitter scorn,
Hope blundering hopelessly through what he said,
Sarcastic jibes and platitudes well worn,
No more shall rouse them from their dusty bed.

For them no more the fierce Debate shall burn,
Nor shrewd reporters ply their evening care;
No clamour for return upon return
Shall change their weary longing to despair.

Oft did the Commons to their influence yield,
The new-elected ne'er escaped their yoke;
Locke-King and Baines through them obtained a field,
Administrations fell beneath their stroke.

Let not the Upper House disdain the toil,
Nor by inaction rouse the slumbering storm ;
Nor Bishops hear with a disdainful smile
Their proud position threatened by reform.

The boast of Birmingham may make them cower,
And all that PALMERSTON or DERBY gave
May yield alike to Nonconformist power,
Nor even SHAFTESBURY his creatures save.

Nor you, REFORMERS, lay to us the fault,
If rotten boroughs still their prices raise ;
If greedy agents still their victims *sall*,
And foul corruption shines with *sugary* glaze.

Can Ballot-urn, where venal voters thrust
Their tickers, compensate for perjured breath?
Can candidates escape "down with the dust?"
As well might mortals hope to cheat grim Death.

Perhaps in yonder corner may be laid
Some tattered fragments of a former Bill ;—
DIZZY'S, with fancy franchises o'erlaid,—
Or last year's, which ADULLAMITES did kill.

Full many a traitor, outwardly serene,
That dark, mysterious cave, ADULLAM, bore ;
Full many a plot was hatched, by BRAND unseen,
Combining men who ne'er combined before.

The stalwart ELCHO, that with dauntless breast
The tyrant of the Treasury withstood ;
E'en mute inglorious DOULTON did his best ;
And HORSMAN braved the vengeance dire of STROUD.

The applause of listening TORIES to command,
The threats of BEALES and DICKSON to despise,
To foster agitation through the land,
And read their speeches interspersed with lies,

Their lot was this ; this their reward alone :
To OPPOSITION Benches still confined ;
The RUSSELL Ministry by them o'erthrown,
To join the TORIES they had not the mind.

Far from desirous of avoiding strife,
They for official spoils ne'er cared to play ;
But in the feuds of senatorial life
Pursued their own, their independent way.

Their names, their deeds, writ in the *Daily News*,
The place of power and salary supply ;
On them REFORM LEAGUERS shower their foul abuse,
And *Telegraph* and *Star* their ribaldry.

Free was their action—let us hope, sincere,
The LEAGUE a recompense as freely sends ;
Of "hard and fast lines" they confess a fear ;—
The LEAGUE declares they are not Freedom's friends.

No further seek their motives to disclose,
Nor cull from speeches phrases undefined ;
Leave them among the shadows to repose,
And in REFORM a hopeful future find.

From *Echoes from the Clubs.* July 24, 1867.

AN ELEGY ON CREMATION.

ABOVE yon mantel, in the new screen's shade,
Where smokes the coal in one dull smouldering heap,
Each in his patent urn for ever laid,
The baked residua of our fathers sleep—

The wheezy call of muffins in the morn,
The milkman tottering from his rusty shed,
The help's shrill clarion, or the fish-man's horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lofty bed.

For them no more the blazing fire grate burns,
Or busy housewife fries her savory soles,
Though children run to clasp their sires' red urns,
And roll them in a family game of bowls.

Perhaps in this deserted spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with terrestrial fire,
Hands that the rod paternal may have swayed,
And waked to ecstasy the living liar.

From *Scribner's Monthly*. July, 1875.

LAMENT OF THE EMINENT ONE.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The city clerk from daily toil is free,
Play-goers t'wards the Strand now wend their way,
And throng the theatre "Macbeth" to see.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Are seated round at this momentous hour,
Waiting to hear the Thane of Cawdor rave.

The curtain rises, and reveals to sight
The scenes all have assembled to behold ;
But, long before the witching hour of night,
The public are convinced they have been sold.

Let not Ambition mock my fruitless toil,
My stagey gasp and readings most obscure ;
I saw, alas ! from their disdainful smile,
The critics thought *Macbeth's* performance poor.

(*Three verses omitted here.*)

Haply some hoary-headed scribe* may say :
"Oft have I seen his 'Hamlet' and the 'Bells.'
He is the greatest actor of the day,
The idol of our most fastidious swells."

Thus does he seek my merits to disclose,
And leaves my frailties to the world unknown ;
And thus I find things quite *couleur de rose*
Since the Lyceum marked me for its own.

From *The Figaro.* October 6, 1875.

ELEGY.
Written in Rotten Row by a Disconsolate Swell.

THE Park proclaims the season's had its day,
The "upper ten" are wending towards the sea ;
My friends are gone—such as could get away,
And leave the town to emptiness and me.

---

* Alluding to *The Times* critique on Henry Irving as "Macbeth."

Now fades the glimmering landscape from the sight
  In picture galleries—solemn stillness holds
Where lately Fashion kept its droning flight,
  And pull-back skirts extended lengthy folds.

From Westminster's electric-lighted tower,
  Still drowsy M.P.'s to the moon complain
That dull debates outlast the midnight hour—
  'Tis ever so when ancient Tories reign.

The applause of listening Senates to command
  Some late-elected Member vainly tries,
Brings in his Bill, and faltering takes his stand,
  But reads his fate in every Member's eyes.

Full many a Bill with confidence serene
  Such Members to the House of Commons bear—
Full many a Bill thus brought them dies unseen
  In wasted talking on St. Stephen's air.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
  The few remaining Members crave to stray;
And hints of cool, sequestered vales are rife.
  Or mountains, seas, and foreign cities gay.

Beneath these Hyde Park elms, this chestnut's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a flower-clad heap
(Haply the *brightest* effort Lennox made),
  I muse, or smoke, or read, or softly sleep.

Though uncouth squares, with shapeless sculpture deck'd,
  I pass and give the tribute of a sigh—
Don't care a pin what R.A.'s they elect,
  Nor head the feud of Mapleson and Gye.

No more doth Beauty curl her lip in scorn
  When the waltz-measure daintily we tread;
The four-horse Ascot drag with echoing horn
  No more awakes me early from my bed.

I trust to dumb forgetfulness a prey
  This smoky city soon will be resigned,
That for a season I may pass away,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind.

Funny Folks. August 12, 1876.

:o:

Elegy.

Written in a Country Rink.

THE church clock strikes the knell of parting day,
  And all the world is going home to tea,
The skater homewards takes his weary way,
  And leaves the rink to solitude and me.

Now darkness o'er the scene a mantle flings,
  And peace and silence through the air do float
Save where the band are packing up their things,
  And the French horn emits a farewell note.

Save too, from yonder corner grumbling steals,
  The fitter-on does to his mate complain,
Of such as coming there to mount their wheels
  From liberal favours zealously abstain.

'Tis here beneath the bright and azure sky,
  The rough-laid asphalte seems to rise and sink,
Where, under many a sharp maternal eye,
  The youths and maidens of the village rink.

For them no more will croquet have delight,
  The simple shuttlecock they will despise,
No more they'll watch the winged arrow's flight,
  Nor draw the bow in quest of archer's prize.

Let not ambition mock their simple style,
  Nor from their thoughtless recreation shrink,
Nor Grandeur turn with half contemptuous smile
  From these short simple annals of the Rink.

P'r'aps in this quiet spot we may descry
  Some rinker pregnant with emotions grand;
This one, may be, will fill some office high,
  This the applause of list'ning crowds command.

That youth we saw with hands upheld on high,
  With form erect, pursue his eager way,
Though now in rinking lets his time go by,
  May be the Gladstone of a future day.

That youth who "loathed melancholy" dreads,
  Some mute inglorious Milton doubtless he;
While this who binds his fallen comrades' heads,
  In him a guiltless Cromwell we may see.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  Beneath the ocean's depth is known to shrink,
So many a damsel's born to skate unseen,
  And waste her grace upon a village rink.

There was a youth to whom I once did give
  Attention, though from notice he would shrink,
Some people told me that he rink'd to live,
  Though others said he merely lived to rink.

Each morn his matutinal meal he'd eat,
  And then be seen both out of breath and hot,
Rushing with eager steps along the street
  To meet his comrades at the much-loved spot.

Then with his skates upon his feet fast strapp'd
  He'd rink and rink through all the livelong day;
Now seemingly in meditation wrapp'd,
  Now urged by eager thoughts and fancies gay.

At first some figure would he deftly trace,
  Anon the wide-spread eagle would essay,
Then madly rush round and around the place,
  Or in the outside edge his skill display.

One morn I miss'd him from his fav'rite spot
  (The night before he fell and seemed in pain);
Another morn, but with it he was not,
  Alas! alas! he never came again.

His comrades sore lamented him I fear,
  For some at least upon his skill did dote,
And having dropped a sympathetic tear,
  This was the epitaph they calmly wrote.

The Epitaph.

HERE rests from skating, by his much loved ground,
  A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown
Science and Learning on him grimly frown'd
  And Rinking only mark'd him for her own.

His birth was simple, and his ending sad,
  His understanding and his means were small;

He gave to rinking all the cash he had,
And gain'd, his friends said "Serve him right," a fall.

No father had he to direct his course,
Nor e'en from such a dismal fate to save,
For skaters own with pensive face, perforce,
The paths of rinking lead but to the grave.

From *Idyls of the Rink*, by A. W. Mackenzie. Second Edition. London. Hardwicke and Bogue, 1877.

:o:

CREMORNE: AN ELEGY.

[*An application being made for the renewal of the license, it was stated that the proprietor had decided to have the ground built on. The counsel then said nothing remained but to put up a tombstone, and write the epitaph of Cremorne Gardens.*]

THE builder tolls the knell of Cremorne's day
The navvy's spade uproots each flower and tree,
Dumb waiters from their tables slink away,
And leave the spot to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glittering rocket from the sight,
And every nook a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the hodman climbs the scaffold's height,
Or tinkling trowel the dabby mortar moulds.

The waltz and galop on the breezes borne
From orchestra with blazing lamps o'erhead,
The cornet, fiddle, flute, and echoing horn
No more will keep the Cockney from his bed.

For him no more will sparkling firework burn,
Or busy waiter ply his evening care,
No acrobat a somersault will turn,
Or from the *trapeze* leap into the air.

Let not North Woolwich mock while they despoil
Cremorne's quaint temples, grots, and glades obscure,
Some day the builder, with disdainful smile,
Will, too, its leafy avenues secure.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to Baum the fault,
If Chelsea triumphs while Cremorne decays;
And tipplers elsewhere seek their grog and malt,
And Canon Cromwell swells the note of praise.

Can photograph or picture from the dust
The glories of a Ranelagh bequeath?
Like Highbury and Vauxhall, Cremorne must
The auctioneer's dread hammer fall beneath.

Oft have stern magistrates, in angry tone,
Its garish gaiety and "larks" maligned,
Forbade its reckless frolics with a groan,
And shut the gates of Cremorne on mankind.

For oft the madding crowd, in midnight strife,
From sober wisdom straying, hither came,
Threading the fevered paths of modern "life,"
While sleepy Chelseaites were loud to blame.

Alas! to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Cremorne will to the builder be resigned;
The bard who sees it rudely swept away
Yet casts one longing, lingering look behind.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies a garden, famous in its birth,
And once among the festive haunts of town;
But magistrates have frowned upon its mirth,
And Speculation marked it for her own.

From *Funny Folks*. 1878.

Cremorne Gardens were closed in 1877. These gardens had had a long and chequered career, and the ground they stood on has since been entirely built over. Elderly people can remember that fifty years ago a certain Count de Berenger started an Institution called "*The Stadium*," or British National Arena, in the grounds of Lord Cremorne. Here archery, riding, swimming, and gymnastics were taught, but the venture did not succeed. The lighter, and more frolicsome, entertainments of Cremorne Gardens were tried instead.

:o:

CIRCUIT ELEGY.

By the late Lord Chelmsford.

On the occasion of a dinner given by the Bar Mess to Lord Justice Bramwell and Mr. Justice Denman, at Maidstone, on July 12, 1881, Mr. Justice Denman rose and remarked that amongst some old papers he had found a MS. by the late Lord Chelmsford, being a parody on Gray's 'Elegy;' he then read it, and afterwards offered it to the Mess.

Mr. Day, Q.C., moved that it be accepted and entered in the Minute Book, and that copies should be printed and sent to the members of the Bar Mess.

The motion was carried unanimously.

THE trumpets sound the coming of the Judge;
The anxious crowd rush wildly o'er the way:
The bustling clerks, well-laden, courtward budge
And leave the streets to dulness for the day.

Now eager necks are straining for a sight,
And all the Court a solemn stillness holds,
Save when the crier bawls with all his might
Or drowsy pleadings some dull voice unfolds.

Save that from yonder silky mantled seat
Some solemn owl does to the Judge complain
Of such as, wandering in with noisy feet,
Disturb the home-spun labours of his brain.

Beneath those rugged wigs, uncomely shade,
Where books and bags lay strewed in many a heap,
Each in a narrow space on elbow laid,
The lazy Juniors of the Circuit sleep.

A breeze between the Council and my Lord,
The tittering laugh at something idly said;
The voice of many attuning sweet accord,
Can scarcely raise a single heavy head.

For their approach no heated suitors burn,
Nor briefs delivered task their evening care;
No! children run indeed where'er they turn,
Or scrambling climb at wig and gown to stare.

Oft to their sophistry the sessions yield
Their labours oft have set at large a thief;

How jocund do they drive to such a field,
  How bow their heads, when they receive a brief.

Let not their seniors mock this humble toil,
  Which some regret that they can share no more ;
Nor fain to treat with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple cases of the poor.

The boast of sergeantry the leaders' power,
  And all that purple, all that silk e'er gave,
Alike at sessions wait but for that hour
  When profits path is opened—to the grave !

Nor you, ye crowd, impute to these the fault,
  If none in aught but stuff his form displays,
While o'er the long-drawn ranks incessant vault,
  Some whom mere chance, and some whom hugging raise.

Can well-stored mind, and animated face
  Call to their lodgings one attorney's Clerk ?
Can honor's course advance a silent race,
  Or flattering prospects open in the dark ?

Perhaps neglected in this Court is laid
  Some, who with fluent art a speech could fire
Many whose talent, were it only paid,
  Might wake to emulate each living liar.

But none before their eyes that ample page,
  Rich with its strong marked fees did e'er unrol.
Briefless they come—repressed their noble rage,
  And frozen all their energy of soul.

Full many a mind of purest ray serene
  To distant climes th' unfathomed ocean bears ;
Full many a man is born to live unseen—
  And eat his fingers—up three pair of stairs.

Some village lawyer,* who, with dauntless breast
  The Squire or Parson manfully withstood,
Might, perhaps, have drawn one from the inglorious rest,
  And flushed his talent with a client's blood.

The applause of listening juries to command,
  The threats of angry judges to despise,
To scatter humour through a smiling band
  And give their speeches to the public eyes

Their fates forbid ; nor yet alone restrain
  Their growing genius : but their dulness find,
Forbid to some to show their want of brain,
  And shut their mouths in mercy to mankind.

The struggling pangs of still-born speech to bear,
  To find no thought will come, and wonder when ;
To load a cause, which prudence asks and care,
  With nonsense borrowed from the Attorney's pen.

Far from the hope of sharing in the strife,
  Their wearied minds to other objects stray
To that glad moment when with fork and knife,
  They keep their eager jaws at last in play.

Yet e'en in court, some slight relief to gain,
  Small slips of paper, torn from foolscap nigh,
Which wretched rhymes and pointless puns contain,
  From hand to hand across the table fly.

A name—a verse unsanctioned by the muse,
  The place of wit and poetry supply,
And jingling jests which sound with sense confuse,
  Will make the wags almost with laughter die.

For who to dumb attentiveness a prey,
  This pleasing power of folly e'er resigned,
Kept the warm precincts of the court all day,
  Nor cast one lagging, lingering joke behind ?

In some fond jest the weary soul relies,
  Some tinkling thought, the closing eyes require
E'en labouring dulness against nature tries,
  And rakes the ashes of its brain for fire.

For thee who mindful of the briefless crew
  Dost in these lines their hopeless cause relate,
If one perchance with nothing else to do
  Should feel disposed to ask thy after fate.

Haply, some stuff-clad rusty sage may say,
  "Oft have we seen his tall and lanky form
Brushing with hasty steps to court away
  To take his place where all the idle swarm.

Then, in the midst of some dull nodding speech,
  While Gurney all their mirth to hush would try ;
His listless mind in verse and puns he'd stretch,
  And pour them on the crew which babbled by,

Unchecked his aim by gravity, or scorn,
  Mustering his scattered forces he would sit,
Now drooping woeful at a jest still-born,
  Now worn with care in trying for a hit.

One circuit missed him ('twas the one in Lent)
  From all the places where he used to be ;
Another came, nor yet in Hertford, Kent,
  In Essex, Sussex, Surrey, e'en was he.

The next we heard his country he had fled,
  And died an exile under distant skies ;
Approach and read—for it may well be read
  This Epitaph which Bolland's muse supplied."

EPITAPH.

Here rests his body in Australia's land,
  A youth to naval glory not unknown ;
But e'er promotion shook him by the hand,
  The Palace Court had marked him for its own.

Large was his practice, as his age could reach,
  And large his recompense, as well could be ;
He gave to juries all he had—a speech,
  He gained from clients all he wished—a fee.

No longer seek his merits to disclose,
  Or draw his blunders from this prison dark ;
Where cheek by jowl, they lovingly repose,
  The bosoms of the Attorney and his clerk.

———:o:———

ELEGY.

On a favourite Washerwoman, Mrs. Bridget Mulligan.

Farewell old friend and memory ever dear,
  Thy earnest labour at the tub is o'er,
Let every friend to merit, shed a tear,
  For Biddy Mulligan is now no more.

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* In the original this word is written "Atty."

In peaceful cot she passed a busy life,
Secluded from the world, and all its ills;
A tender mother—a deserted wife,
And matchless in her doing up of frills.

Oft have I marked her on a summer's day,
Prone o'er her tub, regardless of the heat
With sleeves tuck'd up, she'd stand and scrub away,
And then from lines suspend her work so neat.

Each closing week at eve, she took the road,
With vests, with shirts, with handkerchiefs, and frills
Collars and socks, in parcels neatly stowed,
Pinned to the parcels were her little bills.

One winter's day I passed her cottage by,
And wondered where the worthy dame could be,
I saw a heap of clothes disordered lie,
Nor at the tub, nor at the lines was she!

The piercing cold had laid her low at last,
Her busy nimble hands are now at rest,
They're bleaching in the chilly northern blast,
Pale as the shirts their skilful fingers press'd.

Adieu! ye spotless vests of white Marseilles,
So white ye gave me pleasure to put on;
Ye snowy bosomed shirts, a long farewell;
Alas! poor Biddy's occupation's gone.

No laundress of the vulgar sort was she,
(Cruel the fate which thus could snatch her from me,)
A faithful soul, and from pretence so free,
It went against her grain to wash a "Tommy."

Full many a worshipper at Fashion's shrine,
Owed half his neatness to her starch and iron;
From swells who sport their shirts of cambric fine,
To dandy boys with collars *a la* Byron.

Not all the symmetry of well made suits,
Nor hats of silk, so exquisitely glossed,
Nor spicy ties, nor jetty varnish'd boots,
Console me for the treasure I have lost!

Oh! Mulligan, thy shirts perfection were,
Now I ne'er put one on but feeling pain,
And buttoning close my waistcoat in despair,
Feel I can never show their like again!

Nymphs of the tub attend the fun'ral throng,
Plant *mangle* wortzel near where she is laid,
And scatter snowdrops as ye press along,—
Fit emblems of the whiteness of her trade.

Let no bombastic lines be carved in stone,
No fulsome epitaph, no flattering hope,
Be this the plain inscription—this alone—
"She never yet was badly off for soap."

C. E. TISDALL, D.D. Dublin,

The Elocutionist, July 15, 1882.

———:o:———

GRAY'S ELEGY.

(*In an Irish Prison.*)

THEY think to toll the knell of prisoned GRAY,
The servile herd who bend to law the knee!
Pooh, Pooh! the slaves will soon be "out of play,"
And leave the game to DAVITT and to me!

Vile Saxon scum! a Sheriff held in thrall!
(It moves my soul of flame to noble fury)
Because he uttered what they choose to call
Injurious remarks about a jury.

* * * * *

Punch. September 2, 1882.

———:o:———

THE S. K. RING'S REQUIEM.

THE turret-clock proclaims the hour eleven;
Sir Francis Bolton* from his tower descends;
The last illumined shower drops from heaven,
And so the much-bepuff'd "Colinderies" ends.

Now fade the glimm'ring lamps amongst the trees,
And all seems dismal now, and dark and dead,
Save where the crowds still t'wards the station squeeze,
And through the Subway plod with weary tread.

And save where in a snug official room
The members of the S. K. Ring have met
To talk of things that in the future loom,
And the conclusion of their "Shows" regret.

Sad were their faces as they sat and heard
The clock strike out the Exhibition's close,
And gloomily together they conferr'd
As to the Epitaph they would propose.

After conferring for some time, the following, it is agreed, shall be the

EPITAPH ON THE "COLINDERIES."

HERE ends a Show which, started with high aim,
Was soon for its degenerate features known,
And an apotheosized Cremorne became,
Which reckless Folly quickly made her own.

Large were its profits, and its crowds immense;
But larger still the expenses it defrayed,
Thanks to the notable munificence
With which its lavish staff it overpaid.

Of such gross jobbery it was the spring,
So big the perquisites which it did rain,
That much we fear, as an official Ring,
We ne'er shall look upon its like again.

Truth, November 11, 1886.

———:o:———

PARNELL-EGY

Written in a Westminster Palace-yard.

THE clock-tow'r tolls the bell of coming day,
The Saxon herd departs ere stroke of three,
The cabman homeward whips his wheel-y way,
And leaves the "Yard" to Denning, and to me.

Now fade the gibbering Tories on the sight,
Against no form the watchful peeler rubs
Where, just before, men filed to left, or right,
And lobby tinklings stirred the distant clubs.

* * * * *

---

* Sir Francis Bolton died early in 1887, leaving a very large fortune.

"The catty "call"—of incensed breathing born,
The shallow tittering from the empty head,
The "cock-a-doodle-do," the nasal horn,
No more are heard—their authors are a-bed.

Oft did the Commons to our pickle yield,
Our guffaw oft some stubborn speech has broke,
How jocund did we bring our team afield!
How bow'd the Whips beneath our sturdy stroke!

Let not Refinement mock abuse-ful toil,
Unceasing "jaw," and ancestry obscure,
Nor Breeding hear, with a disdainful smile,
The sharp and shady annals of "the flure."

The "cheek" of Harr--n, the rant of Power,
And all that Bunkum, all that stealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' unenviable hour,
The ways of Sexton lead to much that's grave.

Nor you ye *Times*, impute to me the fault
And—in fac-simile—your trophies raise,
Where, 'neath the book-stall'd station's grimy vault,
The steaming engine swells the note that brays.

Can story'd speech or animated bust
Back to their cerements conjure wraiths that lurk;
Can B--kle's voice avenge the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Burke?

* * * * *

The scorn of Saxon senates to command,
The threats of Peel and Balfour to despise
To scatter terror o'er a suff'ring land,
And blend our history in a nation's cries

Our lot requires; nor circumscribed we feel
By growing numbers, or by crimes confined,
We have to march through rapine to repeal,
And shut the mouths of protestant mankind.

Our names, our deeds, spelt by the daily Muse
The place of Fame and Elegy supply,
And many a nasty gibe around she strews
That cause the Irish moralist to shy.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies, his head upon a lump of clay,
A man, to Hansard and to Dod well known;
Fair Science had not much was in his way,
But Disaffection marked him for her own.

Large was his satire, and his purpose clear,
Egan did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Loy'lty—all too bad—a sneer,
He gain'd in Egan,—well, not quite a friend.

No farther seek his secrets to disclose,
Or draw his frailties, in these faltering rhymes,
From where they—some of them, 'tis said—repose—
The *sanctum* of his Walter and his *Times*.

Moonshine. April 30, 1887.

◆

DETACHED FRAGMENTS OF PARODIES ON THE "ELEGY."

EPITAPH ON "THE PIC-NIC."

Written in a Newsman's Shop.

HERE lie, enwrapt within a dirty sheet,
Pic-Nics unsold—of course to fame unknown;
Fair Fashion's patronage they did not meet,
And *Grenville* still may claim them for his own.

Large were its pages, and its type most clear,
Its price t' ennoble did as largely tend:
But *fourteen numbers* clos'd its bright career;
It found thus soon (what all must find) an end.

No farther seek its merits to disclose,
Or o'er its faults one briny tear let drop;
Here they alike on dusty shelf repose,
To add fresh lumber to the newsman's shop.

The Morning Post. 1803.

:o:

EPITAPH ON A NOTED HIGHWAYMAN.

HERE, high suspended on a gibbet hangs
A youth to ev'ry crime and plunder prone;
'Till caught at length, by law's resistless fangs,
The gaping gallows seiz'd him as its own.

Bad were his sentiments, his actions worse;
And when he mounted Newgate's fatal drop,
He gave the hangman a tremendous curse,
And got from him—what he deserv'd—a rope,

The Spirit of the Public Journals, Volume X. 1806.

:o:

A POLITICAL PARODY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;
Now to the Lords, see Jenky take his way,
And leaves the House of Commons unto me.

* * * * *

Full many a country gentleman and squire,
The hinder seats and those back benches bear;
Full many a one who represents a shire,
There wastes his sweetness on the desert air:

Some city member, with his meal opprest,
May there, perhaps, in sleep digest his food;
Some mute inglorious Alderman may rest,
Some grocer, guiltless of his country's good.

For knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Fair Science smil'd not on their early age,
Nor Genius gave an impulse to the soul.

Their names, their merits in the *Morning Post*,
The place of honest eulogy supply,
With many an idle tale, and many a boast,
And many a silly speech, and many a lie.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
  A place or pension ever yet resigned,
Quitted the Court, like Canning, as they say,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

This parody (consisting of thirty-two verses in all) originally appeared in *The British Press* of September 14, 1812; it was afterwards reprinted in *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, Volume XVI. 1813.

——:o:——

Elegy in St. Stephen's Chapel.

The candles tell the close of parting day,
  The members bor'd wind slowly up to tea,
Some few to dinner plod their hungry way.
  And leave the House to Dyson and to Ley.

Now fades in slow debate the lingering night,
  And each dull speech in solemn stillness ends,
Save where Bragge-Bathurst wheels his droning flight,
  Or drowsy Hiley cheers his stammering friends;

Save that, from yonder nook with placemen stor'd,
  Old Rose doth to the Treasury Bench complain
Of such as wandering near the Navy Board,
  Molest his ancient pensionary reign.

Beneath that gallery's height, that pillar'd shade,
  Where heave those seats with many a slumbering heap,
Each, in his narrow row, supinely laid,
  A silent band, the Country Members, sleep.

The pettish call of nonsense-breathing Pole,
  Vansittart, tittering o'er his boxes red,
The shrill Charles Yorke, Sir Joseph, livelier soul,
  No more can rouse them from their rugged bed.

Oft did the question to their influence yield;
  Their vote, full oft, the Court's designs hath broke;
How jocund was the Income-Tax repeal'd!
  How bow'd the Malt-tax to their sturdy stroke!

Let not proud office mock their useful toil,
  Their votes, though silent, and career obscure;
Nor grandeur mock, with a disdainful smile,
  The "ignorant impatience" of the poor*.

The boast of place, of interest, and of power,
  Of all that worth can claim, or gold can buy,
Must yield alike, in dread division's hour,
  To Country Gentlemen's majority.

Nor you, ye Whigs, impute to these the blame,
  If some faint cheer its puny homage pays,
While, through some long drawn speech, in periods lame,
  A stammering placeman courts their lingering praise.

* * * * *

Yet, chance, in that sequester'd spot is laid
  Some heart well fram'd for ministerial hire,
Hands that for Treasury job had well been paid,
  Or wak'd to fame some Admiralty lyre*.

But Treasury to their eyes the ample page,
  Rich with a people's spoil, did ne'er unrol;
Some puny job must fire their noble rage,
  And ope the loyal current of their soul.

Full many a Castlereagh, with hands yet clean,
  The hinder benches on his side may bear,
Full many a sad Fitzgerald blush unseen,
  And waste his diffidence on desert air.

Their names, their numbers, to the public gaze,
  May show as fair as some of nobler note,
And many a holy hint Charles Long conveys,
  To teach the rustic senator to vote.

For he (division's stern demand to meet),
  His custom'd place and company resign'd,
Oft leaves the precincts of his Treasury seat,
  To coax some longing lingering lout behind.

On helps like these each pension'd soul relies,
  Such aid each new-rais'd salary requires,
Though from the press the voice of Croker† cries,
  Though in the Courier live his wonted fires.

And thou who, mindful of that honour'd scribe,
  Dost for a salary like Croker's wait,
If, chance, by kindred calculation led,
  Of his four thousand pounds you ask the fate.

Haply some Admiralty Clerk may say,
  "Oft have we seen him, at the morning's call,
Brushing, with hasty step, on quarter day,
  To meet his salary near fair Whitehall.

"Then, at the lower end of yonder Board,
  He'd hold his vain fantastic head so high,
You'd think the Regent had made *him* first Lord,
  And put his duller master, Melville, by.

Oft to the Courier Office, as in spite,
  Muttering half-form'd, half-witted squibs, he'd rove,
Now all the Quarterly's worst trash indite,
  Now woo th'unwilling Grub Street Muse to love.

"One eve we miss'd him on his custom'd round,
  Nor at the Board, nor at the House, was he;
Nor 'mid the Courier's devils was he found,
  Nor was he scribbling for the Quarterly.

"The next, to condign doom in due debate,
  His annual thousands came, a sad display!
Approach and read, where all may read, their fate,
  In all the papers of the following day."

Epitaph.

Here rests his pension, strangled in its birth,
  His name to merit, as to praise, unknown;
Yet Fortune frown'd not on his little worth,
  For Castlereagh had mark'd him for his own.

---

* "The fundamental feature on which all opposition to this measure hinges is, that there is on the part of the people of England, *an ignorant impatience of taxation*. Lord Castlereagh.

*Quere, Liar? Some doubts have arisen on the orthography of the last word in this line.

†John Wilson Croker. Author and Politician, who invented the term "Conservative" as applied to the Tory party.

Large was his impudence, nor small his gains,
For well such talent did its master grace;
He gave the Court, a sorry gift, his brains;
The Court gave him, 'twas all he wished, a place.

No farther seek his merit to disclose,
Or draw the annual increase to his pelf;
Hopeless alike his fame and pence repose,
Lost to the Court, the office, and himself.

From *The New Tory Guide.* London. J. Ridgway, 1819.

—:o:—

ELEGY.

(For the "Mirror," 1825.*)*

The pealing clock proclaims the close of day,
Th' attorney's clerk goes slowly to his tea;
And mine begins to plod his weary way,
And leave my rooms to solitude and me.

Now fades the glitt'ring river on my sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness feels;
Save when some rake wheels round his rapid flight,
And drowsy watchmen follow at his heels.

Save, that from yonder darkly shaded tow'r,
The moping sage does solemnly complain
Of such, as wandering near his lonely door,
Molest his quiet, unassuming reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that old tree's shade,
Where ancient seats in many a mould'ring heap
Spread out, where in repose you may be laid,
Most sweetly to enjoy the balm of sleep.

Whilst the mild beams which ev'ning does adorn,
The gay young student laughing at your head;
The Postman's bell, or th' echoing horn,
Rouse you no longer from your lowly bed.

For you, the blazing hearth ne'er does burn;
Or, busy housewife ply her ev'ning care,
Or children run to lisp their sire's return,
And climb your knees the envied kiss to share.

But still thy juniors to thy learning yield,
When you put on the stately law peruke,
To prove their arguments are all afield
And make them bow at your hard stroke.

* * * * *

Yet do not think thy wig so sprucely deck'd,
Will ne'er entice a brief that's straying by:
Whose strange and uncouth words its nonsense do protect
And for it gain the tribute of a sigh.

Thy name, thy years, thy thin and wrinkled face,
Insure success: thy fame will then supply
A stream of briefs, your fortune to replace,
And wealth, and peace, await you ere you die.

And you, whom dumb forgetfulness and care,
T'anxiety and bitter want resigned;
Will hail with joyous look and altered air
Th' increasing strength and vigour of your mind.

* * * * *

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A TOWN CHURCH YARD.

The church-bells peal the message—"Come and pray!"
The gay-dressed crowd appear, to bend the knee,
The shabby, poor man turns another way
And leaves the church to Dives and to me.

Now fades the noisy stir of weekday sights,
And all around a Sabbath stillness dwells,
Save where a doctor from his trap alights,
And merry tinklings sound from tramcar bells;

Save that, as if to make display of power,
An army howls, while marching to the strains
Of noisy bands, regardless of Nott-Bower,
And blocks the passage of our streets and lanes.

Beneath those railway lines that man hath made,
Where slabs lie prone upon the embankment's heap,
Each sacrificed to compensation paid,
Our Leeds forefathers down by Kirkgate sleep.

The snorting puff of carboniferous smoke,
The engine clattering from the loco-shed,
The whistle's shrieking, and the piston's stroke
No more shall rouse them, though they mock the dead.

For them, if chance the hearts of loved ones yearn,
No weeping mourners tend the grave with care,
No children to this spot their footsteps turn
To seek the dead 'mid desolation bare.

Oft did the town of Leeds their labours know,
Their efforts oft the way to progress cleared;
How lie they now, forgotten, cold, and low!
How is a patriot townsman's name revered!

Let not ambition seek for the cold clay
A homely tomb from sacrilege secure;
Nor grand men seek when they have passed away
A safer six feet title than the poor.

The mighty alderman, the men of power,
And all our beauties, all of wealth the slaves,
Must take their chance that there may come an hour
When railroad sleepers share their quiet graves.

(Fourteen verses omitted).

For thee, who, mindful of the thus outraged dead,
Dost in these lines set down their graveyard's state,
If chance, by their perusal, some be led
To test the truth of what thou dost relate,

Haply some ancient Kirkgate dame may say,
"Methinks I've seen him here at eve and morn,
As past the Parish Church he's made his way
I've watched his look,—half pity and half scorn.

"Here, near the base of yonder noble tower,
That stands with venerable head so high,
Repose the dead, neglected hour by hour,
Unheeded by the crowd that passes by.

"Round through yon bridge upon his journey borne,
By some strange fancy led he seemed to stray,
Then on the other bank he'd gaze forlorn,
Then looking disappointed turn away.

"One morn I saw him on the railway's side,
Among the slabs, some broken, some moss-grown ;
Once more he came : he looked again, he sighed,
Then ceased the search for the forgotten stone.

"And then I saw that ere he went away
One little leaflet from a book he tore,
On which he wrote this simple poet's lay,
Which some one found attached to yonder door."

An Epitaph.

Here rest, on either side this mound of earth,
Neglected dead, forgotten and unknown,
Ere science learnt the iron horse's worth
The grave had marked them and had claimed its own.

True to their country, to their town sincere,
Thus does posterity their deeds commend,
And takes their graves to make a railroad here,
For fear their usefulness with life should end.

No farther seek fresh merits to impose,
Let the poor battered stones sink in the sod,
Where rich and poor in trembling earth repose,
To wait, 'mid engine shrieks, the trump of God.

From *The Yorkshireman's Comic Annual.* 1885.

Newall's Buildings.

The clanging crow-bar rings the pile's decay
The busy labourers make their work complete
Daily the well known buildings glide away,
And space and brightness grow upon the street.

This was the first verse of a long parody which appeared in the "Free Lance" a paper published in Manchester, many years ago. A celebrated chop house stood in Newall's Buildings, and the parody describes its principal frequenters, but the allusions are too local to be of any general interest.

The Scales.

The piano sounds the knell of parting day ;
Next door the singing pupil shrieks high C ;
The cornet practices across the way,
And gives the night to anguish and to me.

"**Full** many a man, who now doth cheat the printer,
Will waste his voice upon the heated air,
And vainly sigh for cooling breeze of winter
When he is punished for his sins down there."

From *Quads.*

Passage from Lord Grey's Elegy.

Rads toll the knell of England's passing day :
The low dull herd will land her "up a tree."
Why *will* they not send Gladstone's gang away,
And leave the world to Whigdom and to Me?

Punch. September 10, 1881,

A Perversion.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air ;
Full oft, the filthy oleomargarine
Is served as premium butter from a fair,

The Author

No longer seek his failings to disclose,
Nor on his faulty readings rudely press ;
But leave the jurist to his deep repose,
Safe in the bosom of his loved MS.

Pensive in a Boneyard.

A Fragment.

Perhaps in this selected spot are laid
Some legs once regnant on bicyclic wire,
Hands that the rod of riding may have swayed,
And waked to parody the rotal lyre.

Lyra Biclyclica. By J. S. Dalton, 1885.

IMITATIONS OF GRAY'S ELEGY.

Imitations of Gray's "Elegy" are not only numerous, but are, as a rule, both long and dull. It is not, therefore, advisable to reprint them in this collection, but for the sake of completeness, some of the best must be enumerated.

William Mason, the poet, and biographer of Gray, ventured to write an imitation, entitled "An Elegy in a Churchyard in South Wales."

Mason said his desire was to describe a *day* scene, so as to contrast it with the twilight scene of Gray's "Elegy."

But Mason's presumption and self-sufficiency were extreme, not only could he venture to put forth this mawkish elegy, written in a churchyard by *day*, as a companion-piece to the far-famed *twilight* scene; but he also had the effrontery to tack a paltry tail-piece to Gray's exquisite fragment on "Vicissitude," and even believed himself capable of improving Gray's epistolary compositions, although Gray was known to be one of the most fastidious, and most correct of writers. Mason's tampering with Gray's letters has been repeatedly exposed, and his imitations of Gray's poetry now rest in merited oblivion. Another author, with almost equal temerity, ventured to publish a

SUPPLEMENT
TO
Gray's Elegy in a Church Yard.

"The celebrated elegy in a Church Yard, by Gray, is well known, and justly admired by every one who has the least pretensions to taste. But with all its polish, and deep poetic beauty and feeling, it always appeared to me, to be defective, and I have met with a remark in Cecil's Remains, to the same effect. Amid a scene so well calculated to awaken in a pious mind reflection on the sublime truths and inspiring hopes of Christianity, Gray, with the exception of two or three somewhat equivocal expressions, says scarcely a word which might not have been said by one who believed that "death was an eternal sleep," and who was disposed to regard the humble tenants of these tombs as indeed "Each in his narrow cell *for ever* laid." With these views I have regretted, that sentiments similar to the following had not sprung up in the heart, and received the exquisite touches of the classic pen of Gray. They might with great propriety have followed the stanza beginning, "Far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife."

No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;
But truth divine, sublimer hopes inspired,
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

From every cottage, with the day arose
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer;
And artless anthems, at its peaceful close,
Like holy incense, charmed the evening air.

Though they, each tome of human lore unknown,
The brilliant path of science never trod,
The sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

Here they from truth's eternal fountain drew
The pure and gladdening waters day by day,
Learnt, since our days are evil, fleet and few,
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way:

In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly passed
The heavy hand of all-destroying Time,
Through whose low mouldering isles now sighs the blast,
And round whose altars grass and ivy climb:

They gladly thronged, their grateful hymns to raise,
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;
The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise,
In sweet communion rose before the throne.

Here, from those honored lips, which sacred fire
From Heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear
Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear.

When life flowed by, and, like an angel, Death
Came to release them to the world on high,
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

Then gentle hands their "dust to dust" consign;
With quiet tears, the simple rites are said,
And here they sleep, till at the trump divine,
The earth and ocean render up their dead.

These lines, which originally appeared anonymously in an American Newspaper, are quoted in *Relics of Literature* by Stephen Collett, A.M. London. Thomas Boys, 1823.

("Stephen Collett" was said to be a name assumed by Thomas Byerley.)

THE FOUNDLINGS.
An Elegy.

FAR from the madding Tumults of the Town,
Which where bright *thought* should reign usurp the seat;
Far from those Tempests which *Reflection* drown,
I seek with breathless Haste a calm Retreat.

* * * * *

An anonymous imitation, published in quarto, by William Flexney, London. 1763.

AN EVENING CONTEMPLATION
in a French Prison:
Being a humble Imitation of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church Yard.*
By H. P. HOUGHTON,
Now an English Prisoner at Arras in France.
London. J. Burditt. 1809.

THE Sun's bright orb, retiring, dimly glares,
In strict compliance with the law of power;
Each pris'ner to his cheerless roof repairs;
And I, in thought, amuse the vacant hour.

Now sable Night, o'er all her mantle throws,
And solemn silence reigns throughout the yard;
Save where yon vet'ran to his station goes,
A poor, disabled, solitary guard!

Save that from yonder room in mournful strains,
With melancholy tone, and plaintive air,
Some tender Father, to the Night complains
Of children left without a parent's care.

Within these ramparts, by fam'd Vauban made,
Where hapless youths for Freedom learn to weep,
On beds of humble straw, till morning laid,
The brave and dauntless Sons of Neptune sleep.

* * * * *

AN ELEGY
Wrote under a Gallows.

DUN-vested Twilight now along the sky,
With tardy moving pace, begins to creep;
Towards their solemn gloom wrap'd mansions fly
The ebon rooks, spread o'er the mountain steep.

Where this bald barren spot of earth expands,
Deck'd with no shade of plant, or flow'rets smile,
Rear'd by some skill-conducted artist's hands,
A gallows frowns a terror striking pile!

* * * * *

By Hugh Downman, A.B. Printed in Edinburgh, 1768.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.
A Mock Elegy.

THE sun creeps slowly o'er the eastern hills,
The lazy pacing hours attend his way,
Thro' the thick fog the scarce pervading beam,
Gives LONDON'S LORD his gorgeous gaudy day.

Now the grim'd scavenger his besom plies,
And whistles at his work, unwonted glee,
The streets look decent, ev'n in courtier's eyes,
While the wretch sweeps for *dirtier soil* than he.

And now the city bells, in many a peal,
Bursting at once upon the vacant ear,
Bid the glad freemen from their counters steal,
And hail the day to beef and pudding dear.

Nor pass we by the capon and the chine,
Nor heedless, leave the turkey's praise unsung!
The many-mixtur'd punch, th' inspiring wine,
Joy of each heart, and theme of every tongue.

The feasting o'er, the ball, the sprightly dance,
With jocund glee beguile the night away;
The crowds retire when Sunday hours advance,
"And eat, in dreams, the custard of the day."

From *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit.* Vol. V. London, 1786.

Elegy.

Written at the Hotwells, Bristol, July, 1789.

By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. Published by Cadell and Davies, Strand, London. It commences as follows:—

The morning wakes in shadowy mantle grey,
The darksome woods their glimmering skirts unfold,
Prone from the cliff the falcon whirls her way,
And long and loud the bell's slow chime is tol'd.

The redd'ning light gains fast upon the skies,
And far away the glist'ning vapours sail,
Down the rough steep th' accustom'd hedger hies,
And the stream winds in brightness thro' the Vale.

Elegy.

Written in Poets Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Now sinks the hum confus'd of busy care,
And solemn Eve begins her placid reign;
Mild contemplation muses on the air,
And silence bends before her vestal train.

* * * * *

There are fifteen verses in this imitation, it is given in full in *The Spirit of the Public Journals.* Volume VI. 1803.

The Nunnery.

Now pants the night breeze thro' the darken'd air,
And silence soothes the vestal world to rest,
Save where some pale fac'd novice (wrapt in pray'r)
Heaves a deep moan, and smites her guiltless breast.

* * * * *

From an anonymous imitation.

Elegy.

Supposed to be written on a Field of Battle.

The wrathful storm hath swept along the dale;
The madd'ning fury of the fight is o'er;
Discord's loud notes have ceas'd upon the gale—
The clang of arms, and pealing cannon's roar;

The doubling drum; the trumpet's brazen sound;
The yell of onset and the piercing groan;
The squadron's charge, that shook the trembling ground;
The steed's proud neigh; the long and dying moan.

* * * * * *

These are the first two verses of a long anonymous poem, published by J. and A. Arch, Cornhill, London, 1818.

Elegy, Written in a City Churchyard.

Away from care—apart from earthly toil,
Let's court the stillness of the silent grave,
Where dwell—within the death-encumbered soil,
The ashes of the fair—the gay—the brave!

How many trophies mark the hallowed ground!
Vain mock'ry of the sad and peaceful tomb!
How many fabrics cast their shade around!
Emblems of death! of man's unerring doom!

* * * * *

From a long imitation, signed M. W. H., which appeared in *Hood's Magazine.* June, 1848.

TRANSLATIONS
OF
THE ELEGY.

The Elegy has been translated into nearly every European language, whilst numerous Greek and Latin versions have also been printed.

It would be foreign to the objects of this collection to include these translations, but some bibliographical notes may be given which will enable students, and admirers of Gray, to obtain the works, in the Library of the British Museum, or in either of the other great public Libraries in Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, or Dublin.

Greek Versions of Gray's Elegy.

J. Norbury.	*Eton.*	1793.
Professor Cooke.	*Cambridge.*	1785.
C. Coote.	*London.*	1794.
B. E. Sparke.	,,	,,
S. Weston.	,,	,,
E. Tew.	,,	1795.
J. Plumtre.		1795.
Hon. G. Denman.	*Cambridge.*	1871.

Latin Versions.

Christopher Anstey.	*Cambridge.*	1762.

(This was in quarto, other editions have since been published.)

R. Lloyd.		1774.
G. Costa.	*Padua.*	1772.
Benio.	*Verona.*	1817.
Barbieri.	*Verona.*	1817.
C. C. Colton (author of "Lacon").		1822.
Rev. William Hildyard.	*London.*	1839.
J. H. Macaulay.		1841.
H. S. Dickenson.		1849.
James Pycroft, B.A.	*Brighton.*	1879.
In Latin Elegiacs. Anonymous.	*London.*	1876.
In Latin Elegiacs, by G. H., a countryman of George Buchanan.		1877.
Munro. In the Ovidian measure.		1880.

French Versions.

M. J. de Chénier.	*Paris.*	1805.
J. Roberts.	*London.*	1875.
Madame Necker.		
Adrien Sarrasin.		

Russian Version.

Joukovsky.	*Moscow.*	1802.

Italian Versions.

M. Cesarotti.	*Padua.*	1772.
J. Giannini.	*London.*	1782.
G. Torelli.	*Parma.*	1793.

Phonographic Version.

Corresponding style. Interlinear translation.
London. F. Pitman. (About 1866.)

In the Library of the British Museum there is a volume entitled: "Elegia di Tommaso Gray, sopra un cimitero di

Campagna, tradotta dall' Inglese in piu lingue con aggiunta di varie cose finora inedite per cura dell dottore *Alessandro Torri.* Veronese. Livorno Tipografia Migliaresi. 1843. This contains the original Elegy in English, followed by twelve Italian translations in different metres, five in Latin. one in Hebrew, six in French, one in German prose by William Mason, and three in German verse, or twenty-eight translations in all, and it mentions others which are not included. There are also copious notes, and a biography of Thomas Gray. The press mark in the B. M. Library of this very curious volume is 1465 K.

—:o:—

In 1839, a Polyglott edition of Gray's Elegy was published by Mr. John Van Voorst, of Paternoster Row, London. This charming little volume contains some of the finest specimens of modern wood engraving, in which the artists have admirably succeeded in realising the spirit of the poem. The text consists of the original poem, with Greek, Latin, German, French, and Italian translations. The Greek translation was by Thomas J. Mathias, author of "The Pursuits of Literature," the Latin by Rev. William Hildyard, the Italian by Guiseppe Torelli, and the German by F. G. Gotter. The French version is ascribed to M. Le Fourneur, whose verses are of very unequal merit; in a few cases he compresses the sense of a verse into two lines, in others he spreads it over six lines, whilst some of Gray's most poetical ideas and images are entirely omitted.

The second verse :—

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds.

he renders

"Du soleil expirant la tremblante lumière
Délaisse par degrés les monts silencieux ;
  Un calme solennel enveloppe les cieux."

thus altogether losing the beautiful description contained in the last two lines of the original.

—:o:—

A scarce little pamphlet published at Chatham in 1806, (kindly lent by Samuel Timmins, Esq.,) contains some imitations of the Elegy which have already appeared in this Collection, together with an excellent French translation which is worthy of preservation. The Title page runs thus :—

GRAY'S ELEGY
in a
Country Church Yard;
with a
Translation in French Verse
By L.D.
To which are added,
The following imitations:

Nocturnal Contemplations in Barham Downs Camp.
Evening Contemplations in a College.

The Nunnery
and
Nightly Thoughts in the Temple.

—o—

with
Anecdotes of the Life of Gray,
and
Some Remarks in French;
By the Editor.

Chatham.
Printed by C. & W. Townson,
Kentish Courier Office.

1806.

Elegie.

Le rappel* a marqué le jour en son déclin,
  Les troupeaux lentement quittent le pâturage,
Le laboureur courbé suit son triste chemin,
  Laissant la sphère obscure à moi seul en partage.

Le paysage au loin passe et s'évanouit,
  Un silence profond règne dans la nature,
Hormis où l'escarbot son vol bruyant poursuit,
  Et le ruisseau lointain endort par son murmure.

Hors que, de cette tour que le lierre embellit,
  Le nocturne hibou pousse une plainte amère
Quand quelque voyageur, approchant son réduit,
  Vient troubler, par hazard, son règne solitaire.

A l'ombre de ces ifs, sous ces ormeaux noueux,
  Où la terre en monceaux au passage s'oppose,
Renfermé pour toujours dans son caveau poudreux,
  Le rustique habitant du village repose.

Le souffle parfumé du zéphir matinal,
  Le moineau gazouillant sur leur paisible asyle,
Le chant perçant du coq, le cor aux cerfs fatal,
  Ne les tireront plus de leur couche d'argile.

Ah ! ils ne verront plus le fagot pétiller,
  A leur donner ses soins l'active ménagère,
De chers enfans grimper pour saisir un baiser,
  Begayant à l'envi le tendre nom de père.

Souvent le champ céda ses moissons a leurs faulx,
  Et leur soc entrouvrit la glèbe limoneuse,
Comme ils siffloient gaiement en menant leurs chevaux,
  Comme le bois plioit sous leur main vigoureuse.

Grands, ne méprisez point leurs soins industrieux,
  Leurs plaisirs innocens et leurs destins sans gloire ;
Orgueilleux, reprimez ce souris dédaigneux,
  Au récit peu connu de leur obscure histoire.

Tous ces titres pompeux, ce pouvoir imposant,
  Les dons de la beauté, les ris de la fortune,
Ne peuvent exempter du terrible moment ;
  Le chemin des honneurs mène à la fin commune.

Et vous, ambitieux, ne les accusez point
  Si leurs simples tombeaux nul ornement ombrage,
Dans les murs révérés de cet asyle saint,
  Où des chants vers les cieux s'élèvent en hommage.

Des faits sur l'urne inscrits, des bustes animés,
  Peuvent ils rappeller le souffle irrévocable ?
L'honneur peut-il toucher des corps inanimés,
  Oú l'encens appaiser la mort inexorable ?

Peut-être un cœur rempli jadis d'un feu divin,
  Se trouve renfermé dans ce lieu de tristesse,
Un bras propre à régler d'un peuple le destin,
  Ou sonner à ravir la lyre enchantéresse.

Mais loin d'eux la science éloigna son trésor,
  Des dépouilles du tems amplement enrichie ;
L'affreuse pauvreté retint leur noble essor,
  En sa source glaça le courant du génie.

---

* Tambour qui se bat sur le rampart des villes frontières, vers le coucher du soleil, pour y rappeller les habitans.

Maint et maint beau rubis aux rayons lumineux,
Dans les gouffres profonds du vaste océan brille ;
Mainte fleur croît, fleurit, passe et échappe aux yeux,
Exhalant dans les airs un parfum inutile.

Un Condé de hameau dont le cœur courageux
Brava souvent des loups la sauvage furie,
Un Racine ignoré peut-être est dans ces lieux,
Un Mayenne, innocent du sang de sa patrie.

Par la mâle éloquence etonner un sénat,
Répandre dans l'état la riante abondance,
Affronter les périls, la mort dans le combat,
Etre d'un peuple entier la joie et l'esperance,

Jamais ne fut leur lot ; car le sort obstiné
Dans le germe étouffa leurs vertus et leurs crimes,
Défendit de souiller un trône ensanglanté
Pour régner sans pitié sur de tristes victimes.

Non, ils n'eurent jamais, à réprimer l'ardeur
Des remords dévorans, d'une flamme honteuse,
A prodiguer au vice, au luxe, à la grandeur
L'encens prostitué d'une Muse flatteuse.

Loin du fracas bruyant, des soins tumultueux,
Compagnons assidus des habitans des villes,
Retirés, sans desirs, satisfaits et heureux,
Ils coulèrent sans bruit des jours longs et utiles.

Des insultes pourtant leurs os sont préservés !
On élève près d'eux une pierre rustique,
Où des vers sans mesure, ignoramment gravés,
Arrachent au passant un soupir sympathique.

Leurs noms, leur age inscrits, sans nul ordre arrangés,
Leur tiennent lieu d'honneurs, leur servent d'élégie ;
Et des écrits divins, les textes révérés,
Peignent la vanité des grandeurs de la vie.

Car quel est le mortel assez insouciant,
Pour quitter d'un beau jour l'agréable lumière,
Résigner les douceurs d'ici bas au néant
Sans jetter tristement un regard en arrière.

A notre dernière heure il est doux de penser
Que des amis sur nous des larmes vont répandre ;
Oui, du fond du tombeau notre esprit sait parler,
Le feu qui brule en nous vit encore dans nos cendres.

Toi, qui ces morts obscurs sans cesse révéras,
Toi, qui peins en ces vers leur innocente image,
Si quelque ame sensible ici portant ces pas,
Demandait aux échos quel sort fut son partage ;

Quelque berger en pleurs peut-être lui dira :
"Souvent nous l'avous vu, dès la brillante aurore,
"Fouler les prés fleuris, s'avancer à grand pas
"Vers ce sommet riant, que le soleil colore.

"Là, sous l'ombrage frais de ce hêtre incliné
"Dont les pieds tortueux se jouent sur la verdure,
"Au bord de ce ruisseau tout de son long couché,
"Il sembloit méditer au bruit de son murmure.

"Tantôt près de ce bois il erroit isolé,
"Avec un ris moqueur insultant la fortune
"Tantôt pâle, abattu, comme un être effaré :
"Malheureux en amour, plongé dans l'infortune.

"Un jour sur la colline en vain je le cherchai,
"Dans les prés émaillés, sous le paisible ombrage,
"Un autre succéda—mais je ne le trouvai,
"Ni près du clair ruisseau, ni près du bois sauvage.

"Bientot au bruit des chants, des soupirs, des sanglots,
"Nous le vimes porté sans vie au cimetière,
"Sous cette épine antique, approche et lis ces mots,
"Qu'une main bienfaisante a gravés sur la pierre :"

L'EPITAPHE.

SUR le sein de la terre, abandonné, sans biens,
Un jeune infortuné repose ici la tête ;
La science en naissant le prit parmi les siens,
Et la mélancolie en fit lors sa conquête.

Son ame fut sincère et son cœur généreux,
Le ciel en récompense le tira des alarmes,
Sa pitié consolante offrit aux malheureux
Tout ce qu'il possédoit—hélas ! c'étoit des larmes.

Ne cherche pas plus loin, et laisse ses vertus,
Ses faiblesses aussi reposer en silence
Dans le sein de son Dieu, qui, parmi ses élus,
Un jour doit l'appeler en sa sainte présence.

———:o:———

LEGS IN TATTERSALL'S YARD.

THE dustman tolls the coming of the morn
Of Monday, big with business and noise ;
The coach-guard gaily blows his patent horn,
Delighting all the little girls and boys.

Now briskly move along the well-pav'd street
Tradesmen of ev'ry grade on bus'ness bent ;
Merchants and stockbrokers on eastern beat
Their minds on funds and barter most intent.

Now fam'd St. James's Street is dreary grown,
And left in melancholy desert state,
Save where some guardsman paces up and down
From Hoby's boot shop to the Palace gate.

Save that at Fenton's doorway there appears
Some carriage lading to go out of town
Or drayman laying in a stock of beer
To wash the fricassies and good things down.

Moving tw'rd's Hyde Park Corner in the west,
With steady pace and fashionable swing,
Are seen young sprigs of fortune gaily dress'd,
To lounge an hour in the betting ring.

Beneath yon gateway, Tattersall's fam'd yard,
Where nags are bought and sold both strong and fleet,
Each with the betting book, and pencil hard,
The legs and sporting men are wont to meet.

Oft does the betting to their cunning yield,
Their craft has many a fav'rite horse thrown back
Then knowingly at odds they back the *field*,
And turn their certain hundreds in a crack.

Let not morality decry their game,
Their heavy bets and calculations clear
For Justice self has patronised the same
Although to Justice many have paid dear.

Nor you, ye tradesmen, murmur or complain,
If when ye ask for cash, ye're told to wait,
Nor dare to dun, nor importune again,
Tho' 'twere to save you from starvation's fate.

Shall the great Derby or the Oaks give place
To ordinary calls at tradesmen's wills?
Shall bets of honor lost upon a race
Be left unpaid for shopmen's dirty bills?

Perhaps amidst the motley group you'll see
Some youth just jump'd into a peer's estate,
Some halfpay Captain M—, or Colonel D—
Much worse than nothing or by *legging* great.

Some lucky pugilist whose prowess great
All other heroes of his day withstood,
Some thick-scull'd horsedealer, who owes to fate
More than to head and brains he ever could.

Full many a flat and fortune favour'd youth,
The east and western parts of London hold
Full many a peer can testify the truth,
That many men possess less brains than gold.

Their names, their years, by folly written down,
A lengthen'd list of dupes would well supply,
And many a *leg* might in the list be shown,
Who carries now his *head* amazing high.

For thee who knowing not the term of *leg*
Dost in these lines mysterious language find,
And would thereof an explanation beg
To quench the sturdy wonder of thy mind.

Haply at Tattersall's Subscription Room,
They'll tell thee that, by modern definition
A Leg's a Lord, a Captain, or a Groom,
Or one whose betting keeps him in condition.

For thee, who paramount of Legs the head,
Dost herein recognize thine own estate,
If chance, in after days by fancy led,
Some sporting novice shall enquire thy fate.

Haply some aged Jockey may reply
Oft have we seen him on Newmarket course,
With steadfast gaze and scrutinizing eye
Watching the trial of some fav'rite horse.

One morn we miss'd him on the accustom'd spot
Just by the ditch, (the meeting week was near,)
The races came but we beheld him not,
At length to church-yard move we saw his bier.

Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon a lap of earth
A Leg at Epsom and Newmarket known,
He made a handsome fortune on the turf,
That turf, alas, now claims him as its own.

From *The Spirit of the Age Newspaper.* 1828.

An Elegy
on
The Departed Season.

The Porter tolls the bell on starting day,
The blowing heard is pent-up steam let free,
The lengthy train winds out its hissing way,
And leaves the town to dulness and to me.

Now fades the glittering season from the sight—
Belgravia a solemn stillness holds;
The "families" from their mansions take to flight,
And holland, glazed, the furniture enfolds.

"The ring," deserted, leaves Hyde Park in gloom,
No carriage, phaeton, brougham, four-in-hand;
No dashing cab, no top boot dapper groom,
No haughty coachman, no tall footman bland.

The well-dressed men who lean about the rail,
Who lift the hat so gracefully, and bow
To carriage beauties, languishing and pale,
Who wearily respond—where are they now?

Where is the prancing "life" of Rotten Row—
High blood of palaces, or clerk from marts?
Where the fair Amazon, dashing to and fro—
She who breaks horses—eke awhile breaks hearts?

Where are the gentle connoisseurs of flowers—
The languid saunterers through Covent Garden?
Off to their Continental homes and bowers—
Spain—Paris—Italy—Spa—Baden-Baden.

Dark is the Opera—"in silent tiers;"
Just now in jewelled beauty all ablaze.
How short the flitted season past appears!
Singers, and ballet, too, how short their *stays!*

Closed are the halls of fashionable shows—
The "R.A." masterpieces, and the smudges—
"King Charles and Sunday"—"Venus" without clothes,
That shocked the prudish, and amazed the judges.

The Parliament—its grand defeats and glories—
Its orators profound, and twaddling bores—
The fiery democrats—the Whigs—the Tories—
Ah! blessed fate that gave them to the Moors!

Full many a swell whose way is "all serene,"
Luxurious yachts across the ocean bear;
Full many a gent, too, makes a rush unseen,
To taste the sweetness of the desert air.

Ah you, ye proud of independent wealth,
That boast of heraldry, and power, and pomp!
Ye're off to some sea coast, recruiting health—
To shooting, angling, county ball, or romp.

But here the milkman calleth every morn,
The sparrows twitter, seeking to be fed;
The maid's shrill signal, then is ruthless torn,
The man of business from his downy bed.

Come then, thou frequent, fast suburban train—
The river steamer, wherry, gig, or horse—
Let us enjoy the grassy open plain,
And cultivate our cricket, or "La Crosse;"

Or seek beneath the Hyde Park elms a shade
Where patriots, assembled in a heap,
But now the ghost of interdiction laid:
The rude foregatherings of Reform may sleep.

Let not ambition mock that useful toil
By hardy hands and characters obscure,
Nor grandeur think with a disdainful smile
Of such an entry—forcible yet sure.

From *Banter.* Edited by George Augustus Sala. September, 1867.

The whistle shrieks the knell of parting day,
The humming engine coughs along the lea,
The driver lets the steam puff forth its way
And leaves the world to ugliness and me.

* * * * *

See "*The Miz-Maze,*" by Miss Yonge. London. Macmillan & Co.

Mr. Elliot Stock published an illustrated edition of the Elegy, containing a *facsimile* of the fair copy of the poem in Gray's hand writing, (which is in Pembroke College, Cambridge,) together with notes of the principle variations in different copies of the Elegy preserved in other collections.

The following articles also contain information on Gray's poems, and more especially concerning the Elegy.

The Quarterly Review, London, December, 1853.

Walford's *Antiquarian Magazine and Bibliographer* for November and December, 1883.

In 1884, Mr. K. L. Munden issued a prospectus of a proposed work, intended to contain Parallel Poems, Parodies, and Imitations of Gray's Elegy. The book was to have been in quarto, and issued at the price of one guinea, but it does not appear in the British Museum Catalogue, so it is probable that it was not published.

In a small publication entitled *Edgbastonia* for November, 1884, there appeared an article on Parodies, and imitations of Gray's Elegy, signed by K. L. Munder, probably a misprint for Munden. This contained very little additional information to that previously given in the two admirable articles in Walford's *Antiquarian Magazine* above named.

A subscriber to this Collection writes that a parody entitled "*An Elegy written in a London Churchyard*" appeared in "The Literary Sketch Book," for 1825, London. No such work however appears in the catalogue of the British Museum Library, the parody mentioned cannot therefore be included.

Dr. Tisdall, of Dublin, has courteously written to point out a few errors which occurred in his parody, *The Elegy on Mrs. Mulligan,* as it originally appeared in *The Elocutionist,* as well as in the reprint of it on page 37 *Parodies.* The corrections are as follows:—

Verse 2, line III. A tender mother—a devoted wife.

Verse 4, line II. With vests, *he-mises,* with handkerchiefs, and frills.

Verse 12, line III. And scatter snowdrops as ye pass along.

Verse 13, line II. No fulsome epitaph, no flattering trope.

This concludes the Parodies, Imitations, and Translations of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Church Yard.* Such a collection has never before been attempted; every endeavour has been made to gather materials from all available sources, and it is believed that no parody of any interest, or merit, has been omitted. Should, however, attention be drawn to any omission, mention will be made of it in a future issue.

ODE ON THE SPRING.

[The title originally given by Mr. Gray to this Ode was "Noontide."]

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected flowers,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man:
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.

Alike the Busy and the Gay
But flutter thro' Life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest:
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply:
Poor Moralist! and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display:
On hasty wings thy youth is flown;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

Thomas Gray.

Ode on the Spring

By a Man of Fashion.

I.

Lo! where party giving dames,
Fair Fashion's train, appear,
Disclose the long-expected games,
And wake the modish year.
The opera-warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the actor's note,

The dear-bought harmony of Spring ;
While, beaming pleasure as they fly,
Bright flambeaus through the murky sky
Their welcome fragrance fling.

II.

Where'er the routs full myriads close
The staircase and the door,
Where'er thick files of belles and beaus
Perspire through ev'ry pore ;
Beside some faro-table's brink,
With me the Muse shall stand and think,
(Hemmed sweetly in by squeeze of state,)
How vast the comfort of the crowd,
How condescending are the proud,
How happy are the great !

III.

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The drays and hacks repose ;
But, hark, how through the vacant air
The rattling clamour glows !
The wanton Miss and rakish Blade,
Eager to join the Masquerade,
Through streets and squares pursue their fun ;
Home in the dusk some bashful skim ;
Some lingering late, their motley trim
Exhibit to the sun.

IV.

To Dissipation's playful eye,
Such is the life for man,
And they that halt and they that fly
Should have no other plan :
Alike the busy and the gay
Should sport all night till break of day,
In Fashion's varying colours drest ;
Till seiz'd for debt through rude mischance,
Or chill'd by age, they leave the dance,
In gaol or dust—to rest.

V.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
Some sober quiz reply,
Poor child of Folly ! what art thou ?
A Bond-Street butterfly ?
Thy choice nor Health nor Nature greets,
No taste hast thou of vernal sweets,
Enslav'd by noise, and dress, and play ;
Ere thou art to the country flown,
The sun will scorch, the Spring be gone,
Then leave the town in May.

From *The Fashionable World Displayed.* By John Owen. London, 1804,

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Ode on the Closing of the House of Commons,

By George, Prince Regent, in 1816.

Lo ! where the scarlet-bosom'd band,
The Regent's pomp, appear ;
Lo ! where the Commons crowding stand,
The Session's close to hear !

The spangled Ruler pours his throat,
Responsive to the Speaker's note,
Well-prim'd his part to play ;
While Placemen, Pensioners, and Peers,
By listening with attentive ears,
Their ready tribute pay.

Where the old tapestry figures stretch
Their cobwebs round the throne ;
Where note-takers contrive to catch
No meaning but their own ;

Viewing the Regent's well-plum'd head,
Some time I stood, then whisp'ring said,
As much I marvell'd at his hat—
How true to Nature is his wig ;
What beaux, what triflers are the big !
What Dandies are the fat !

The Treasury tribe is on the wing,
Eager to end their troubled Spring,
And bask them in the Summer noon ;
Some prosing in the lobby wait,
Some show their star-bedizen'd state,
Or Cossack pantaloon.

To Contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man ;
And they that speak, and they that try,
Must end where they began.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
Some holder of a place—
" Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A patriot in disgrace !

" Thy hand no gracious Regent meets,
No hive hast thou of pension sweets—
No stars, no riband to display ;
In rebel speech thy hope is flown ;
Thy name is up, thy party known—
We pocket while we may."

From *The New Tory Guide.* London : Ridgeway, 1819.

——:o:——

ODE ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

Drowned in a Tub (*) *of Gold Fishes.*

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flowers, that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide†
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,

---

*Mr, Walpole, after the death of Mr. Gray, placed the China vase in question (for it was not a *tub*) on a pedestal at Strawberry-Hill, with a few lines of the Ode for its inscription.
'Twas on *this* Vase's lofty side, &c.

† Var.—Two *beauteous* forms.
First edition in Dodsley's Miscellany.

She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize,
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smil'd)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to every watery God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard:
A Fav'rite has no friend.

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wondering eyes,
And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
Nor all that glistens,[*] gold.

THOMAS GRAY.

ODE

On the death of a favourite, who was nearly drowned in the River Thames.

'TWAS in a new-constructed boat,
Which Acre's hero set afloat
The Treasury Bench to show,
Demurest of the placeman kind,
The gentle Castlereagh[†] reclin'd,
Gazed on the Thames below

His tail, which he so lately turn'd,
The face which ne'er with shame had burn'd.
His powerful grasp of paws!
The coat which he had often chang'd
His ears *still* left, and eyes which rang'd
He saw, and smil'd applause.

Still had he gaz'd; but 'midst the tide
Some Downshire voters seemed to glide,
With aspect sweet and mild:
Their lists of freeholds in their hand
With names of those they could command,
Betray'd this ardent child.

The hapless youth with transport saw;
A prosing speech, and then a claw,
To gain the sturdy race
He stretch'd in vain to reach the prize;
Nor could *he* well such fish despise,
Who is so fond of *Place.*

Presumptuous youth! with looks intent,
Again he stretched, again he bent,
Nor saw the gulf between:
Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd
The slippery verge his feet beguil'd,
He tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the Thames,
He call'd his messmates by their names,
Some speedy aid to send:
No Phipps, no Long, no Premier heard,
(Because he slept), nor Mulgrave stirr'd—
A fav'rite has no friend.

From hence, ye placemen, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd;
Be warn'd by this sad hour;
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And hearts corrupt, is lawful prize,
Nor all within your pow'r.

From *The Spirit of the Public Journals.* 1805. James Ridgway. London.

PARODY OF GRAY'S ODE.

On a Cat drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes.

'TWAS on the pavement of a lane,
Where a hard shower of soaking rain
Had made a pretty mess;
A buck advanc'd with careful strut,
For fear a sprinkle from the rut
Should soil his lily dress.

His powder'd head, his silken hose,
The dashing buckles on his toes,
Seem'd suited for a court;
The muslin round a pudding roll'd
In which he kept his chin from cold,
Was of the finest sort.

He trod on slow; but 'midst the tide
A brewer's dray was seen to glide—
Unmindful of the mud;
Before which stalked, with steps quite bold,
Two high-fed steeds of beauteous mould—
The pride of Whitbread's stud.

The splashing made on every side
The lane, which was not over wide,
Quite terrified the elf:
He saw the careless steeds come on,
But dar'd not stand, nor dar'd to run—
Lest he should splash himself.

At length, poor youth! he made a stop,
And would have got into a shop—
But, ah! the door was shut!
When lo! th' advanc'd procession greets
The hapless beau with all the sweets
Collected in the rut!

He swore, and call'd the drayman wight
Untaught, unlearn'd, and unpolite,
And said he'd thrash the blade;
But he did not—good reason why;
Alas, no Hercules was nigh,
To give Narcissus aid!

Then, all ye bucks who walk the street,
So spruce, so buxom, and so neat,
Learn this sad tale by reading,
To keep at home on rainy days
Lest you should meet with any drays—
For draymen have no breeding!

The Morning Chronicle. 1800.

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[*] Glitters, or Glisters, in other Editions

[†] Lord Castlereagh, herein satirised, was the chief instrument in procuring the legislative union of England and Ireland in 1800, for which he was severely attacked by Lord Byron in *Don Juan.* He committed suicide in 1822, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

A parody, entitled "Ode on the amputation of a Cat's Tail," was published by B. Flower, Cambridge, 1795, in a pamphlet entitled "*Scraps and Essays*, by a Cantab."

There is no merit in the parody to atone for the choice of such a disgusting theme for an ode.

Another political imitation of this ode appeared in *The St. James's Chronicle* relating to John, Earl of Bute, the Prime Minister in 1762, who was so bitterly attacked by Junius, and John Wilkes. This nobleman, who had been tutor to George III., was nicknamed "Jack Boot," and in the popular caricatures of the day was represented as a large jack boot surmounted by his head.

The parody possesses little interest, it commences thus:—

'TWAS on the lofty Treasury's side
Where Walpole's basest arts had tried
  The wistful Briberies that flow;
Most ambitious of the Plaidy kind,
The upshot Bute reclined,
  Gazed on the gold below.

His country's hopes his joy declared,
His freckled face, his grizzled beard,
  The talons of his paws,
His Plaid, that with the Rainbow vies,
His downcast looks, and jaundiced eyes,
  He said, and hummed applause.

* * * * *

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

[This was the first English production of Mr. Gray that appeared in print, and was published in folio, by Dodsley, in 1747.]

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
  That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
  Her HENRY'S holy shade[*];
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
  Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
  His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
  Ah, fields belov'd in vain!
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
  A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
  As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth
  To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
  The paths of pleasure trace;
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
  The captive linnet which enthral?
What idle progeny succeed
  To chase the rolling circle's speed,
  Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent,
  Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
  And unknown regions dare descry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by Fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possest;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom Health, of rosy hue,
Wild Wit, Invention ever-new,
  And lively Cheer, of Vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
  That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas! regardless of their doom
  The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
  Nor care beyond to-day:
Yet see, how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
  And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band!
  Ah, tell them they are men!

These shall the fury Passions tear,
  The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
  And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
  That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
  And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
  Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
  And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
  That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody Madness laughing wild
  Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the Vale of Years beneath,
  A grisly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
  More hideous than their Queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins
That every labouring sinew strains,
  Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
  And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings: all are men,

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[*] King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since Sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their Paradise,
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

THOMAS GRAY.

Ode on Ranelagh.*

Addressed to the Ladies.

YE dazzling lamps, ye Jocund fires,
That from yon fabric shine,
Where grateful pleasure yet admires
Her Lacy's great design :
And ye who from the fields which lie
Round Chelsea, with amazement's eye,
The gardens and the dome survey,
Whose walks, whose trees, whose lights among,
Wander the courtly train along
Their thought-dispelling way.

Ah splendid room ! Ah, pleasing shade !
Ah, walks belov'd in vain,
Where oft in happier times I stray'd,
A stranger then to pain :
I feel the gales, which from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
They seem to sooth my famish'd soul
And, redolent of tea and roll,
To breathe a second spring.

Rotunda, say, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
In thy bright round with step serene,
The paths of pleasure trace :
Who chiefly now delight to lave
Green hyson, in the boiling wave,
The sable coffee, which distil ?
What longing progeny are found
Who stroll incessant round and round
Like horses in a mill ?

While some on earnest business dream :
And, gravely stupid, try
To search each complicated scheme
Of publick policy :
Some ladies leave the spacious dome
Around the garden's maze to roam,
And unknown regions dare descry ;
Still as they walk they look behind,
Lest fame a secret foe should find
From some malicious eye.

Loud mirth is theirs, and pleasing praise,
To beauty's shrine address'd :
The sprightly songs, the melting lays,
Which charm the soften'd breast !
Theirs lively wit, invention free,
The sharp *bon mot*, keen repartee,
And ev'ry art coquets employ !
The thoughtless day, the jocund night,
The spirits brisk, the sorrows light,
That fly th' approach of joy.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
The lovely victims rove ;
No sense of sufferings yet to come
Can now their prudence move :
But see ! where all around them wait
The ministers of female fate,
An artful, perjur'd, cruel train ;
Ah ! show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the faithless band
Of false, deceitful men !

These shall the lust of gaming wear
That harpy of the mind,
With all the troop of rage and fear,
That follows close behind :
Or pining love shall waste their youth,
Or jealousy, with rankling tooth,
That gnaws bright Hymen's golden chain,
Who opens wide the fatal gate,
For sad distrust and ruthless hate,
And sorrow's pallid train.

Ambition this shall tempt to fix
Her hopes on something high,
To barter for a coach and six
Her peace and liberty.
The stings of scandal these shall try,
And affectation's haughty eye
That scowls on those it us'd to greet,
The cutting sneer, the abusive song
And false report that glides along,
With never-resting feet.

And lo ! when in the vale of years
A grisly tribe are seen ;
Fancy's pale family of fears,
More hideous than their queen :
Struck with th' imaginary crew
Which artless nature never knew,
These aid from quacks, and cordials beg,
While this, transform'd by folly's hand,
Remains awhile at her command
A tea-pot, or an egg.

To each her suff'rings : all must grieve,
And pour a silent groan,
At homage others charms receive,
Or slights that meet their own :
But all the voice of truth severe
Will suit the gay, regardless ear,
Whose joy in mirth and revels lies !
Thought would destroy this paradise.
No more !—Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

ANONYMOUS. 1775.

The eminent, but eccentric architect, Sir

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*Ranelagh was a famous place of public entertainment erected about 1740, at Chelsea, close to the banks of the Thames, on the site of the gardens of a villa which had formerly belonged to Viscount Ranelagh. The great hall, known as the Rotunda, was opened on April 5, 1742, it was 185 feet in diameter. This was designed by Mr. Lacy, formerly one of the managers of Drury Lane Theatre. Bonnell Thornton's Burlesque Ode on St. Cecilias' Day, set to music by Dr. Burney, was performed at Ranelagh to a crowded audience. The last grand *fete* held at Ranelagh was the installation ball of the Knights of the Bath, in 1802. The site now forms part of Chelsea Hospital Gardens, between Church Row and the river, to the east of the Hospital, but no trace now remains ofRanelagh. A very good description of the Gardens and Buildings will be found in Thomas Faulkner's *Description of Chelsea*. London, 1810.

John Soane, was satirised in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* (No. 4, 1824), in an article by a witty critic, who, speaking of Dulwich College, said, "It is a fine specimen of Soane's own original and best style," and thus addresses it, in a parody of Gray:—

"Ye vases five, ye antic towers,
That crown the turnpike glade,
Where art, in dingy light adores
Her *Bourgeois*' ochrey shade;"

The poet then apostrophises the Superior of the College, who, by the will of its founder, Allen, must always bear the same name as himself:—

"Say, Master Allen, hast thou seen
The connoisseuring race,
Breathless, amazed, on Dulwich-green,
My lines of beauty trace?
Who foremost now delights to stop
To look at God's Gift* picture shop;
Is't *Nash*, or *Smirke*, or *Gwilt?*
Do not the knowing loungers cry,
'My eye!' at my sarcophagi,
And guess by whom 'twas built!"

* * * * *

Ode on the Distant Prospect of a Good Dinner.

Ye distant dishes, sideboards blest
With Halford's peptic pill—
Where grateful gourmands still attest
Illustrious Robert's skill;
And ye that, girt with *legumes* round,
Or in the purest pastry bound,
On silvery surface lie;
Where *pâté—salmi—sauce tomate*,
Fricandeau framed with nicest art
Attract the glist'ning eye.

Ah! richest scent! perfume beloved!
Blest odours breathed in vain—
Where once my raptured palate roved,
And fain would rove again.
I feel the gales that now ascend,
A momentary craving lend—
As curling round the vapours seem
My faded faculties t'excite,
Restore my long-pall'd appetite,
And soothe me with their steam.

Say, Monsieur Ude, for thou hast seen
Full many a jovial set
Discoursing on *la bonne cuisine*,
In social union met—
Who foremost now prepare to pray
Des cotelettes à la chicorée?
Sauté de saumon—qui l' attend?
What young Amphitryons now vote
Nothing like *pigeons en compote*,
Or taste the *vol-au-vent?*

While some at lighter viands aim,
And towards digestion lean,
Poularde aux truffes, or *à la crème*,
Or *agneau aux racines*;
Some hardier epicures disdain
The distant chance of doubtful pain,
And *queue d'esturgeon* try;
Still as they eat they long to cease,
They feel a pang as every piece
Passes their palate by.

But lo! the *entremets* are placed
To greet the gourmand's nose,
Bedeck'd with all the pride of paste,
Confective prowess shows.
One earnestly devotes his praise
To *beignets a la lyonnaise*,
Others survey with mix'd delight
Gelées d'orange—de marasquin;
While some, with looks ecstatic, scan
The *soufflé's* buoyant height.

Best fair is theirs by —— fed,
Less pleasing to digest;
The taste soon gone, and in its stead,
Oppression on the chest.
Theirs joyous hours, and jocund nights,
Wit's playful sallies, fancy's flights,
And goodly cheer as e'er was seen—
The aged Hock—the Champagne bright,
Burgundia's best, and Claret light,
The vintage of nineteen.

Alas! regardless of their doom
Each rich ragout they take,
No sense have they of pains to come,
Of head, or stomach-ache.
Yet see how all around them press,
Th' attendants of each night's excess;
Fell Indigestion's followers vile:
Ah! show them where the hateful crew
Scoff calomel and pills of blue,
Ah! tell them they have bile.

These shall the Gout tormenting rack,
The Vampire of the toes,
Night-mare, Lumbago in the back,
And Cholic's painful throes;
Or languid liver waste their youth,
Or caries of a double tooth,
Its victim's nerves that nightly gnaws.
Vertigo—Apoplexy—Spleen,
The feverish hand—the visage green,
The lengthen'd lanthorn jaws.

This, a *consommé*, precious prize!
Is tempted now to try;
To restless nights a sacifice,
And dire acidity.
Till throbs of heart-burn—ague's pangs,
And Cholera's fiercely-fixing fangs,
Have left him, liverless, to moan,
The bloated form—the pimpled face,
The tottering step—th' expiring trace
Of good digestion gone.

To each his twitches, all are men,
Condemned to pick their bone;
The poor man in another's den,
The rich man in his own.
Yet, why should I of torments treat?
Since we were made to drink and eat,
Why should I prophesy their pain?

---

* The name given by the founder to the College.

Stomachs were form'd for holding food—
No more—while our digestion's good,
'Tis folly to abstain.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1828.

Ode on a Prospect of the Abolition of Eton Montem.

Ye distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where Aristocracy's young flowers
Bless Henry's holy shade,
For culture which the monarch meant
For scholars poor and indigent;
Unable for their lore to pay—
Some grumbling churls, in language strong,
Pronounce this change a wicked wrong,
No matter what they say!

Ah hapless tow'rs! ah luckless spires!
Ah statutes shirk'd amain!
That high-born sons of noble sires
Might learning *gratis* gain;
The gales that from your quarters blow
Oppress me with a sense of woe;
For they a horrid rumour bring
That Eton Montem is to be
At length abolish'd—Goodness me!
Oh what a shocking thing!

Say, Hill of Salt, for thou hast seen
Full many a noble race
Do what might be considered mean
In any other case—
With cap in hand, and courtly leg,
Waylay the traveller, and beg;
Say, was it not a pleasing sight
Those young Etonians to behold,
For eleemosynary gold,
Arrest the passing wight!

Whilst some, of more excursive bent,
Their vagrant arts to ply,
To all the various places went,
That in the neighbourhood lie;
To Datchet, Slough, or Horton they,
Or e'en to Colnbrook, took their way,
Or ancient Windsor's regal town;
Stopp'd everybody they could meet,
Knock'd at each house in every street,
In hopes of half-a-crown.

Gay clothes were theirs, by fancy made;
Some were as Romans drest,
Some in the Grecian garb array'd,
Some bore the knightly crest;
Theirs was attire of every hue,
Of every fashion, old or new,
Various as Nathan's ample store:
Angelic beings! Ladies! say,
Will ye let these things pass away?
Must Montem be no more?

Alas! our institutions old
Are going, one by one;
The work of innovation bold,
With Montem has begun;
Next flogging it will overthrow,
And fagging, too, of course will go,
And then farewell the good old school
Science with Latin and with Greek
To mix e'en now Reform would seek
Ah, tell her she's a fool!

To all their likings, and their taste,
Their fancies and their qualms;
Some gentlemen may feel debased
By sons who ask for alms;
Yet youthful Lord, and stripling Duke,
To beg for salt, without rebuke,
At Montem always were allowed:—
What argument can answer this?
No more—where beggary is bliss,
'Tis folly to be proud.

Punch. December, 1846.

Ode on a Close Prospect of Eton College.

(By a Gray-Headed Wet Bob.)

Ye crumbling spires, ye antique towers,—
What, if ye were decayed!
What, if your fragments fell in showers
On Henry's holy shade!
And what, if o'er your cloister walls
Vague pencilled ornamental scrawls
Afforded mute display;
Should Vandals, who all things renew,
Be down upon thy records too,
And sweep them clean away!

But, there!—with taste he calls "correct,"
'Mid scenes of vanished days
Your gay *restoring* Architect
The very dickens plays!
Yet, as his brand-new work he vaunts,
He gives us for our treasured haunts
Red brick—and nothing more!
Which drives Wet Bob to stick to this,
"Where crumbling memories are bliss,
'Tis folly to restore!"

Punch. August 5, 1882.

———:o:———

THE BARD.

A Pindaric Ode.

[*This Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death. But this Tradition has long been known to be destitute of any reliable historical foundation.*]

I.

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King
"Confusion on thy banners wait;
"Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
"They mock the air with idle state.
"Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail*
"Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
"To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
"From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"

**Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail.*
The Hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every motion.

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side[*]
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glos'ter stood aghast (†) in speechless trance
To arms! cried Mortimer (‡) and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

II.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre,
"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert-cave,
"Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
"O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
"Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
"Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
"To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

III.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
"That hush'd the stormy main:
"Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
"Mountains, ye mourn in vain
"Modred, whose magic song
"Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
"On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
"Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
"Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
"The famish'd Eagle screams, and passes by
"Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes
"Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
"Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
"No more I weep. They do not sleep.
"On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
"I see them sit, they linger yet,
"Avengers of their native land:
"With me in dreadful harmony they join,
"And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

IV.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof
"The winding sheet of Edward's race
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring,
"Shrieks of an agonizing King[*]
"She-wolf of France (†), with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
"From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The scourge of Heaven. What Terrors round him wait!
"Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

V.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord,
"Low on his funeral couch he lies! [‡]
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obsequies.
"Is the sable Warrior fled ?[§]
"Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
"The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born.
"Gone to salute the rising Morn.
"Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
"Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
"That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

VI.

"Fill high the sparking bowl
"The rich repast prepare,
"Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
"Close by the regal chair
"Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
"A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
"Heard ye the din of battle bray
"Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
"Long years of havock urged their destin'd course,
"And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
"Ye Tow'rs of Julius, (*) London's lasting shame,
"With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
"Revere his Consort's faith (†), his father's fame[‡]
"And spare the meek Usurper's holy head[§]
"Above, below, the rose of snow,[‖]
"Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:

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[*] *As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side.*

Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri:* it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far as the river Conway.

† *Stout Glo'ster stood aghast——*

Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

‡ *To arms! cried Mortimer——*

Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were *Lords Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition.

[*] *Shrieks of an agonizing King!*

Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley-castle.

†*She-wolf of France——*

Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen.

[‡] *Low on his funeral couch he lies.*

Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and robbed in his last moments by his courtiers.

[§] *Is the sable warrior fled!*

Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

**Ye tow'rs of Julius*

Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, &c. believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is attributed to Julius Cæsar.

†*Revere his consort's faith——*

Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

[‡] *———his father's fame.*

Henry the Fifth.

[§] *And spare the meek usuper's holy head.*

Henry the Sixth. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

[‖] *——the rose of snow, &c.*

The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

"The bristled Boar (*) in infant-gore
"Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

VII.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
"(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
"Half of thy heart we consecrate †
"(The web is wove. The work is done.")
"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
"Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
"In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
"They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
"But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
"Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
"Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul!
"No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
"All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue hail.‡

VIII.

"Girt with many a Baron bold
"Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
"And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old,
"In bearded majesty appear.
"In the midst a Form divine!
"Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;
"Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
"Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
"What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
"What strains of vocal transport round her play!
"Hear from the grave, great Talliessin, hear;
"They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
"Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
"Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

IX.

"The verse adorn again
"Fierce War, and faithful Love,
"And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
"In buskin'd measures move
"Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
"With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast.
"A voice, as of the Cherub Choir,
"Gales from blooming Eden bear;
"And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
"That lost in long futurity expire.
"Fond impious Man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
"Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the Orb of day?
"To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
"And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
"Enough for me: With joy I see
"The different doom our Fates assign.
"Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
"To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke; and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE BARD.

A Covent Garden Ode.

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless John,*
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Though bless'd with all the smiles of *ton*,
They mock the air with idle state:
Helm nor hauberks twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy sister's† acting, shall prevail,
To save thy soul from nightly fears,
From O. P.'s curse, from O.P.'s cheers."

Such were the sounds that from the gallery's height
Roll'd thundering to the pit below;
Rous'd slumbering Uproar from her seat,
And wak'd the yell of clamorous *Row*:
Fierce Wienholt stood aghast in speechless trance;
To arms! Fitzgerald cried, and shook the sconce:
Perch'd on a box, with haughty brow,
Flush'd with the purple stream, in angry mood,
Rob'd in his soldier's garb, he stood
Prepar'd the loose placard to throw.
With haggard eyes, surcharg'd with blood,
Shatter'd his garments, torn his hair,
His arms wide sprawling to the air,
With hurried voice and accent loud,
Thus bellow'd to the rebel crowd:
"Hark how each private box's desert cave
Sigh's to the torrent's voice beneath—
Our fierce battalions deafening clamours breathe,
And high in air their hundred arms they wave,
Swearing they'll not an added ducat pay,
For *high born* Shakspeare's harp, or *softer* Otway's lay."

Stopp'd is the *Bank Clerk's* prattling tongue.
That rous'd the stormy scene,
Brave Cowlam sleeps upon a craggy bed,
O.P.'s ye mourn in vain;
Clifford, whose lawless bold harangue
Made lofty Graham bow his crested head;
In dreary *Rufus' Hall* ‡ they lie,
Struck with dismay, and ghastly pale,
Far, far aloof, the promis'd witness fail,
The Attorney-General screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of the noisy art,
Dear as the *ruddy drops* that glad my eyes;
Dear as the hopes that lately fed my heart,
When first I saw the daring conflict rise.

No more I weep, they do not sleep;
In yonder hall, a grisly band
I see them sit, they linger yet,
And only wait a rallying hand.
With me in dreadful harmony to join,
And howl destruction to the Kemble line.
Peering high, and near the roof,
Pale Confusion showed her face;
In accents wild, and sharp reproof,
Thus addressed her fallen race:—
Mark the hour, and mark the night,

---

* *The bristled boar*——

The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*.

† *Half of thy heart we consecrate.*

Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her, are still to be seen at Northampton, Gaddington, Waltham, and other places.

‡ *All-hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!*

Both Merlin and Talliessin had prophesied, that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the house of Tudor.

* John Philip Kemble, manager of Covent Garden Theatre.
† Mrs Siddons, the famous *tragedienne*.
‡ Westminster Hall.

When Thames shall echo with delight;
And to your ears the dreadful verdict bring:
When *Henry's antique* towers shall ring
With shouts that strike Thames Ditton with affright.
The wolf of law, with unrelenting fangs,
Tearing the bowels of our mangled mate;
Fell conviction, hovering o'er us, hangs;
The scourge of Justice, ah! what ills await;
Amazement in the van, and fear combined,
And poverty and cold imprisonment behind.
What tho' Clifford, daring chief,
Has gained, *by chance*, a short lived fame,
That will to us bring no relief,
Who fed the fire and fann'd the flame;
From us the gallant hero's dead,
And Wienholt too has *veil'd his head*.
The swarms that in the Statesman's beams were born,
The public taste has laughed to scorn,
And all our efforts overwhelm;
In easy sail their *new built vessel* goes,
Shakespeare at the prow, and Kemble at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hurl'd in dread repose, has lost its evening prey.

Lo! They fill the tragic bowl,
A rich repast prepare;
Reason's feast and flow of soul
Again will triumph here;
While punishment and vengeance scowl
A baleful frown upon our baffled host.
Late we heard their battle bray,
Arm to arm and force to force;
Thro' hours of havoc urg'd the course,
And thro' all Bow-street squadrons mow'd their way.
These hours are gone, and gone our fame,
And nearly sunk is O.P.'s name.
Judgment suspended o'er their head,
Above, below, they deal the blow,
And o'er the plain our flying squadrons spread;
The *brothers*, smiling at our dismal doom,
Deep stamp their vengeance strong, and dark'ning terrors gloom.
But stay, ah! stay, nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unaided here to mourn.
In yon dark cloud, that skirts the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes;
But, ah; what dazzling scenes on Kemble wait!
Descending slow, their glittering skirts unroll;
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye *crowded houses*, rush not on my soul;
No more their long-lost Shakespeare they bewail,
The flash of his far-beaming eye they hail,
And with him Otway, Southerne, Rowe,
Sublime, their starry frontlets rear.
And gorgeous dames in gallant show
In mimic majesty appear;
In the midst a form divine,[*]
Her port proclaims her of the Kemble line;
Her light'ning eye, her awe- commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to ev'ry grace.
What sounds of acclamation fill the air!
What strains of trembling rapture round her play;
Hear from thy grave, immortal Shakespeare, hear;
She breathes a soul to animate thy clay;
Bright nature calls, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves, in the eye of Heaven, her many-colour'd wings.

Lo! they adorn again
Fierce war and faithful love,
And truth, in fairy fiction dress'd.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
And, hark, a cherub choir;
Gales of harmony, that bear,
Sounds that my very heart-strings tear;
Their horrid warblings pain my startled ear,
That, lost in Melody's soft notes, expire.
Vain was our hope that deem'd the sanguine cloud
Rais'd by my breath would quench the orb of day;
To-morrow he repairs his golden flood,
And warms the nation with redoubled ray,
Enough for me, with dread I see
The different doom our fates assign;
Yours is despair and legal care,
Sorrow and defeat are mine."
She spoke, and headlong from the gallery's height,
Deep in the roaring pit she plunged to *endless night*.

FALKLAND.

The Morning Post. December 8, 1809.

This parody was also included in *The Covent Garden Journal*, 1810, which contains the history of the notorious O.P. Riots at Covent Garden Theatre, when John Philip Kemble was manager.

THE UNION.

[A celebrated Debating Society in Cambridge, composed entirely of Members of the University, where political subjects were discussed, which the Master of St. John's suppressed during his Vice-Chancellorship in 1817; on which occasion the following Parody on *The Bard*, by Mr. Marmaduke Lawson, M.P., for Boroughbridge, and Fellow of Magdalen College, made its appearance.]

I.

"RUIN seize thee, senseless prig!
Confusion on thy "optics" wait!
Though prais'd by many a Johnian pig,
They crowd the shop in fruitless state.
Hood, nor Doctor's scarlet gown,
Nor N—th, nor P—th shall win renown;
Nor save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
The UNION'S curse, the UNION'S tears."
Such were the sounds that o'er the pedant pride
Of W—d, the Johnian, scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the flags of Petty-cury's[*] side,
He wound with toilsome march his long array,
Stout T-th-m stood aghast with puffy face,
"To arms!" cried Beverly,[†] and couch'd his quiv'ring mace.

II.

At a window, which on high
Frowns o'er the market place below,
With trousers[‡] on, and haggard eye,
A member stood immersed in woe,
His tatter'd gown, and greasy hair,
Stream'd like a dishclout to the onion'd air.

---

[*] Mrs. Siddons.

[*] The name of the street in which the Society was held.

[†] One of the Esquire Bedells who bear the mace before the Vice-Chancellor.

[‡] The savage despair of the Member is finely pourtrayed by the trousers. A total indifference to moral guilt or personal danger is argued by his thus appearing before the Vice-Chancellor; that gentleman justly regarding the wearing of trousers as the most atrocious of moral offences, and having lately deservedly excluded a distinguished wrangler who had been guilty of them, from a Fellowship of his College.

And with a voice that well might beat the cryer,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre :—
" Hark ! how each butcher's stall, and mightier shops
Sighs to the market's clattering row beneath ;
For thee the women squall, the cleavers chop,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe,
Vocal no more since Monday's fatal night,
To Thirlwall's[*] keen remark, or Sheridan's[*] wild flight.

III.

Mute now is Raymond's tongue,
That hushed the club to sleep ;
The patriot Whitcombe now has ceased to rail ;
Waiters in vain ye weep.
Lawson,[*] whose annual song,
Made the Red Lion[†] wag his raptur'd tail.
Dear lost companions in the spouting art,
Dear as the commons smoking in the hall,
Dear as the audit ale that warms my heart
Ye fell amidst the dying Union's fall.

IV.

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Jemmy's race ;
Give ample room and verge enough
To mark revenge, defeat, disgrace.
Mark the month and mark the day
The Senate widely echoing with the fray ;
Commoner, Sizar, Pensioner, and snob,
Shouts of an undergraduate mob.

V.

Master of a mighty college,
Without his robes behold him stand,
Whom not a Whig will now acknowledge,
Return his bow, or shake his hand.
Is the sable Jackson fled ?
Thy friend is gone he hides his powder'd head.
The Bedells, too, by whom the mace is borne,
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,
While gently sidling through the crowded street
In scarlet robe, Clare's[‡] tiny master goes.
Ware[§] clears the road, and Gunning[§] guides his feet,
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway
That, hush'd in grim repose, marks Jemmy for its prey.

VI.

Fill high the Audit bowl !
The feast in hall prepare !
Reft of his robes, he yet may share the feast,
Close by the Master's chair,
Contempt and laughter scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Gown to gown and cap to cap ?
Hark at the Johnian gates each thund'ring rap,
While thro' opposing Dons they move their way,
Ye Johnian towers, old W—d's eternal shame,
With many a midnight imposition fed,
Revere his algebra's immortal fame,
And spare the meek mechanic's holy head.
Each bristled *boar* will bear no more,
And meeting in the Combination Room,
They stamp their vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

VII.

Jemmy, lo ! to sudden fate,
(Pass the wine—the liquor's good)
Half of thy year we consecrate :
The web is now what was the *wood*,
But mark the scene beneath the senate's height
See the petition's crowded skirts unroll ;
Visions of glory spare my aching sight,
Unborn commencements crowd not on my soul,
No more our Kaye,[*] our Thackeray[*], we bewail ;
All hail ! thou genuine Prince,[†] Britannia's issue, hail !

VIII.

Heads of houses, Doctors bold,
Sublime their hoods and wigs they rear ;
Masters young, and Fellows old,
In bombazeen and silk appear.
In the midst a form divine,
His eye proclaims him of the British line
What cheers of triumph thunder thro' the air.
While the full tide of youthful thanks is pour'd.
Hear from your chambers Price[‡] and Hibbert,[‡] hear ;
Th' oppressor shrinks, the Union is restor'd.
The treasurer flies to spread the news he brings,
And wears, for triumph's sake, yet larger chitterlings.

IX.

Fond, impious man, think'st thou thy puny fist,
Thy " *Wood*-en sword " has broke a British club ?
The Treasurer soon augments our growing list,
We rise more numerous from this transient rub,
Enough for me : with joy I see,
The different doom our fates assign ;
Be thine contempt and big-wigged care,
To triumph and to die are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the window's height
Deep in a dung-cart near, he plung'd to endless night.

" This Society is now happily restored, and is supported by men of every standing. The Debates, however, are restricted to events previous to 1800 : and no new subject is allowed to be introduced after 10 o'clock." So says the "*Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*, or New University Guide to the Academical Customs, and Colloquial or Cant terms peculiar to the University of Cambridge," written by a Brace of Cantabs, and published by John Hearne, London, 1824. The parody is taken from that amusing volume, it may also be found in *Facetiæ Cantabrigiensis* (London : Charles Mason, 1836), an anonymous collection of anecdotes and smart sayings written by, or relating to, celebrated Cantabs.

THE BARBER.

The following imitation of "The Bard" is ascribed to the Hon. Thomas Erskine (afterwards Lord Erskine) who wrote it when a student at Trinity College, Cambridge. Having been disappointed of the attendance of his college-barber, at his lodgings over the shop of Mr. Jackson, an apothecary, he was compelled to forego his *commons* in hall. Determined to have his revenge, and to give his hairdresser a good *dressing* he composed the following "Fragment of a Pindaric Ode" wherein he poured forth his curses upon the whole race of barbers, predicting their ruin in the simplicity of style to be adopted by a future generation. The exact date of the parody is not known, part of it is quoted in the *Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*, which was published in 1824, it is also given in full in *Oxford and Cambridge Nuts to Crack.* A. H. Baily & Co., 1835. London.

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[*] Speakers of the Society.

[†] A magnificent though bold figure. The Red Lion (which is the sign of the Inn at which the Union assembled), and which is a remarkably handsome lion of the kind, is described as wagging his tail in testimony of the pleasure he felt at the goings on within.

[‡] The Vice-Chancellor elect.

[§] Two of the Esquire Bedells.

[*] Former Vice-Chancellors.

[†] The Chancellor.

[‡] Speakers of the Society.

"RUIN seize thee, scoundrel Coe!
Confusion on thy frizzing wait,
Hadst thou the only comb below,
Thou never more should'st touch my pate.
Club nor queue, nor twisted tail,
Nor e'en thy chattering, barber! shall avail
To save thy horsewhipped back from daily fears,
From Cantabs' curse, from Cantabs' tears!"
Such were the sounds that o'er the powder'd pride
Of Coe the barber scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Jackson's slippery lane
He wound with puffing march his toilsome tardy way.

In a room where Cambridge town
Frowns o'er the kennels' stinking flood,
Robed in a flannel powdering gown,
With haggard eyes poor Erskine stood!
(Long his beard, and blowzy hair,
Stream'd like an old wig to the troubled air);
And with clung guts, and face than razor thinner,
Swore the loud sorrows of his dinner.
Hark! how each striking clock and tolling bell,
With awful sounds, the hour of eating tell!
O'er thee, oh Coe! their dreadful notes they wave,
Soon shall such sounds proclaim thy yawning grave;
Vocal in vain, through all this lingering day,
The grace already said, the plates all swept away.

"Cold is Beau**** tongue,
That soothed each virgin's pain;
Bright perfumed M** has cropp'd his head:
Almacks, you moan in vain!
Each youth whose high toupee
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-capp'd head
In humble Tyburn-top we see;
Esplash'd with dirt and sun-burn'd face;
Far on before the ladies mend their pace,
The Macaroni sneers, and will not see.
Dear lost Companions of the coxcomb's art,
Dear as a turkey to these famish'd eyes,
Dear as the ruddy port which warms my heart,
Ye sunk amidst the fainting misses' cries—
No more I weep—They do not sleep:
At yonder ball, a slovenly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet
Avengers of fair Nature's hand;
With me in dreadful resolution join
To crop with one accord, and starve thy cursed line.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of barber's race',
Give ample room and verge enough
Their lengthen'd lanthorn jaws to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When all their shops shall echo with affright,
Loud screams shall through St James's turrets ring,
To see, like Eton boy, the King!
Puppies of France, with unrelenting paws
That scrape the foretops of our aching heads,
No longer England owns thy fribblish laws,
No more her folly Gallia's vermin feeds.
They wait at Dover for the first fair wind,
Soup-meagre in the van, and snuff roast beef behind.

"Mighty barbers, mighty lords,
Low on a greasy bench they lie!
No pitying heart or purse affords
A sixpence for a mutton pie!
Is the mealy 'prentice fled?
Poor Coe is gone all supperless to bed.
The swarm that in thy shop each morning sat,
Comb their lank hair on forehead flat:
Fair laughs the morn, when all the world are beaux,
While vainly strutting through a silly land,
In foppish train, the puppy barber goes,
Lace on his shirt, and money at command,
Regardless of the skulking bailiff's sway,
That hid in some dark court expects his evening prey.

"The porter mug fill high,
Baked curls and locks prepare;
Reft of our heads, they yet by wigs may live!
Close by the greasy chair
Fell thirst and famine lie,
No more to art will beauteous nature give.
Heard ye the gang of Fielding say,
Sir John,* at last we've found their haunt
To desperation driven by hungry want,
Through the crammed laughing Pit they steal their way.
Ye towers of Newgate! London's lasting shame,
By many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere poor Mr. Coe, the blacksmith's† fame,
And spare the grinning barber's chuckle head.

"Rascals! we tread ye under foot,
(Weave we the woof; the thread is spun):
Our beards we pull out by the root:
(The web is wove; your work is done)."
Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
Leave me uncurl'd, undinner'd here to mourn.
Through the broad gate that leads to College Hall,
They melt, they fly, they vanish all.
But oh! what happy scenes of pure delight,
Slow moving on their simple charms unroll.
Ye rapturous visions, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn beauties, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Coventry we wail:
All hail, ye genuine forms; fair Nature's issue, hail!

"Not frizz'd and fritter'd pinn'd and roll'd,
Sublime their artless locks they wear,
And gorgeous dames and judges old
Without their têtes and wigs appear;
In the midst a form divine,
Her dress bespeaks the Pennsylvanian line:
Her port demure, her grave religious face
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
What sylphs and spirits wanton through the air,
What crowds of little angels round her play.
Hear from thy sepulchre, great Penn! Oh hear!
A scene like this might animate thy clay.
Simplicity now, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her Quaker-colour'd wings.

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* Sir John Fielding, an active police magistrate of that day.

† Coe's father, a blacksmith and alderman of Cambridge.

" No more toupees are seen
That mock at Alpine height,
And queues with many a yard of ribbon bound ;
All now are vanish'd quite.
No tongs or torturing pin,
But every head is trimm'd quite snug around :
Like boys of the cathedral choir,
Curls, such as Adam wore, we wear.
Each simpler generation blooms more fair,
'Till all that's artificial shall expire,
Vain puppy boy ! think'st thou yon essenced cloud,
Raised by thy puff, can vie with Nature's hue,
To-morrow see the variegated crowd
With ringlets shining like the morning dew !
Enough for me : with joy I see
The different dooms our fates assign !
Be thine to love thy trade and starve ;
To wear what Heaven bestow'd be mine ! "

He said, and headlong from the trap-stairs' height,
Quick through the frozen street he ran in shabby plight.

THOMAS ERSKINE.

"THE WORLD" PARODY COMPETITION.

The first prize for a composition on " Mr. Gladstone in Midlothian," in the style of Gray's Pindaric ode, " The Bard," was awarded to Etonensis ; the second to Apis Matina.

FIRST PRIZE.

" RUIN seize thee, ruthless Earl !
Confusion on thy banner fall,
Though courtly gales its silk unfurl
Above St. George's fretted stall.
Coronet, nor Garter's twist,
Nor e'en thy works of fiction, novelist,
Shall purge thy conscience from election fears,
From Scotia's curse, from Scotia's tears ! "
Such were the strains of wild Homeric war
That struck down England's Premier with dismay.
From market-hall they came, from Pullman car,
From every vantage-ground on William's way.
Stafford turned pale ; but Salisbury's sterner mood
Couched in his mind some ultimatum rude.

" Weave the warp and weave the woof,
Lord Beaconsfield to bury in ;
Give ample room and verge enough
To trace the Treaty of Berlin.
Mark the year and mark the night
When Westminster reëchoes with affright ;
Shrieks of defeat from every poll that ring,
And fagot votes in anguish sputtering.
O Torydom, with unrelenting fangs,
Thou tear'st the bowels of this mangled State ;
A Turnerelli wreath above thee hangs,
And Cyprian flowers ; but; O, what terrors wait !
Afghanistan, with massacre combined,
And Cetewayo's form, and all the Boers behind.

Fill high the loving bowl,
The turtle-soup prepare ;
Reft of majority, he shares the feast :
Close by the Lord Mayor's chair
The civic magnates scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

A voice as of a financier
Gales from blooming Budgets bear ;
And distant surpluses thrill on my ear,
And lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou thy sanguine cloud
Has blurred the Liberal programme from the skies?
To-morrow rises its resistless flood
Round fleet and army, church and colonies.

Enough for me ; with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign—
Be thine Despair and Gartered care ;
To translate and to hew are mine."
Thus spake the Bard ; and, from the mountain's brow,
Swinging his axe, he vanished in the snow.

ETONENSIS. (The Rev. J. S. VAUGHAN.)

SECOND PRIZE.

" RUIN seize thee, reckless guide,
All nations' scourge, thy country's shame,
Though folly, greed, and senseless pride
Combine to glorify thy name :
Hedging speech, nor specious phrase,
Nor all thy followers' boasts and fulsome praise,
Shall shield thy whitening locks from vengeance dire :
From Erin's curse, from Albion's ire."
Such were the sounds that through the serried ranks
Of Jingo's henchmen, winged with hatred, thrilled ;
Rolled the harsh words on Lothian's braes and banks,
Spread as they rolled, and Britain's boundaries filled.
Sly Beaconsfield looked on with pitying smile ;
" Revenge !" wild Cranbrook cried, and conned a speech the while.

On a stump, whose leafy crown
Had erst Dalmeny's wood adorned,
Wrapt in an agèd Ulster brown,
Tireless the statesman stood and mourned.
Plaudits replied, and from the distant shore
Mingled the wild wind's sighs and sorrowing ocean's roar.

Raise the voice, and swell the cry !
The cry of sweet Hibernia's woe ;
From Asia myriad tongues reply,
And Afric bears a burden low.
Hear the wind, and hear the wave !
That bear the stifled wail of Cypriote slave :
Mingled with vexed Bulgaria's murmurs hoarse,
Plaints of the yet unburied corse,
All—all in fearful unison combine :
" Thine was the hand that struck, the voice that doomed us thine !"

Count we the hoarded gold,
Tell out the augmented store !
Stripped of renown, we yet have wealth behind—
Void is the chest. No more,
Where countless millions rolled,
Aught but thy bills shall future rulers find.
Men of Midlothian ! ever shrewd and keen,
These are your wasted goods, your fruitless toil,
The life-blood wrung alike from great and mean
Squandered in titles, or a trickster's spoil !
The mild Hindoo the brave Zulu,
To vex and harass these we waste ;
But prostrate trade, and bills unpaid,
Naught of the wild profusion taste ;

While venal voters of the false Buccleuch
Quell our indignant voice, and mask our utterance true,"

More might have followed; but he felt it rain,
Hailed the first cab, and left by special train.

APIS MATINA. (H. PATTINSON.)

The World. December 17, 1879.

GLADSTONE IN MIDLOTHIAN.

"PLAGUE upon thee, Earl of B——
Bad luck attend thy servile crew,
Though gull'd awhile, they bend the knee
In worship of a wily Jew!
Inscrutability, nor sham
Veil'd in a wealth of brilliant epigram,
Shall prop for long thy fast-decaying power,
Or stave off Dissolution's dreaded hour!"

Such were the words that fill'd with wild despair
The ruling Tories and their ductile lambs,
Indignant Dizzy raved and tore his hair,
As to his chums he read the telegrams.
Stout Stafford stared—his senses in a mist—
"What cheek!" cried angry Cross, and clench'd his brawny fist!

In the hall, cramm'd to excess
With all "Auld Reekie's" Liberal blood,
Attir'd in his sombre dress,
With piercing eyes Mac Gladstone stood
(His tie awry, his locks of grey
Had not known comb for many a day),
And with a silvery tongue and eyes that flamed
He thus to canny Scots declaimed:—
"Behold, in each event of this strange time
A thousand signs the Tories' reign is o'er;
For thee, oh Benjamin, thou man of crime,
A deadly retribution is in store!
Hush'd is poor Harty's tongue,
That erst was loosed in scorn;
Brave Bright is half asleep, I sometimes fear;
Liberals, ye may not mourn
Roebuck, who wildly flung
Alike at friend or foe his caustic jeer.
But *ye*, tried sailors in the Liberal ship,
Dear as potatoes shortly will become—
Dear as the ruddy claret that I sip—
I cannot brook to think that *ye* are dumb!
No more regret—they'll help us yet—
In fancy now I see them both,
Inspired by my eloquence,
Shake off their censurable sloth!
Weave *we* slowly, day by day,
The winding-sheet of Torydom;
Give our foes rope enough, and they
Will hang themselves, and our turn come!
Mark the day when we, no doubt,
Shall send them to the right-about!"
He spoke, and once again resumed his chair,
Whilst hearty Scottish plaudits rent the air!

From *Snatches of Song*, by F. B. Doveton. London, Wyman & Sons. 1880.

"*The Bostonian Prophet.*" An Heroi-comico-serious-Parodical-Pindaric ODE, in imitation of *The Bard*. With Notes Critical, Satirical, and Explanatory, by the Editor. London. C. Etherington, 1779. Quarto. This was a parody relating to the American War of Independence, the first act of which occurred in Boston in November, 1773, when the populace refused to pay the obnoxious tax upon tea, and cast hundreds of chests of it into the sea. The parody describes the corruption and inefficiency of the English statesmen and commanders in language too coarse to reprint, even if the Parody were of sufficient present interest to render it desirable to do so.

There is another parody of Gray's "Bard" which cannot be inserted here, it may be found in "*The Authentic and Impartial Life of Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke,*" by W. Clarke. London. T. Kelly, 1809. This Mistress Clarke lived for some time "under the protection" of H.R.H. the Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. She obtained large sums of money by the sale of the commissions, appointments, and promotions which were at the disposal of her royal, but ever needy, lover. Finally an enquiry was held, and the Duke of York was compelled to resign the office he had disgraced. The parody above mentioned gives a history of the scandal, but it would be unintelligible unless accompanied by details of profligacy and corruption, such as are unsuited for any work but the Newgate Calendar. In addition to these parodies and imitations, *The Bard* was translated into Welsh in 1822.

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THE DESCENT OF ODIN.

The following Parody of Gray's "Descent of Odin" was written by James Hay Beattie, son of James Beattie, L.L.D., author of "The Minstrel." Young Beattie was born in 1768 and died in 1790. In 1794 Dr. Beattie printed "Essays and Fragments in Prose and Verse" by his son, but only for private circulation.

Young Beattie had a clerical friend who made a sea voyage from Aberdeen to Rotherhithe, and suffered therefrom as described in

THE DESCENT OF TIMOTHY.

TIM crawl'd on board; no phiz e'er sadder;
Stepp'd backward down the coal-black ladder;
Then twisting sidelong, like a crab, in,
Stagger'd into the after cabin.
Him spied the dog of Newfoundland,
That by a bulk-head chanced to stand;
His chaps, whence fat and froth distill'd,
With well-gnaw'd bones of bull-beef fill'd.
Straight with neck upstretch'd he howls,
Eyes that glare, and throat that growls,
And with vociferations vain
Stuns the poor preacher's dizzy brain.
Onward his tottering Reverence hitches,
The deck beneath him rolls and pitches,
Till from its shelf an empty keg
Down dancing drives against his leg.

PENSIVE on a cask of gin
He sat, and stroked his aching shin;
While near him snored in drunken state
The carcase of the slumbering mate.
Facing to a starboard beam
Tim put to flight the seaman's dream,
Discharging thrice, in accents dread,
Yells that almost might wake the dead;
Till the toss'd blankets part asunder,
And forth these sullen grumblings thunder.

Mate. What rascal with his thumps and screaming
Dares break the quiet of my dreaming?
Whose hand is this that pulls my head,
Labouring to lug me out of bed?
These ears have heard for weeks together
The long, long roar of wintry weather,
Pumps, waves, ropes rattling, tempest squalling;
But such a pinching and a bawling—
Zounds! I believe he'll twist my neck—
On deck, there, ho! ye dogs on deck,
What means this execrable yelling?
Have ye let all the fiends of Hell in?

Tim. A traveller I, to thee unknown,
An honest man's and woman's son,
By hunger, thirst, and sickness undone,
And bound to Redriff first, then London.
But whose is that mug, pray? and spread,
For whom yon comfortable bed?

Mate. The bed's our Captain's bed, d'ye see—
I wish you'd let a body be—
The mug, you mean that has the grog in?
That, master, is the captain's noggin.
He, good soul, must have his potion:
Thirst can reach the sons of ocean.
Unwilling I my lips unclose;
Leave me, leave me, to repose.

Tim. Once again my call obey,
Master mate, awake, and say,
Which way I to bed may go;
Pray have ye one for me or no?

Mate. There on the floor mattress and bolster are,
Who wish for more may ask the upholsterer.
Now my weary lips I close;
Leave me, leave me, to repose,

Tim. Master mate, my call obey,
Rouse yourself once more, and say,
If in this ship a poor starved sinner
May sup; to day I had no dinner.

Mate. Sure, when you were on deck, Sir, you heard
Our cook a-scraping pots to leeward:
A sooty seaman blusters there,
Who never comb'd his lamp-black hair,
Nor scrub'd his angry brow, nor pared
The bristles of his shaggy beard.
He by your chop or steak shall sit,
Hissing on gridiron, or on spit,
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, I beg you, to repose.

Tim. Once yet again awake, and tell us
Who are those surly ragged fellows;
Why each about so madly hops,
Howling, and tugging tarry ropes;
Why at the slacken'd cords they swear,
And fluttering sails that flap in air:
Tell me whence this hubbub rose,
Then I leave thee to repose.

Mate. Ha! no traveller art thou;
Fresh-water fiend, I smoke thee now
As ignorant a rogue as ever—

Tim. No mate genteel, polite, and clever,
Art thou; nor ever wert a sailor;
But, as I rather guess, a tailor.

Mate. Hie thee hence, and thank my mercy,
Or rather drowsiness, that spares ye.
Hence! or I'll drive you; for no fellow
Shall break my sleep with his vile bellow,
Till this cold pitchy cloud of night
Melt in the warmth of morning light;
That is, till four o'clock, or three, Sir,
What, won't you go!———Here, Cæsar, Cæsar.

Desunt caetera.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN. [*]

By the Muse of the Museum.

(Slightly altered from Gray.)

Owen's praise demands my song.
Owen wise and Owen strong.
But in spite of Owen stout,
All the beasts must toddle out.
Out with weazles, ferrets, skunks,
Elephants, come pack your trunks;
You no longer dwell with us,
Yawning hippopotamus.

Dusty, straddling, split giraffe,
You have stayed too long by half,
Go and take some nice fresh air
With that grim-eyed Polar bear.
"Fish, fish, fish," your Duty calls
Somewhere else than in these walls,
Flounders, you must go, that's flat,
With the salmon and the sprat.

Cloud of birds, ascend and fly,
Migrate to some kinder sky·
Perky, shiny, glittering things,
Leave the wing that holds your wings.
Fossil Man, you too must pack,
Take your slab, Sir, on your back,
Or if you'd prefer a ride,
Mount the Mammoth by your side.

Eggs, be blowed, if you'd not break,
You your eggsit now must make;
Yes, your yolk must turn to legs,
Yes, as sure as eggs is eggs.
All those myriad butterflies,
Pins and all, must please to rise,
We can use in other ways
Miles of camphor-scented trays.

Diamonds black, and diamonds bright,
Henceforth charm suburban sight,
Follow beasts and birds and bones,
All you tons of labelled stones.
From that yellowish liquor take,
Every coil, you spotted snake,
"Bonny beetles in a row,"
Stir your stumps, for you must go.

Mother Nature, beat retreat,
Out, M'm, from Great Russell Street!
Here, in future, folks shall scan
Nothing but the works of Man.

---

[*] Professor Richard Owen, formerly superintendent of the natural history department of the British Museum, whence it was decided to remove the natural history specimens to South Kensington.

Yet look glad, for Owen stands
Moulding Gladstone to his hands;
Soon you'll have a Palace new,
Worthy Owen, us, and you.

Shirley Brooks. 1861.

Gray's Pindaric Odes were not very favorably received, their chief fault being obscurity. Gray was pressed by his friends to append explanatory notes, which, for a long time, he declined to do, writing "I would not have put another note to save the souls of all the owls in London. It is extremely well as it is—nobody understands me, and I am perfectly satisfied." In 1760 there appeared two burlesque odes by G. Colman and R. Lloyd, one inscribed to "Obscurity"—That, said Gray, is me—the other to "Oblivion," which was directed against Mason. In these parodies the friends Gray and Mason, are treated with contempt both as men and poets. Gray wrote to his fellow victim, "Lest people should not understand the humour, letters come out in *Lloyd's Evening Post* to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great combustion in the literary world. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it, well and good, for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible." He also informed Dr. Wharton that a bookseller to whom he was unknown, had recommended him to purchase the satire upon himself as "a very pretty thing." Gray was too proud to show that he was hurt by these satires, but he was too sensitive not to be annoyed at the ridicule, and except a single piece which was written upon compulsion (the Ode for the Installation of the Duke of Grafton), he attempted no more serious verse. These "Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion" are not now of sufficient interest to be reprinted in full:—

Daughter of Chaos and old Night,
Cimmerian Muse! all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!

What poet sings, and strikes the strings?
It was the mighty Theban spoke.
He, from the ever-living lyre,
With magic hand elicits fire.

Heard ye the din of modern Rhymer s bray?
It was cool Mason, or warm Gray
Involv'd in tenfold smoke
The shallow fop, in antic vest,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be singularly drest,
Changes, with ev'ry changing moon the mode.

Say, shall not then the heaven-born Muses too
Variety pursue!

* * * * *

Gray's *Ode for Music*, performed in the Senate House at Cambridge, July 1, 1769, at the installation of the Duke of Grafton, Chancellor of the University, commenced as follows:—

Air.

Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground,
Comus and his midnight crew,
And ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue!
Mad Sedition's cry prophane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bow'rs
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent train in flow'rs.

Chorus.

Nor Envy pale, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-ey'd Science walks around;
Hence! avaunt! 'tis holy ground.

* * * * *

Two long parodies of this ode may be found in Volume IV. of *The New Foundling Hospital for Wit*, London, 1786, both treat of the political questions of the day, and refer to persons long since forgotten, so that it is unnecessary to quote more than a verse or two from each:—

Travestie.

Air.

Hence! avaunt! 'tis venal ground,
Wilkes, and all his free-born crew;
Within our pale no room is found,
Ye modern Algernons, for you.
Mute be the bold Alcaic strain
Of liberty, that spurns a chain,
Nor in these pliant courtly bow'rs
Let harsh Phillippic weeds choke adulation's flowers.

Chorus.

Virtue hence! with brow severe!
Public spirit come not near,
While servile int'rest walks around;
Hence! avaunt! 'tis venal ground!

Another Travestie.

Air.

Hence avaunt, 'tis sacred ground;
Let pallid freedom ever fly,
Let innocence in chains be bound,
Nor e'er come truth or virtue nigh!
Opposition's cry prophane,
Liberty that scorns the chain,
Nor in these consecrated fields,
Let injur'd justice weep, that she to tyrants yields.

Chorus.

Nor dare bright truth, the patriot's friend,
The minister's high walk offend,
While stern-ey'd Fitzroy stalks around;
Hence! avaunt! 'tis sacred ground.

Recitative.

From yonder realms of ministerial sway
Bursts on my ear th' applauding lay:
There sit the pension'd sage, the peer prophane,
The few whom interest gives to reign
O'er every unborn place or yet unclaim'd domain,
Deep in the nation's business they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high,
They send of triumph and of joy,
To bless the place, where first, on freedom's soul,
He bade the Scottish thunder roll.
'Twas N—t—n rais'd that deep-ton'd voice,
And as discordant murm'rings round him rose,
The Speaker's self bends from his chair on high,
And shakes his awful wig, and joins the courtly cry.

Air.

Ye high o'er-hanging walls
That sure no monarch loves,
Where fain would freedom linger with delight,
Oft at the break of day
He's sought your wearied way,
Oft by the glare of flambeaux glitt'ring light,
In chariot close, fresh from the haunts of folly,
With Nancy by his side, sworn foe to melancholy.

Recitative.

But hark ! the door's unbarr'd, and marching forth,
With gouty steps and slow
Gen'rals and shrives, and peers of royal birth,
And mitred bishops home to dinner go ;
North, with th' exchequer laurels on his brow,
From haughty Greville torn,
And sad Fitzpatrick on his bridal morn,
That weeps his fault too late ; and proud Dundas ;
And watchful Dy—n ; and the paler Burke,
The rival of his fortune, and his place ;
And either Onslow there.

Quartette.

What are pensions without power ?
Heavy toil, insipid pain.
Who but would wish like thee to gain
The guidance of the public weal ?
Sweet is Dundas's golden show'r,
Cli—e's visionary treasure sweet,
Sweet Holland's rise but sweeter yet,
The still small place of privy seal.

"*A Long Story,*" which Gray himself considered unworthy a place amongst his Poems, does not appear to have attracted enough attention to be parodied, but a *sequel* to it was written by John Penn, and inserted in Hakewill's *History of Windsor*, and a further sequel to that by the Poet Laureate, Henry James Pye.

"*Poems by Mr. Gray.*" Dublin. Printed by William Sleater, at No. 51 in *Castle Street*, 1775. This volume, published only four years after the death of Gray, contains poems which show that his reputation had already made its way to the Continent. It contains several Latin translations of the Elegy ; a Latin address "*Ad Poetam,*" and an Italian version of the Elegy written by Signor Abbate Crocchi of Sienna. It also gives Mason's continuation of Gray's fragmentary *Ode on the Pleasure arising from Vicissitude* ; the Ode to Ranelegh, a Parody ; An Evening Contemplation in a College, a Parody ; and Lloyd and Colman's Burlesque Ode, all of which parodies have already been quoted.

"*Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue,*" in the manner of Mr. Gray. By Thomas James Mathias. Quarto. London, 1781. Price one shilling and sixpence. This imitation of Gray by the learned author of the once famous *Pursuits of Literature*, has nothing of a burlesque character, indeed it opens with a complimentary address to Gray :—

"PARDON me, Mighty Poet, that I turn
My daring steps to thy supreme abode,
And tread with awe the solitary road,
To deck with fancied wreaths thy hallow'd urn."

WILLIAM COWPER,

Born, November 15, 1731. *Died, April* 25, 1800.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

The story of John Gilpin's ride was related to Cowper by his friend, Lady Austen, who had heard it as a child. It caused the poet a sleepless night, we are told, as he was kept awake by laughter at it. During these restless hours he turned it into the famous ballad. It appeared in the "Public Advertiser," November 14th, 1782, anonymously.

A celebrated actor named Henderson took it for one of his public recitations at Freemasons' Hall. It became immediately so popular that it was printed everywhere—in newspapers, magazines, and separately. It was even sung as a common ballad in the streets. It has fully preserved its popularity to the present date.

The original John Gilpin was, it is said, a Mr. Beyer, a linendraper, who lived at the Cheapside corner of Paternoster Row. He died in 1791, at the age of nearly a hundred years.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad!
The stones did rattle underneath
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,—
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming, came downstairs—
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red coat, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and Softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed.
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around:
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
"'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced ;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about,
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house !"
They all at once did cry ;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin, "So am I !"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ;
For why ?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong ;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :—

"What news ? what news ? your tidings tell ?
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all ?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke ;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke :—

"I came because your horse would come ;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig ;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit :
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Ah ! luckless speech, and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear ;
For while he spoke a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear ;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why ?—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels,
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :—

"Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !"
Not one of them was mute ;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space ;
The tollmen thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing long live the King,
And Gilpin, long live he ;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see !

W. Cowper.

Mrs. Gilpin Riding to Edmonton.

Then Mrs. Gilpin sweetly said
Unto her children three,
" I'll clamber o'er this style so high
And you climb after me."

But having climbed unto the top,
She could no further go,
But sate, to every passer by
A spectacle of woe,

Who said, "Your spouse and you this day
Both show your horsemanship,
And if you stay till he comes back,
Your horse will need no whip."

The above verses in the handwriting of Cowper were found among Mrs. Unwin's papers, with a drawing, supposed to be by Romney, of Mrs. Gilpin sitting on the top of a gate. The idea seems to be that Mrs. Gilpin having tired waiting for her husband, wandered into the fields, and in an attempt to get over one of those awkward styles for which Enfield was then famous, got upon the top, but could not get down again. The drawing is very ludicrous.

From Hone's Table Book, Vol. II., pp. 79-80.

The Diverting History of Moore's Life of Byron.

Shewing how the Poet burnt the original, and afterwards published the copy.

Lord Byron was a nobleman,
Of wonderful renown,
A splendid poet eke was he,
Of famous London Town.

Lord Byron said to Tommy Moore,
Tho' living I have been
At Newstead, ten long years, yet I
No happiness have seen.

To-morrow I shall sail for Greece
And you may then repair
To London (or to Jericho,
[Aside] for what I care.)

I'll leave my life unto your child,
Whenever I may die ;
And mind John Murray pays him well
For my Biography.

Tom Moore replied, I do admire
Of Poet-kind but one—
And you are he, my dearest Lord,
Therefore, it shall be done.

I really am not worth a damn,
As all the world doth know,
But if Lord Byron says I am,
Why, then, it must be so.

Quoth young Childe Harold that's well said,
But for, that I'm a man !
Be sure you do not murder me
As you did Sheridan.

Tom Little shook him by the hand,
O'erjoyed was he to find,
That when he went, he meant to leave
His manuscript behind.

The morning came—the Poet went,
And when his life was o'er,
The tale of all his wicked loves
Was left with Tommy Moore.

So, on his table it was laid,
And he turned o'er the leaves ;
Two precious volumes all agog,
And thick as any thieves.

Smack went the pen into the ink,
Was never Tom so glad ?
His chin did chuckle up and down,
As if his jaws were mad.

From *The National Omnibus*. April 1, 1831.

Thomas Moore's biography of Lord Byron was severely criticised, both for what it contained and for what it omitted. That Moore, the cherished friend of the great poet, should display all the faults and frailties of Lord Byron was ungenerous and ungrateful, but his ill-judged suppression of certain important matters of fact was far more inexcusable and damaging to Byron's reputation.

A Ballad made for the delectation of all True Sportsmen.

Prince Albert is a sportsman bold,
And eager for the chase,
Out with the hounds, like Gilpin oft
He seems to ride a race.

And oft in Windsor's courtly Park
He loves to ply the gun,
Where hares so well bred are, that they
Up to his muzzle run.

Now when her gracious Majesty
To Stowe a visit paid,
(The newspapers contained a list
Of all the cavalcade.)

Scarce had the royal pair arrived
At Buckingham's proud seat,
The Prince began in sportsman's style,
The noble Duke to greet

" What shooting have you here, proud Duke ?"
" Shooting, great Prince," he cried,
" Not vainly in my choice preserves
I feel a housewife's pride."

* * * * *

A sporting suit his Highness donn'd,
On murderous thought intent
He sallies forth, his every look
Betrays the sporting gent.

Not far behind, the portly form
Of Robert Peel was seen,
His mind, less sporting than his coat,
Is far away I ween.

Five times ten keepers armed with sticks
Entered in close array,
And beat the cover, where the hares
Like lords in waiting lay.

Once and again Prince Albert shot,
Once and again shot he;
The hare, that erst on four legs ran,
Now limped away on three.

Each keeper raised his stick and struck
The hare upon the head;
The Prince he shot, the keepers knocked,
Until each hare was dead.

Dulce et decorum est, say some,
Pro patria mori,
And 'tis a fine thing for a hare,
By princely hand to die.

'Twas this perhaps the game inspired
To court their Prince's aim,
They died to give Prince Albert sport,
And therefore they died game.

How many fell *The Court Gazette*
Better than I may say,
Hares that escaped will live to tell
Their children of that day.

Long live the Game Laws, though with ills
Some people say they're fraught,
Long live the laws by which our Prince
Enjoyed such glorious sport.

Punch. 1845.

The Political John Gilpin.

George Bentinck was a sporting man
Of credit and renown,
A stud in training eke had he,
For Epsom's famous down.

George Bentinck to himself, said he,
Though M.P. I have been
For many years, yet in debate
My name is seldom seen.

John Russell to the Commons goes,
As rumour doth declare,
A bill for Ireland to propose,
And I will meet him there.

There's Borthwick, simple as a child,
Myself and Disrael(ee);
We'll start the game, and other fools
Are sure to follow we.

I am a rider free and bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the Railway King
Lends me a dodge or so.

The evening came, the dodge was plann'd,
An Irish railway grant,
And sixteen million little pounds
Was all, they said, they'd want.

So Bentinck, Hudson, Borthwick, Ben,
The measure did bring in;
Four precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Away they rush'd, on went their tongues,
No rest their hearers had;
The speeches seem'd to be composed
Of eloquence run mad.

George Bentinck his steam hobby rode
With all his might and main;
And up he kept himself awhile,
But soon came down again.

Away went Bentinck, neck or nought,
'Gainst every timid Whig;
They little dreamt when he set out
He would run such a rig.

Some Irish members cheer'd him on;
Protectionists and all
Cried out "Go at it, George; well done!"
As loud as they could bawl.

Away went Bentinck, who but he
Could run such pace around?
He carries weight, he rides a race
For sixteen million pound.

And every one that saw him run
Believed it was for place;
Against John Russell they declared
George Bentinck rode a race.

And so he did, and lost it too,
For every one in town
Where he had been on getting up,
Found him on sitting down.

Let's sing I wean, long live the Queen,
And Bentinck long live he;
When next he his steam hobby rides
May we be there to see.

The New John Gilpin.

Showing how Robert Peel went further than he intended, and came safe home again.

Sir Robert was a Minister
Of credit and renown;
And eke, by virtue of his place,
Adviser to the Crown.

Now Richard Cobden said to him,
"Protected Corn has been
Thro' thrice ten tedious years, since eight-
Teen hundred and fifteen.

"Yet landlords and eke tenants say
Of profits they despair;
Despite Protection, growing corn
Is a losing affair.

"There's Mr. Bright, and there's myself,
And Mr. Fox—make three;
We've raised a League, and you must ride
(As Ben says) after we."

Said Peel, "Your doctrines I admire,
But I am only one;
Still, if the Duke will stick to me,
I'll try what can be done.

"I am a Premier stout and bold,
As all my party know;
And my good friends in Manchester
Will lend their horse to go."

Now see him in his new Tariff,
On Free Trade—noble steed!
Full slowly taking duties off,
With caution and good heed.

Then came the blight, and fears arose
We'd not have food to eat,
Free Trade, from walking, 'gan to trot,
Which shook Peel in his seat.

"Fairly and softly," Peel he cried,
But Peel he cried in vain;
The trot became a gallop soon,
And Free Trade flew amain.

Then giving up, as needs he must
Who cannot help his plight
Peel seized Free Trade, and like a shot
Flew past Protection quite.

Free Trade, who by a Tory lord
Had ne'er been cross'd before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Robert—neck or nought
Past Radical and Whig;
He little thought when he began
His bill would be so big.

The *Post* did bark, the *Herald* scream'd,
Out spoke the farmers all,
And every Duke cried out "For shame!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Robert! Who but he?
Free Trade still gaining ground,
He carries weight—he'll win his race,
His horse's wind is sound.

Still, as Division-day drew near
'Twas wonderful to view
How overboard the men in place
Their old convictions threw.

Thro' manufactures of all kinds
His gambols he did play,
And came to Corn Laws at the last,
Which stood dead in the way.

The sliding-scale he knock'd about
Unto his friend's dismay,
And fix'd how that at three years' end
The tax should die away.

Free Trade, not satisfied at all
To wait for three years more,
Straight gallopped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Robert, with the League
Still thundering at his heel,
Insisting loud in total and
Immediate repeal.

The county members in the House,
Thus seeing Robert fly,
With Lord John Russell in his rear,
Set up a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! Stop thief! a highway man:"
Not one of them was mute,
And Ben D'Israeli and Colquhoun
Did join in the pursuit.

In the "Protection" heavy coach,
The Upper House gave chase;
But Free Trade's bottom, bone, and wind,
Made it a hopeless race.

The race is run, the race is won
With credit and renown;
Nor did Free Trade draw breath until
The Corn Laws he ran down.

Now let us sing "Long live the League,
And Cobden, long live he,
And when Peel next doth ride Free Trade,
May *Punch* his Laureat be."

Punch. February 14, 1846.

THE MODERN PEEPING TOM.

LORD TRALLALA a noble was,
Of credit and renown,
A brave old Volunteer was he
Of famous London town.

A well known connoisseur was he
Of things antique and fine—a
His taste was good in rare old wine,
Old women, and old china.

A noted champion was he,
Of damsels in distress;
But as Companion of the Bath
He got into a mess.

A witch there was in Bond Street dwelt,
Whom RACHEL men did call;
She took in women young and old,
And beautified them all.

With powders and with cosmetique,
And eastern bloom of Ninon;
And added to their tresses bright
The decorative chignon.

The bath the next essential was,
To clarify their skins—
Let's hope it cleansed their conscience too,
And washed away their sins.

For if not so, why one would think
Such folks as these could never,
By any other process be
Made "*beautiful for ever.*"

Behind the bath a snuggery lay,
Though doors were hung *a plomb;*
And TRALLALA went in to play
The part of peeping TOM.

And now it is conjectured by
  Each erudite surmiser,
He went, he saw, he came away
  Considerably wiser.

From *The Hornet.* Sept. 9, 1868.

Tom Jones, Viscount Ranelagh, Colonel of the South Middlesex Volunteer Rifles, was called as a witness in an action brought by Mrs. Borrowdale against Madame Rachel of Bond Street, who professed to make ladies "*Beautiful for ever.*" Rachel was convicted for obtaining money under false pretences, and died in Brixton Gaol.

THE RAILWAY GILPIN.

JOHN GILPIN is a citizen;
  For lineage of renown,
The famed JOHN GILPIN's grandson, he
  Abides in London town.

To our JOHN GILPIN said his dear,
  "Stewed up here as we've been
Since Whitsuntide, 'tis time that we
  Should have a change of scene.

"To-morrow is a leisure day,
  And we'll by rail repair
Unto the Nell at Dedmanton,
  And take a breath of air.

"My sister takes our eldest child;
  The youngest of our three
Will go in arms, and so the ride
  Won't so expensive be."

JOHN soon replied, "I don't admire
  That railway, I, for one;
But you know best, my dearest dear,
  And so it must be done.

"I, as a linen draper bold,
  Will bear myself, and though
'Tis Friday by the calendar
  Will risk my limbs, and go."

Quoth MISTRESS GILPIN, "nicely said
  And then, besides, look here,
We'll go by the Excursion Train,
  Which makes it still less dear,"

JOHN GILPIN poked his clever wife,
  And slightly smiled to find
That though on peril she was bent,
  She had a careful mind.

The morning came; a cab was sought:
  The proper time allow'd
To reach the station door; but lo!
  Before it stood a crowd.

For half an hour they there were stay'd,
  And when they did get in—
"No train! a hoax!" cried clerks agog
  To swear through thick and thin.

"Yaa!" went the throats; stamp went the heels;
  Were never folks so mad,
The disappointment dire beneath:
All cried "it was too bad."

JOHN GILPIN home would fain have hied,
  But he must needs remain,
Commanded by his wilful bride,
  And take the usual train.

'Twas long before our passengers
  Another train could find,
When—stop! one ticket for the fares
  Was lost or left behind!

"Good lack," quoth JOHN, "yet try it on."
  "'Twon't do," the guard replies,
And bearing wife and babes on board,
  The train without him flies.

Now see him in a second train,
  Behind the iron steed,
Borne on, slap-dash for life or bones
  With small concern or heed.

Away went GILPIN neck or naught,
  Exclaiming, "Dash my wig!
Oh, here's a game, oh, here's a go!
  A running such a rig!"

A signal, hark!—the whistle screamed,
  Smash! went the windows all:
"An accident!" cried out each one,
  As loud as he could bawl,

Away went GILPIN, never mind,
  His brain seemed spinning round;
Thought he, "This speed a killing pace
  Will prove, I'll bet a pound!"

And still, as stations they drew near,
  The whistle shrilly blew,
And in a trice, past signal-men
  The train like lightning flew.

Thus, all through merry Killbury,
  Without a stop shot they;
But paused to 'scape a second smash,
  At Dedmanton so gay.

At Dedmanton his loving wife,
  On platform waiting, spied
Her tender husband, striving much
  To let himself outside,

Hallo! JOHN GILPIN, here we are—
  Come out!" they all did cry;
To death with waiting we are tired!"
  "Guard!" shouted GILPIN, "Hi!"

But no—the train was not a bit
  Arranged to tarry there,
For why? because 'twas an Express,
  And did dispatches bear.

So, in a second, off it flew
  Again and dashed along,
As if the deuce 'twere going to,
  With motive impulse strong.

Away went GILPIN, on the breath
  Of puffing steam, until
They came unto their journey's end,
  Where they at last stood still.

And then—best thing that he could do—
  He book'd himself for Town;
They stopped at every station up,
  Till he again got down

Says Gilpin, "Sing. long live the Queen,
  And eke long life to me ;
And ere I'll trust that line again ;
  Myself I blest will see ! "

ANONYMOUS.

From *Partran's Collection of Humorous Poetry.* Boston, 1881.

THE TRUE AND DIVERTING HISTORY OF TOM TUCKER.

John Tucker was a broker bold,
  Of very great renown :
A dab at putting bedsteads *up*,
  And pulling bedsteads *down.*

A broker too in politics,
  Had words at his command,
But, like his goods, his speeches are
  Retail'd at *second-hand.*

(There are 16 verses in all of this, not very amusing, parody.)

From "*The Argus*, or Record of Politics, etc." Southampton, 1831.

A long parody also appeared in *Edgbastonia*, June 1885. of which only a few verses need be quoted :—

A SECOND HOLIDAY FOR JOHN GILPIN ;

Or, a voyage to Vauxhall, where tho' he had better luck than before, he was far from being contented.

John Gilpin was a citizen
  Of credit and renown,
A common councilman was he,
  Of famous London Town.

Most folks had heard of Gilpin's fame,
  And of the race he won,
When he on horseback did set out
  All unto Edmonton

And never since that luckless time
  Which gave him such dismay,
For ten whole years, had he and spouse,
  Enjoyed a holiday.

The main chance minding still at home,
  On bus'ness quite intent ;
He made amends, there is no doubt,
  For what that day was spent.

Their daughters, rising in their teens,
  Were innocent and gay,
And as young girls, they often begg'd
  To have a holiday.

Good Mistress Gilpin had a heart
  Her pretty girls to please ;
But how to win John Gilpin to't
  Was not a task of ease.

"Howe'er," said she, "leave that to me,
  It never will cause strife ;
And he will. sure. comply once more,
  To please his loving wife."

She mark'd the time, in cheerful mood
  John Gilpin for to see ;
Then unto him thus did she speak,
  One evening o'er their tea.

"My dear you must a favour grant,
  Your tenderness to prove."
Said Gilpin, "What is your desire ?
  I can't deny my love."

"Why, there's my sweetest life," said she,
  And strok'd his smirking face ;
At which he kissed his dearest dear,
  And smiled with kindly grace.

"You know," said she, "since that sad day,
  Which we could not foresee,
That we have never thought upon
  Another holiday.

"Ten circling years have made their round,
  And time comes stealing on ;
Next Tuesday is our wedding day,
  Then pray let us have one."

John Gilpin hum'd and ha'd awhile,
  Then cried, "It shall be so,
Yet hope, you do not mean, my dear,
  To Edmonton to go.

"That cursed jaunt I can't forget
  Which brought me such disgrace."
"No, no, my dear," she quick reply'd,
  "I mean a nearer place.

"Amusements round the town are fonnd,
  Delighting unto all ;
Therefore with me, if you'll agree,
  We'll go to sweet Vaux-hall.

"A sculler, sure, will take us all,
  The purchase can't be great ;
And then along the silver Thames,
  How we shall ride in state."

"Thy will be done," John Gilpin cry'd,
  "I like thy thought in this ;
The evening is not all the day,
  Much business we can't miss."

Then Mistress Gilpin said to John,
  "That we may all be gay
Your very suit you shall have on,
  Made for your wedding day.

"Your lac'd cravat, and beaver hat,
  Your cane, with head of gold,
With roll'd up hose, and then you'll be
  Most charming to behold."

At length the happy time arrived,
  John Gilpin. neatly dressed,
Look'd like a citizen, indeed,
  Array'd in all his best.

*   *   *   *   *

Davy Jones, a Gilpinic Tale, by Barnard de Burgh. 1823. This little work has some amusing illustrations, but a very misleading title, for it is not a parody of "John Gilpin."

"John Gilpin" translated into Latin, was published some years ago by Mr. J. Vincent of Oxford. The pamphlet was entitled "Johannis Gilpiniiter, Latine Redditum," and may probably still be obtained in Oxford.

Two other parodies of *John Gilpin* may be mentioned, one which appeared in "*The Yorkshireman*" for August 1876, entitled *The Connaught Rangers,* and commencing:

Bold Sutcliffe was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A Bowling dyer eke was he
And Mayor of Bradford town.

The other appeared in "*The Idel News*" in August 1878, and commenced thus:—

Paddy and the Mormon.

An Episode of Idel Green, Yorks.

Childe Evins was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A Mormon Elder too was he
Of famous Utah town.

His latest wife said in his ear—
"Though wedded we have been
These twelve long tedious months yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then prepare
To take a voyage o'er the sea,
To greet the old folks there.

Sall, Ruth, and Ann, and Tabitha,
Thy other wives, shall stay
To nurse their bairns, and keep the home
The time we are away.

* * * * *

The latter parody was written by Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, unfortunately both poems are very long, and of only local interest.

THE ROSE.

The Rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet
And it seemed, to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it—it fell to the ground!

And such, I exclaimed, is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind;
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile.

William Cowper.

Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson, author of *London Lyrics,* has in his possession the first draft of William Cowper s poem of *The Rose,* in the poet's autograph. It is interesting, as it shows how much he altered and improved his poems:—

"The Rose that I sing had been bathed in a show'r,
Profusely and hastily shed,
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its elegant head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,
And it seem'd to a fanciful view
To weep for the home it had left with regret
In the flowery bush where it grew.

Unfit as it was for the use of the Fair,
With foliage so dripping and drown'd,
I shook it and swung it with too little care—
I snapp'd it, it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd is the pitiless part,
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resign'd.

This Rose might have held, had I shaken it less,
Its unblemish'd beauty awhile,
And the tear that is wiped by a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile."

My Uniform.

By a Damp but Determined Volunteer.

The corps had been washed, newly-washed in a shower,
Which, as usual, had spoiled our parade,
The plentiful moisture, poured down for an hour,
With our uniforms havoc had played.

My belts were all sodden, my shako so wet,
That it seemed to a fanciful view,
As if mere *papier-maché* 'twould prove, and forget
For what it had duty to do.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was—
Poor shako—a shaking to stand!
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
The peak came off, limp, in my hand!

"And such," I exclaimed, "was the Dons* foolish act
With his helmet so neatly combined,
He exposed it to thwacks, which the joints rudely cracked,
Not for use but appearance designed.

"This elegant cap, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed, 'neath its *pompon* awhile;
And accoutrements wiped with a little address
May adorn next Review's rank and file!"

Punch. July 28, 1860. (The wet summer.)

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* Don Quixote.

APRIL :

Or, the New Hat.

MY Boots had been wash'd—well wash'd—in a show'r;
  But little I griev'd about that:
What I felt was the havoc a single half hour,
  Had made with my costly new Hat.

For the Boot, tho' its lustre be dimm'd, shall assume
  Fresh sprightliness after a while:
But what art may restore its original bloom,
  When once it hath flown, to the Tile?

I clomb to my perch, and the horses (a bay
  And a brown) trotted off with a clatter:
The Driver look'd round in his affable way
  And said huskily, "Who is your hatter?"

I was pleas'd that he'd notic'd its shape and its shine,
  And as soon as we reached the *Old Druid*,
I begg'd that he'd drink to my new Four-and-nine
  In a glass of his favourite fluid,

A gratified smile sat, I own, on my lips
  When the landlady called to the master
(He was standing hard by with his hands on his hips),
  To "look at the gentleman's Castor!"

I laugh'd, as an organ-man paus'd in mid-air
  ('Twas an air that I happen'd to know,
By a great foreign Maestro) expressly to stare
  At *ze gent wiz ze joli chapeau.*

Yet how swift is the transit from laughter to tears!
  Our glories, how fleeting are they!
That Hat might (with care) have adorn'd me for years;
  But 'twas ruin'd, alack, in a day!

How I loved thee, my Bright One! I wrench in remorse,
  My hands from my coat-tail and wring 'em:
"Why did not I, why, as a matter of course,
  When I purchas'd thee, purchase a Gingham!"

CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

(This poem is a double acrostic.)

THE RINK HAD BEEN WASHED.

THE rink had been washed, just washed in a shower,
  Where Mary and Charley did skate,
While plentiful moisture enveloped the bower,
  Where to rest or to flirt they would wait.

The eaves were all dripping—my spirits did sink,
  For it seemed to a sensible view,
That it was not at all a good day for a rink,
  Save perhaps for a venturesome few.

But they would go and skate, unfit though it was,
  And cut figures so neat and so round,
When in turning round sharply, too sharply, alas!
  They slipped and then—fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaimed, is the result of a whim,
  That might, could, and should have been saved,
Regardless of falling and breaking a limb,
  They brave what should ne'er have been braved.

Had the rain kept away, or their speed had been less,
  They ne'er would have tumbled at all,
But the figure that's cut without skill or address,
  May be followed perhaps by a fall.

A. W. MACKENZIE
(Author of *Idyls of the Rink.*)

From *Mirth*, edited by H. J. Byron. May 1878.

THE ROSE AND THE BUCKETS.

ONE day, old George Rose, in a fit of finance
  Saw, or thought that he saw, in two buckets,
The two gasping nations of England and France,
  Not worth by their warfare three ducats.

* * * * *

This is the first of five verses of an old political parody, which originally appeared in *The Morning Chronicle*, but was afterwards republished in *The Spirit of the Public Journals* for 1812. (Volume XVI.)

MARY ANDERSON.*

(A parody of Cowper's lines "To Mary.")

SHE came; she trod our English land:
A masterpiece from Phidias' hand—
Antique and classical and grand
          Looked Mary.

And mashers flew the maid to greet,
Leaving the playhouse o'er the street,
And Nelly of the twinkling feet,
          For Mary.

In vain for one sweet smile they sued,
She thought their conduct very rude;
You see that something of a prude
          Is Mary.

Though titled splendour bade her come
And share the festive "kettledrum,"
Nothing could tempt the maid to roam—
Unless a Bishop was "at home"
          To Mary.

Said Britain's Heir, "She'll not refuse
If I should seek to introduce
Myself to this dramatic Muse—
          Miss Mary."

But little noble Albert recked
The haughty damsel's self-respect.
"I keep my circle most select,"
          Says Mary.

So with a calm impassive eye
She gave his Highness the "go by."
"Who wants to know you, Sir? Not I!"
          Said Mary.

Across the Atlantic wave to-day
Columbia's children proudly say,
"Guess naow who snubbed a Coming K.?
          Why, Mary."

Judy. October 24, 1883.

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* An over-rated American actress who performs in the Lyceum Theatre, London, during the absence of the regular company. She has a harsh unsympathetic voice, and is seen at her best as a statue, for which *role* nature appears to have intended her.

THE NEGRO'S COMPLAINT.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
  Afric's coast I left forlorn ;
To increase a stranger's treasures,
  O'er the raging billows borne.
Men from England bought and sold me,
  Paid my price in paltry gold ;
But, though slave they have enrolled me,
  Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,
  What are England's rights, I ask,
Me from my delights to sever,
  Me to torture, me to task ?
Fleecy locks and black complexion
  Cannot forfeit nature's claim ;
Hues may differ, but affection
  Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature
  Make the plant for which we toil ?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
  Sweat of ours must dress the soil.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
  Lolling at your jovial boards,
Think how many backs have smarted
  For the sweets your cane affords.

* * * * *

Deem our nation brutes no longer,
  Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard and stronger
  Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
  Furnish all your boasted powers ;
Prove that you have human feelings
  Ere you proudly question ours !

William Cowper.

Two parodies of this poem appeared in *Figaro in London* more than fifty years ago, they are consequently rather out of date, and it is unnecessary to give them in full.

The first referred to Henry Phillpotts, the stern, mercenary, and bigoted Bishop of Exeter, the bitter opponent of Roman Catholic emancipation, and the apologist for the Peterloo massacre. The second is supposed to be a complaint made by Lord Grey on his rejection from the office of premier by his late colleagues.

No. 1. Bishop Phillpotts' Complaint.

Forced from dissipation's pleasures,
  Oxford's walls I left forlorn,
To increase my worldly treasures,
  Up to town a stranger borne.
Men in office bought and sold me,
  Paid my price in shining gold,
But though theirs they then enrolled me,
  Sentiments may twice be sold.

Still in thought as Whig as ever,
  What are Brougham's rights I ask,
Me with irony so clever
  Cruelly to take to task ?
Whigs may proudly all connection
  With the Tories now disclaim,
But for place a fond affection
  Dwells, we know, in both the same.

Why did Whigs the all engrossing,
  Take the place for which we toil,
Tories now must keep them close in,
  Lest our future hopes we spoil.
Think, ye ministers so grasping,
  Lolling on the Treasury boards,
Think, what lots of us are gasping,
  For the sweets your place affords.

Is it, as ye sometimes tell us,
  That our gracious sovereign, Bill,
Gives you power to compel us
  To Reform against our will.
Ask him if your Irish scourges,
  Taxes—acts that press like screws,
Are the measures that he urges
  Lib'ral ministers to use.

Hark ! he answers, fierce coercion
  Washing Ireland's shores with blood,
Wasting towns, with a subversion
  Of the rights to which it stood.
He foreseeing what oppression
  Erin's sons must undergo,
Kept the Whigs another session,
  That they might lay freedom low.

(*Two verses omitted.*)

Figaro in London. March 9, 1833.

No. 2. Lord Grey's Complaint.

Forced from place and all its pleasures,
  Treasury bench I left forlorn,
To advance old Brougham's measures,
  In his cunning *caput* born.
All my former colleagues sold me,
  Ousted me by tricks that told ;
But though *out* at last they've bowl'd me,
  Whigs are always to be sold.

Still in principle as ever,
  I can shortly change my mind ;
Join the Tories, 'twould be clever,
  Leaving former friends behind.
Whig professions, Tory practice,
  Both may sometimes kindred claim ;
Names may differ, but the fact is
  Whig and Tory are the same.

Why did all creating nature
  Make us wish for place to toil,
Lies must earn it—which we ought to
  Shun, lest we our souls should soil.
Think ye Ministers while boasting,
  Lolling at your treasury boards ;
How our souls must get a roasting,
  For the sweets that place affords ?

* * * *

Figaro in London. August 2, 1834.

Jumbo's Jeremiad.

Forced from fogs and all their pleasures,
  England's shore I leave forlorn,
To increase base Barnum's treasures
  O'er the foaming billows borne.

Yankee scamps have bought and sold me,
Paid my price—two thousand pounds;
And because their bonds enfold me
London with my roar resounds.

Still in thought as free as ever,
What is Barnum's right, I ask,
Me from Regent's Park to sever,
Me to torture, me to task?
In the Zoo I'm never beaten,
Children hail me with three cheers;
Buns unnumbered have I eaten
To amuse the little dears.

Like tall ladders wearing trousers
Are the Guardsmen who have sat
On my back, the red carousers,
While they talked in loving chat
With the nursemaid, prim and pretty,
Who those soldiers so adore,—
Chat was theirs, both fond and witty,
Shall I never hear it more?

Now, to fill the bitter chalice
Of my grief, my foes discreet
Fain would make my lovely Alice
Lure me from my dear retreat.
Alice, Alice, don't succumb, O!
Either to their smiles or sneers,
Listen to your husband, Jumbo,
Oh, have pity on his tears!

Alice, Darling, we'll be jolly,
We won't wander from the Zoo,
I'll not go upon their trolly,
Smash my trunk, pet, if I do!

Judy, March 1, 1882,

(Alas, poor Jumbo! He was afterwards accidentally killed by a locomotive engine.)

The School Boy's Complaint.

I.

Forced from home and all its pleasures,
Father's house I left forlorn;
To increase a master's treasures,
To Carthusia's mansions borne.
My lot was fixed, my place was taken;
Paid for too in paltry gold;
And thus by all my friends forsaken,
Unwillingly at school enrolled.

2

Still in thought as free as ever,
What are master's rights, I ask,
Though they think themselves so clever.
Me to torture, me to task?
Vainly Saunders, Chapman, Penny,
Claim their right to power and rule,
Though they seldom call us any
Names but "stupid ass," and "fool!"

3

Why did all-creating Nature
Plant that tree, the school-boy's bane?
Sighs must fan it, tears must water;
Cause of woe and bitter pain.
Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,
Frowning from your desks of state,
Think how many backs have smarted
'Neath the object of our hate!

4

Are there, as ye sometimes tell us,
Mighty lords, who govern all,
Suff'ring boys and masters jealous.
Meeting in the Founders' Hall?
Do they order impositions,
Learning in our brains to hammer?
Will they teach our repetitions?
Or instruct us in the grammar?

5

No, we never rule so cruel,
Never shall our spirits brook;
Desks and blocks shall turn to fuel,
Lighted by the dread Black-Book.
Now's the hour, and now's the season
For one well-directed blow:
Can they call such daring, treason?
Hark! our injuries answer, No.

6

By the years which we have wasted
In this dreary place of woe;
By the mis'ries we have tasted,
By the ills we undergo;
By our suff'rings since we entered
Chapman's portals, op'ning wide;
When our joy in freedom centred,
Hope, alas! remained outside.

7

Deem us, therefore, fools no longer,
'Till some reason ye shall find,
Worthier of regard and stronger
Than *your* judgment of our mind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
All your precepts vain belie;
Destitute of human feeling,
Subjects fit for mockery!

F. N.

From the *Charterhouse Collection of Poems, &c.* Collected by Edward Walford, M.A.

—:o:—

Farewell to the Camp.

(A Lyric for the 20th August, 1853.)

A military camp was held during the summer months of 1853 at Chobham, and became a favourite place of resort for Londoners.

The Camp has departed!—farewell the parade,
And the earth-shaking march of the stern Colonade:*
The bands play no longer from manuscript leaves,
Nor detectives prowl stealthily watching the thieves.

The City of War, which immense fun we've had in
Is fled like the palace that flew with Aladdin;
And musketry's crack, and artillery's roar
Astonish the echoes of Chobham no more.

---

* A Colonade is that which consists of columns. The British Army consists thereof. Therefore the British Army is a Colonade.—Walker.

The Lancer in scarlet, the Rifle in green,
And the Horse-guard in blue, have abandoned the scene;
And we've witness'd the last of the blood-stirring frays
Where gallop'd in glory those terrible Greys.

No longer in toothsome libation is spilt
The Dew that is dear to the sons of the kilt;
No longer falls plashing in pleasantness here,
The frothy cascade of the black British beer,

O! Chobham Olympics, your games are all done,
The last close is wrestled, the last race is run,
The stone's "put" away, to the leap-frog there's truce,
And the ultimate caber is pitched to the deuce.

Rejoice in thy stable, thou omnibus steed!
For thee the campaign-times were wiry indeed,
No more shalt thou toil on that villanous road,
With a cargo of snobs for thy heart-breaking load.

Weep, rascally drivers of ramshackle flies,
Adieu your extortions, your sauce, and your lies,
Farewell to that Station, the cheating point where
You've so oft charged a pound for a two shilling fare.

Well, everything passes; a Camp like the rest,
But this ends while its novelty still has a zest;
And we're free to confess that we see with regret
The Flutters Hill's sun, like the Austerlitz set.

Here's a health to the officer—liner or guard—
Who with Cambridge and Seaton has laboured so hard,
Here's a health to his men, whose good looks and good will
Did such excellent credit to messman and drill.

The object was good, and the object is gained,
Right sound is the teaching the troops have obtained;
And we'll mark that M.P. for a short-sighted scamp
Who grudges one mil for the Chobhamite Camp.

SHIRLEY BROOKS. 1853.

———:o:———

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE, OF WALES.

(In imitation of Cowper's dirge on the loss of the "Royal George.")

WAIL for the dead!
And rend thy streaming hair,
Thou fairest Island-Queen
That ever ocean bare!

All lonely on the rock,
To every passing sail,
Let thy deep shriek of woe
Fly pinioned on the gale.

Not light that tale of woe is,
No trouble of a day;
Thy cup of Joy is dashed,
Is dashed in haste away.

Wail for the dead!
The high-born and the good!
Long years must pass before
Her equal shall be viewed.

Three kingdoms longed to trust
The sceptre in her hand,
And send it down her race,
While their white cliffs should stand.

Each heart on tiptoe stood,
To hail a new-born son,
And merry bells were ready,
To make the welcome known.

Wail for the dead!
The babe lies cold in death!
Mother and offspring need
But one sad funeral wreath.

Stars sunk in ocean blue
'Merge from the eastern main;
But England's star of glory
Shall never rise again.

(Several verses omitted.)

CLIO.

From *The Pocket Magazine*, Vol. III. Published by John Arliss, London. 1819.

———:o:———

SOLITUDE.

Supposed to have been written by Alexander Selkirk, a shipwrecked sailor, who lived four years in the uninhabited Island of Juan Fernandez.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh, Solitude! where are the charms
Which sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this desolate place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,—
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestowed upon man,
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth—
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasures untold
Reside in that heavenly word,
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard;
Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
Never smiled when a Sabbath appeared.

Ye winds! that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me;
Oh! tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
  Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
  And the swift-winged arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
  In a moment I seem to be there;
But, alas, recollection at hand,
  Soon hurries me back to despair!

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
  The beast is laid down in his lair;
Even here is a season of rest,
  And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
  And mercy, (encouraging thought!)
Gives every affliction a grace,
  And reconciles man to his lot.

WILLIAM COWPER.

In 1813 Leigh Hunt and his brother, as proprietors of *The Examiner*, were sentenced to undergo two years imprisonment, and each to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, for publishing an article in that paper containing the following remarks on the Prince Regent:—

"What person would imagine in reading these astounding eulogies in *The Morning Post*, that this 'Glory of the people' was the subject of millions of shrugs and reproaches! That this 'Conqueror of Hearts' was the disappointer of hopes! That this 'Exciter of Desire' (Bravo, *Morning Post!*), this 'Adonis in Loveliness' was a corpulent man of fifty! In short, this *delightful, blissful, wise, pleasureable, honourable, virtuous, true and immortal* Prince was a violator of his word, a libertine over head and ears in disgrace, a despiser of domestic ties, the companion of gamblers and demireps, a man who has just closed half a century without one single claim on the gratitude of his country, or the respect of posterity."

The Hunts were informed that if they would undertake to abstain from commenting on the actions of the Prince Regent for the future, the sentence would be remitted. They declined to give the required undertaking, but paid their fines, and went to prison. The severity of the sentence caused great delight to the friends of the Prince Regent, and Theodore Hook wrote the following apropos parody of Cowper's poem on Alexander Selkirk:—

VERSES.

(Supposed to be written by the Editor of the *Examiner*, whilst in prison.)

I AM tenant of nine feet by four,
  My title no lawyer denies.
From the ceiling quite down to the floor,
  I am lord of the spiders and flies.

Oh, Justice! how awkward it is
  To be griped by thy terrible squad!
I did but indulge in a *quiz*,
  And the Quorum have sent me to *quod*.

Dear scandal is out of my reach,
  I must pass my dull mornings alone.
Never hear Mr. Brougham make a speech,
  Nor get audience for one of my own!

The people, provokingly quiet,
  My fate with indifference see:
They are so unaccustomed to riot,
  Their tameness is shocking to me.

Personality, libel, and lie,
  Ye supports of our Jacobite train,
If I had but the courage to try,
  How soon I would sport you again!

My ranklings I then might assuage
  By renewing my efforts to vex,
By profaning the rev'rence of age,
  And attacking the weakness of sex.

A libel! what treasure untold
  Resides in that dear little word,
More rich than the silver and gold
  Which the Bank is reported to hoard!

But the Bench have no bowels for pity,
  No stomach for high-seasoned leaven,
And though we be never so witty,
  They trim us when judgment is given.

O ye, who were present in Court,
  In pity convey to me here
Some well-manufactured report,
  Of a lady, a prince, or a peer.

Do my writings continue to tell?
  Does the public attend to my lines?
O say that my Newspapers sell
  Though the money must go for my fines!

How fleet is the growth of a fib!
  The astonishing speed of its flight
Outstrips the less mischievous squib
  Let off on a holiday night.

Then who would not vamp up a fudge,
  When he knows how it helps off his papers
Were it not—that the thought of the judge
  Overcasts him, and gives him the vapours?

But Cobbett has got his discharge—
  The beast is let loose from his cover;
Like him I shall yet be at large,
  When a couple of years shall be over.

For law must our liberty give,
  Though *Law* for a while may retard it
Even I shall obtain it, who live
  By sapping the bulwarks that guard it.

This parody was given in Volume IV. (Part 41) of this collection, with George Cruikshank's caricature of the Prince Regent,

"The Dandy of Sixty
  Who bows with a grace,
And has taste in wigs, collars,
  Cuirasses and lace,"

but it is necessary to repeat it here in its proper place, under the poet Cowper.

VERSES.

(Supposed to have been written by Arthur, Duke of Wellington, during his late solitary visit to Downing Street.).

However horrible may have been the situation of that wretched man Alexander Selkirk, the Duke of Wellington's place in 1832 must have been equally appalling. Thrown by the sea of politics on the rock of Government, out of the reach of all help, he found himself Prime

Minister of England, without a single associate in his solitary Administration.

I am master of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
All the cormorants feeding on pay;
Yes, I'm Lord of each time-serving brute.
Oh Premiership! where are the charms
I formerly saw in thy face?
Better herd with the underling swarms,
Than alone in my horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must make up my council alone;
I am taxed by my foes in each speech,
And they cough at the sound of my own.
The clerks that loll over the desks,
My form with indifference see;
The supplies will, they know, meet with checks,
Oh! their apathy's shocking to me.

Ye Liberals—aye, even more,
Whigs, Radicals, either or both,
Oh, had I ne'er ratted before,
To join you I'd be nothing loth.
My errors I then might atone,
By supporting the Bill with all zeal,
Though taunted with Winchelsea's groan,
Or jeered by the sallies of Peel.

* * * * *

Figaro in London. June 2, 1832.

The Monarch of all they Survey.

(*By a Railway Director.*)

I am monarch of all they Survey,
My right there is none to assail;
O'er Great Britain Victoria may sway,
I am lord of the Line and the Rail!

Oh, Pimlico! where are the charms
Thy Buckingham Palace can boast?
What is sporting proud royalty's arms
Of Railways to ruling the roast?

Prince Albert to prance on his nag,
And follow the lame deer is free;
But my quarry's a different stag,
And the Engine's the hunter for me.

An army our Queen may possess,
On the Ocean her navy may roll;
Of the Line I have regiments, no less,
And more numerous navies control.

My seat of imperial state
I'd not swop for Her Majesty's throne,
Nor for that of my Sovereign vacate
The boiler that serves for my own.

Lords in Waiting are all very grand,
Maids of Honour are all very fine;
But the deft Engineer to command,
And to rule the sharp Stoker be mine.

Punch. November 15, 1845.

Verses.

Supposed to be written by William Smith O'Brien, during his solitary Abode in the Cellar of the House of Commons.

I am monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute;
From the break-fast time round to the tay,
I see neither Saxon nor brute.
O Solitude! where's the atthractions,
That sages have seen in your face?
Better dwell in the midst of the Saxons,
Then reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish the Session alone,
Ne'er cry "hear!" to an illigant speech,—
Sure I start at the sound of my own.
Them beasts, the attindants and waithers,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unaccustomed to Marthyrs,
Their coolness is shocking to me.

Society—blarney—abuse—
Gifts dear to the boys of my name!
O if I had the *wings* of a goose,
It's soon I'd be out of this same.
I then might enliven my gloom
In the ways of repalers and men,
Might learn from the wisdom of Hume,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of Ben.

Ye Mimbers, that make me your sport,
O convey to this desolate door
A *Times*, with a faithful report
Of the House I shall visit no more.
My frinds, sure they now and then sind
A joke or a laugh after me?
O tell me I yet have a frind
Though Bentinck I'm never to see.

The attindant is gone to his rest,
The Saxon lies down in his lair;—
While I think of the Isle of the West,
And turn up my bed* in dispair.
But whisky is still to be had;
And the whisky—encouraging thought!
As it is not by any means bad,
Half reconciles me to my lot.

Punch. 1846.

The Original Song of Robinson Crusoe.

I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute:
No Poors Rates nor taxes I pay,
Nor take out a license to shoot.
No bailiffs or brokers I dread
To carry off me or my sticks,
And this hut I built over my head
Though of mud, is as jolly as bricks.
They may talk of residing abroad,
With limited means for a plea,
But of all the cheap places to live,
Uninhabited islands for me.

Quite out of my fashion I strike
All habits defying my ease;

---

* The Prisoner was accommodated with a neat "folding bed."

I wear my clothes just as I like,
And I think they are "rather the cheese."
No poachers nor bailiffs I fear,
Nor e'er shot a man by mistake.
My venison though cheap still is "deer,"
And game of the game-laws I make.
They may talk of residing abroad,
At Boulogne, or Brussels, or Brest,
But of all the cheap places to live,
Uninhabited islands are best.

I've no Mrs. Caudle to twit,
But go to sleep just when I choose,
And corn-laws don't fret me a bit,
For I always wear very large shoes.
I've nothing to purchase, and so
With bills I am never afflicted,
And quarrels I never shall know,
Because I am ne'er contradicted.
They may talk of residing abroad,
Or of flight to the land of Yankee,
But of all the cheap places to live,
Uninhabited islands for me.

From *A Bowl of Punch*, by Albert Smith. London. D. Bogue. 1848.

THE MODERN SELKIRK.

(Ballad of the Exeter Arcade Beadle,)

I AM beadle of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre to over the way,
I'm lord of the playbills and fruit.
O, solitude, where are thy joys?
O, would I could see but one face!
'Tis but to be chaffed by the boys
I am left in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
I must walk up and down all day long,
I've no one to list to my speech,
I have not the pluck for a song.
The newspaper boys they peep in,
And laugh and insult me with glee;
To them it is very good fun—
Their jesting is shocking to me.

Lyceum! what pleasures untold
Reside in thy laugh-loving crowd;
But I may grow owlish and old,
Ere to witness a play I'm allowed.
The sound of the drop-raising bell,
Not once, as a beadle, I've heard;
Never sighed at a tragedy swell,
Nor laughed when a burlesque appear'd.

Shareholders, who've made me your sport,
Convey to this dreary arcade
A drop of that something called short,
Or with me 'tis all up, I'm afraid,
If my friends would but now and then send
A small drop of comfort to me,
I might know that I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

From *A Bowl of Punch*, by Albert Smith. London. 1848.

A SAVAGE PARODY.

(Born 1845; couldn't be borne any longer, 1866; retired from society, is buried in the seclusion of a garret, 1867.)

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute,
For my creditors can't do away
With their dread for the toe of my boot
O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face,
If forebodings one's bosom alarms
That a bailiff may come to the place?

I am out of my landlady's reach;
She knows it, and leaves me alone,
My skill there is none will impeach
At grilling a chop or a bone.
The clo'men in Petticoat-Lane
My form with indifference see,
For though making of most things some gain
They cannot make ought out of me.

New trousers! what visions unfold!
I dare not now venture abroad,
For the trousers I've on are too holed,
And a new pair I cannot afford.
The sound of the muffin-man's bell
Makes me ready with anguish to bust,
For of money I've only heard tell,
And the beggars decline to give trust.

The pot boy has made me his sport!
He conveys to this desolate floor
From the pub at the end of the court
The bottles of Guinness no more.
My friends, when they wish to convey,
The hint that for me they have sorrowed,
"Feel very much hurt," so they say,
I return not the trifle I borrowed!

But my landlady's gone to her rest,
And the bailiff's away in despair,
And everything seems to suggest
That I may with safety repair
To the printers—benevolent race,
Whose mercy may grant me a pot,
Which lends e'en affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

The Hornet. July 15, 1867.

LINES BY THE "HEAD OF THE FAMILY."

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute;
From my husband right down to the cat,
I am mistress of man and of brute.
O servitude! where are thy charms
That pages and housemaids can trace?
Better reign in a sphere I won't name
Than serve in the opposite place.

I either society seek,
Or live in my boudoir alone.
I can't bear from others free speech,
Though fond of the sound of my own.
My husband, a sweet little man,
Has ceased a free agent to be;
In fact, he's so under my thumb,
His tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
For him I have placed under ban;
And made him as meek as a dove,
The nice little, mild little man.
He once used to get in a rage,
Till I taught him religion and truth.
He has learnt all the wisdom of age,—
He has cut all the "Sallies" of youth.

Submission! what treasure untold
I brought when I taught him that word;
Far better than silver and gold,—
Though these he'd perhaps have preferr'd.
"The sound of the church-going bell"
Till married to me he ignored;
And p'raps that he did was as well,
Since all through the sermon he snored.

But, since he first paid me his court,
I've never allowed him to snore;
His rollicking ways I've cut short,—
He slumbers serenely no more.
My friends—I have many a friend—
Drop in rather often to tea;
And ma comes a twelvemonth to spend,
Which makes it quite pleasant for me.

How sweet 'tis a husband to find
Submissive and innocent quite;
Himself to assert not inclined;
Whatever I tell him is right.
When I think of my maidenhood's home—
He bore me thence blushing and fair—
To this one conclusion I come,
I'm glad that no longer I'm there.

My husband has feathered his nest;
My progeny's prospects are fair;
My own way, it must be confess'd,
I've got rather more here than there.
So, since he's resigned to his place,
And no silly notions has got,
I very serenely say grace,
And reconciled feel to my lot.

The Hornet. November 1, 1871.

WOMAN.

SHE is monarch of all she surveys,
Her right there is none to dispute,
On her altar submissively lays
Its choicest, each fowl and each brute.

Behold her surrounded by those
Whose homage is lavishly done,
The world at the tip of her toes,
All its denizens crouching, save one.

Look proud, pretty Queen from thy shrine,
And thy vassals so loftily scan—
But tell them their labour, and thine,
Is to make thee seem fair to—a man!

Punch's Almanack. 1874.

SOLITUDE.

I'M monarch of all I survey;
I had no one my wrong to dispute,
So was forcibly hurried away
By an uniformed muscular brute.

Oh solitude! where is thy charm?
It's certainly not in this place,
For my heart is filled with alarm
At the thought of a magistrate's face.

I haven't a friend to go bail;
I must drag out the night here, alone,
And it goes at the rate of a snail;
Was there ever so sad a wretch known.
The cause of all this to me's plain,
My folly and wrong I now see!
Never more will I drink champagne,
But stick to the weakest of tea.

Society's all very well;
But from dinners and suppers refrain,
Or one day you will certainly tell
Of the troubles of which I complain!
And remember, wherever you go,
To be sure and return home in peace.
If you don't, well, you'll very soon know
What 'tis to be in the hands of P'lice.

From *The Figaro.* December 19, 1874.

VERSES

Supposed to be written by Edward Vaughan Kenealy in his seat in the House of Commons.

I AM member for Stoke-upon-Trent,
My right there is none to dispute,
And the eyes of the million are bent
Upon me, so I dare not be mute.
O Parliament, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place!

The strangers who come and "withdraw"
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with law,
Their tameness is shocking to me.
The Claimant—what treasures untold
I found in that wonderful claim!
More precious than silver and gold—
It added M. P. to my name.

Ye *Stokers* who made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial, endearing report,
Ere the public shall vote me a bore.
The bar, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O! tell me I yet have a friend,
Though but ONE in the lobby I see.

When I think how I stormed at the Bench
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollections that wrench
Soon hurry me back to despair.
But there's comfort in every case;
There are Prittlewells—glorious thought!
Magna Charta's a movement that pays;
And the *Englishman** freely is bought.

Funny Folks. May 15, 1875.

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* Dr. E. V. Kenealy was M. P. for Stoke, and edited *The Englishman* Newspaper.

COMPETITION PARODIES.

In 1879, *The World* offered prizes for parodies on this poem, the subject selected being *The Frozen-out Fox Hunter*.

First Prize.

I AM rather left out in the cold—
  Frozen out in more senses than one—
This skating is "jolly," I'm told;
  I'll be hanged, sir, if I see the fun!
Society! What a dull part
  I must play with these ladies and men!
I know nothing of music or art,
  I never read Mallock or *Gwen.*

They are dancing to-night—so I stand
  And sulk, with my back to the wall—
To the tune of "John Peel" by the band,
  And feel myself out of it all.
I glance at the girls who go by,
  My looks with amusement they see;
I'd ask them to dance, but I'm shy—
  I know they are laughing at me.

How fresh are the breezes of morn,
  While over the meadows we go!
What music can equal a horn?
  Toot! Gone away! Yoicks! Tally-ho!
There's a place we intended to draw
  To-morrow, just under those rocks—
O, tell me it's going to thaw,
  You fellows who follow the fox!

But the ladies are going to bed;
  At least I feel piously glad
That when all the good-nights have been said
  There is pool and a pipe to be had.
Yes, while there's a pipe and some grog,
  All pleasure in life is not lost;
Come, throw on another pine log,
  And be jolly in spite of the frost!

FABULA SED VERA.

Second Prize.

I CAN'T go a huntin' to-day,
  That fact there is none can dispute—
In short, it's the devil to pay;
  I feel like a funeral mute.
O Leicestershire, these are the farms
  I dreamt would have shown me the pace
That kills, with a scent! 'Tis the scent
  Of the drains in this horrible place.

If fiends who have robbed me of sport
  Should "wire," to upset me still more,
Some fabulous weather report,
  That *somewhere* they've heard of a thaw,
I'd saddle a reindeer or elk,
  And sleigh myself down to the meet
With some couple of Esquimaux hounds—
  By gad, we'd be tackle to beat!

"Gone away!" What eternity's hopes
  To hark to that heavenly word,
Were it whispered by mortal or beast,
  Or bullfinch that's seen or that's heard!
Heaven's frost-bitten rafters should ring
  To my thaw'd "Tally-ho!" for the first,
While the "pack" on the "shove," as they sing,[*]
  Split pipes in one musical burst.

But the cold has got into my chest,
  And the rime has got into my hair;
This manilla is none of the best,
  So why am I maundering here?
There's water in every place,
  And water (encouraging thought!)
Gives whisky an excellent taste,
  And reconciles man to it—hot.

KING'S CROSS.

The World. December 31, 1879.

THE LAY OF THE NEW AMEER.

I AM monarch of all I survey
  (Tho' many my right may dispute),
From Persia close down to Cathay,
  I'm lord (so, at least, I compute);
I'm ruler from Káfiristan
  To Beloochee plains in the south,
Where travellers reach Serawán,
  Thro' Bolan's leviathan mouth.

(*Three verses omitted.*)

Funny Folks. March 15, 1879.

EX-KING CETEWAYO'S LAMENT.

I WAS monarch of all I survey'd;
  My right there was none to dispute,
From the Transvaal down to the sea
  I was lord both of man of brute.
My men I could count by the score;
  I'd an army devoted to me;
Of mealies and tusks I'd a store.
  I was happy, and savage, and free!

Oh, Civilisation! the charms
  That sages have seen in thy face,
I have fail'd to observe; but alarms
  And dread thou did'st cause in their place.
For I've found it is part of thy creed
  The blood of the helpless to spill,
And so that thy plans may succeed,
  To burn, and to ravish, and kill!

And, oh, Christianity! blush
  At the things which were done in thy name;
For that they my Zulus might crush,
  They put thee full often to shame;
They robbed the poor neighbours they're taught
  By thy laws as themselves they should love.
And everywhere ruin they wrought,
  In the name of that God who is love!

They caught me at last, as you've read,
  And I now a State prisoner am;
And a wearisome life I have led,
  Only temper'd with raspberry jam!
On the ways of religion and truth,
  My captors as yet have been dumb,
But I notice in age and in youth
  They are equally fond of ship rum.

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[*] "Pack" is the Arctic ice. "Shove," when river-ice begins to move, in America.

In fact, we poor Zulus, I see,
From Christians have little to learn,
Unless it be vices which we
Were compelled in my kingdom to spurn,
And if to my desolate nation,
To go you will not me allow,
Your "religion" and "civilisation"
Will soon be my ruin, I vow.

Truth Christmas Number. 1879.

THE FROZEN-OUT FOX-HUNTER.

At a Leicestershire Country Inn,

I AM "Cock of the Walk" at "The Post,"
My commands there are none to forestall,
From the bandy-legged boots to the host
I am lording it over them all!
Oh! Leicestershire! where is the wag
Who called thee "a region of bliss?"
Better dine with "The Bore" at "The Rag,"
Than freeze in a pot-house like this!

I am outside society's bounds,
Alone I must finish my weeds,
Never hear the sweet music of hounds,,
I start at the neigh of my steeds!
The foxes that roam o'er the wold
Will soon get to laugh in my phiz;
They are so little used to this cold,
They're shockingly tame as it is!

Tobacco! what solace divine
Resides in that comforting word!
More precious by far than such wine
As yon beggarly bar can afford!
But the click of a billiard ball
These desolate walls never knew,
Never heard the trim marker's "Love-all,"
Or rejoice at the sight of a cue!

But the cattle are safe in their shed,
My hunters are wrapped in repose;
Even here is that luxury—bed—
Where I may forget all my woes!
It may thaw! I will hope for the best,
And the *chance of a thaw*, and some sport
Gives e'en to tough mutton a zest,
And reconciles man to bad port!

From *Snatches of Song*, by F. B. Doveton. London.

THE GRIFFIN'S LAMENT.

(As sung by the Fleet Street Selkirk.)

I AM Monarch of naught I survey;
E'en my site is a theme for dispute:
Every omnibus horse that I see,
As he passes me, says, "*What* a brute!"
Talk of dignity? What are its charms,
When, thrust in the popular face,
I fill the old street with alarms,
Looking down from this *horrible* place!

I'm out of humanity's reach,
Stuck up here on the summit alone;
And as for the music of speech,
All I get is a hiss or a groan!

For no beast of the plain, old or new,
No brute from the depths of the sea,
No bird that you'll find at the Zoo—
Has the vaguest resemblance to me!

But alas! spite rebuke and report,
And letters, and threats by the score,
I've been fixed! And, henceforth, without sport,
I shall hear my name mentioned no more!
My friends in the City, do they
Send a wish or a thought after me?
I trust that they do; for *this* way
Not a friend but old Birch shall I see!

So the traffic each night sinks to rest;
The barrister turns to his square:
The bustle all hurries due West,
Yet still I sit here in the air!
And if you could *then* see my face,
You'd say, "He has had it so hot—
Has that brute, that he knows his disgrace,
And *admits* he's a precious bad lot!"

Punch. November 20, 1880.

THE PARVENU.

I'M monarch of all I survey;
At least, when I put it like that,
I mean, if I'm willing to pay,
There's nothing that I can't get at.
I heard it was so from the fust,
When I thought that I would be a swell,
If I liked to come down with the dust,
Why everything then would be well.

Now a wife was my most pressing need,
That 'ad plenty of breeding and blood;
Well, I bought 'er—I mean it, indeed—
Yes, bought 'er like one of my stud.
For the Herl o' Stoke Pogis was poor,
And he couldn't afford to say "No,"
When he 'ad a good chance to secure
Such a rich son-in-law at a blow.

Well, next, goaded on by the Herl,
A seat in the 'Ouse 'twas I bought;
Which was dear at the price, I may say,
For it's not so much fun as I thought.
Then the Baronet hafter my name—
This, too, was a stiffish affair;
But I don't begrudge that, all the same,
For I liked it no hend as Lord Mayor.

Then I bought a big Family Tree,
With roots which to Normandy spread;
Whilst my ancestors cost—let me see!
Yes, close on two 'underd per 'ed.
And though they look well on the wall,
And come out exceedingly nice,
Yet I'm bound to admit that I call
'Em uncommonly dear at the price.

Well, I've also bought dozens of "friends,"
Not by paying 'em money down straight;
No, it on their position depends,
And there isn't a regular rate.

To some 'tis a loan that I make,
  Or berths to their boys I hallot;
Some I buy for a dinner-card's sake,
  Some by lending a horse or a yacht.

Why, I've Dooks as is under my thumb,
  And the proudest my cards don't decline.
Since I've heven got Princes to come
  And sit at my table and dine.
In short, if he's money, like me,
  There's nothing, I'm ready to vow,
That a man who is lavishly free
  Can't do in Society now!

Truth. Christmas Number, 1882.

LAWN-TENNIS.

I AM monarch of all British Games,
  My right there is none to contest,
For Britons all over the world
  Acknowledge that I am the best.
Oh, Billiards! say where are the charms,
  That some people see in thy face;
Better have a good "rally" with me,
And endeavour "to keep up the pace."

Other Games I admit are at hand,
  But conscience constrains me to own,
There are maidens and men by the score,
  Who live but for Tennis alone.
There is Croquet, that once was the rage,
  Folks now with indifference see,
And candour compels me to say
  Its tameness is shocking to me.

There is Cricket, an old English sport,
  And a very good game in its way,
But its votaries all must admit
  It is most inconvenient to play.
For its players have nothing to do,
  Half the time that they own is so dear,
And I've noticed, when once they are "out,"
  They hurry to 'baccy and beer.

And Archery, Rinking, and Bowls,
  Your charms are displayed but in vain;
No one cares the least atom for you,
  Or desires to taste you again;
But with me folks their troubles assuage,
  With me they are merry and gay;
Each game they enjoy more and more,
  And are cheered by the "rallies" they play.

When driven with judgment and skill,
  How swiftly my balls cleave the air,
And "topping the net" by an inch,
  Call for no little caution and care;
How merrily, too, sound my cries,
  Though strangers can't make out their use;
My language is strange, I admit,
  "Fifteen, love," "thirty, forty," and "deuce."

When worn with the troubles of life,
  Or harrassed with business and care,
Cast your worries at once to the wind,
  And straight to your Tennis repair.
In every "set" that you play,
  There is pleasure and health to be got,
And I'm the best thing in the world,
  To reconcile man to his lot.

A. W. MACKENZIE.

From *Pastime*, July 20, 1883.

ON THE ANNEXATION OF NEW GUINEA BY QUEENSLAND.

Verses supposed to have been composed by the individual who annexed the Island.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
  Where only the savage disputes
My right to teach heathenish clay
  The graces of trousers and boots.
O liberty! what are thy rules
  To men with the Papuan skin?
Better bless them with churches and schools,
  And plenty of powder and gin!

I am out of a Parliament's reach,
  And far from Gladstonian blame;
No fear that a Radical speech
  Will spoil our Colonial game.
The Papuans don't care a straw
  If we claim all their acres in fee—
They are so unacquainted with law,
  Their darkness is shocking to me!

With railways, and taxes, and gaols,
  In store for this fortunate land,
That native is mad who assails
  Such blessings so graciously planned.
But his sorrows we soon shall assuage
  With this cheerfully practical test;
"To till your own soil for a wage
  Is the pleasure of being annexed!"

Truth. April 26, 1883.

A SOLITARY SOLILOQUY BY A DISGUSTED DANDY.

I.

I SNOOZLE or snore all the day,
  I loll in my silk smoking suit,
Yet, I'm drowsy and tired as can be,
  And feel like a regular brute;
Oh! Solitude! where are your calms
  My head's going round such a pace,
All limp are my legs and my arms
  And I hardly dare look at my face.

II.

My 'pals' stick to me like a leech,
  When in want of a lunch or a loan,
At other times swagger and preach
  And say: 'I am wanting in tone';
They tell me again and again
  I need change—some fresh air by the sea;
Do they think I am mad or insane?
  Their tameness is shocking to me.

III.

Society, friendship, and love,
  Look at me, pale, sickly and wan,
I should like to give that footstool a shove,
  But I really don't know if I can.

As I listlessly turn o'er the page
  Of some fanciful fickle untruth,
Bent double by premature age,
  You hardly would guess at my youth.

IV.

Yes, alas! I feel seedy and old,
  Though the notion is highly absurd,
For I've plenty of silver and gold,
  And there's nothing I cannot afford:
I've only to touch my hand-bell
  For although not respected, I'm feared,
Though I live as a sot, I'm a swell
  And am thinking of growing a beard.

V.

Ye wiles that have made me your sport,
  Who have wasted my health and my ore,
Who've made me swill sherry and port
  Till I could not contain any more;
Oh! how I do wish I could mend
  Or begin life again and you'd see
If I wouldn't do something to tend
  To my taking my B.A. degree.

VI.

Just once in a way, I don't mind,
  But, thus happening night after night!
And the thoughts which the fumes leave behind,
  Are anything but pleasant or bright;
I drink or I gamble till three,
  And, if I *do* reach the right square,
Very often can't find my latch key,
  Or perhaps take my bath for a chair.

VII.

I've become a by-word and a jest,
  And though I pretend I don't care,
I feel I'm a bore and a pest,
  Why, they laugh at the things that I wear,
I'll pick my man, my pistols and place,
  I know a very nice little spot—
Hand him one, with most infinite grace.
  And either shoot him, or be shot!

From *Cribblings from the Poets*, by Hugh Cayley. Jones and Piggott. Cambridge. 1883.

VERSES

Supposed to have been written by Salisbury Selkirk, during his solitary abode in a Desert Chamber.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
  My facts there are none to dispute;
I can sneer in my nastiest way,
  And the Government Benches are mute,
Oh, why do I constantly sit
  In this roofless and desolate house?
For the Peers have had "notice to quit,"
  And 'tis left to the spider and mouse.

I am out of Democracy's reach,
  My place the political shelf,
Never hear the sweet sound of a speech—
  Except those I make to myself.
The policemen who haunt Palace Yard
  My form with indifference see;
To a Marquis they pay no regard,
  Which seems dreadfully "bad form" to me.

* * * * *

Oh, GRANVILLE! I wish I had known
  What pleasure there lay in your talk,
Then I should not be pining alone
  Where I once was the cock of the walk!
But the sound of the Lobby-going bell
  These moth-eaten seats never hear,
Never fill at the voice of a "Swell,"
  Or empty when dinner-time's near!

Punch, November 8, 1884.

THE TORTURES OF TOURISTS.

YES, I am the monarch of all I survey,
  My right, at the Club, there is none to dispute;
The whole of the papers are mine every day,
  And no one esteems me a bore or a brute.
The waiters, too glad to have something to do,
  Are eager to wait on the one man in town;
I get my pet chair, without strategy too,
  And my button-hole's free from the finger of Brown.

The Park is my own, I can loll as I will,
  I can sit where I wish, I can dress as I please;
And at home or abroad, though a Londoner still,
  I, with no one to censure, can live at my ease.
No longer condemned in a whirl to exist,
  Nor my time in most senseless pursuits to employ,
I pass the glad hours of the week as Il ist,
  And London, at last, to the full can enjoy.

But go where I will, be my tasks what they may,
  As heedless of Fashion I linger at home,
My thoughts ever dwell, both by night and by day,
  On my ill-advised friends who from happiness roam.
Nor can I deny it is one of my joys
  To muse on the woes of that sorrowful band,
As victims to heat, to extortion, and noise,
  They wander afar o'er the sea and the land.

* * * * *

As I dally awhile o'er my toast and the *Times*,
  I picture these tourists, for time ever pressed,
Like spirits condemned, for most heinous of crimes,
  To forfeit for ever the semblance of rest;
From foul-smelling places to towns fouler still,
  I see them dragged hither and thither away;
Doomed mountains to climb, and spa waters to swill,
  To touts and to guides and to vergers a prey.

I see them, deprived of the comforts they need,
  Diurnally grow more distraught and distress'd,
And doom'd at hotels in succession to feed
  On food that they loathe, and can never digest.
Whilst worse than all else, there is death in the air,
  And rumours the stoutest of hearts to appal,
As each *Galignani* increases the scare,
  And dread of the Cholera broods over all!

And then when at night I retire to my bed—
  To my own cosy bed in my big airy room—
I think of those friends who from London have fled
  To find on the coast of these islands their doom.

For I see them condemned—for the heed that they pay
To Fashion's decrees—in a cupboard to sleep,
Where the lodging-house flea works its merciless way,
And causes its victims long vigil to keep.

Poor wretches! I think of the sum that they pay,
To be cheated by harpies who ruin their peace;
To be bitten by night and be bullied by day,
And poisoned by cooking all reeking with grease;
Whilst e'en the ozone that they yearn to obtain,
And which to inhale they 'midst miseries tarry,
Can only be breathed by the side of the main
Arm-in-arm, so to speak, with gay 'Arriet and 'Arry

In a month or two's time I shall welcome them back—
Save those too unwell from abroad to return—
And some Roman Fever to England will track,
Whilst others with ague will shiver and burn;
And all will be writing complaints to the *Times*,
To re-tell the story which every one knows,
As couriers' guile and hotel-keepers' crimes
They sadly repeat, and most sternly expose.

Truth, August 13, 1885.

THE LIMITED MONARCH.

"Her Majesty's ship *Monarch*, having then continued on her course at a speed of barely eight knots an hour, finally, when she was distant from Malta fully 250 miles, came to a dead stop, and broke down."

I'M the Monarch of all I survey,
And Brassey the fact won't dispute,
For here I've been sticking all day
Like some waterlogged sea-going brute!
O Cheeseparing, where are the charms
That Northbrook has seen in thy face!
Look at *me*—in the midst of alarms!—
And yet mine's but a typical case.

But the upshot of all is quite clear;
If matters go on as they do,
Well, the Navy will soon disappear,
And "My Lords," well—they'll disappear too!
So now that I'm docked, and they find
That I never was fit for the main,
Let us hope that a thing of the kind
Won't occur—till it happens again!

Punch. April 25, 1885

A SONG FOR MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

O SOCIETY, where are the charms
That once I could see in thy face?
To escape from these Duchesses' arms,
I would live in a desolate place!
But alas! since I've turned on my chief,
My peace has been wrecked in this way,
And nothing can bring me relief
Whilst I still with the Unionists stay!

Ah, me! I once said of the Primrose,
'Twas at best but a poor faded flow'r!
But now Primrose Dames are my tyrants,
And threaten my peace to devour.
And instead of the orchid so famous
My buttonhole once used to bear,
'Tis a primrose (of silver enamel)
That now I'm expected to wear!

Truth. *Christmas Number*, 1886.

THE LAMENT OF THE SPORTIVE M.P.

I AM weary of all I survey,
I am sick to the heart of debate;
It is something too awful, I say,
To be thus kept in London so late.
O Parliament! where are the charms
That candidates in thee can trace?
For, worn out by the "Whips'" false alarms,
I am sick of the horrible place!

I am out of Society's reach;
At the Club I am well-nigh alone;
And not e'en the smile of Hicks-Beach
For my dulness extreme can atone.
Yet the Irishmen, brutally stern,
Have not the least pity on me,
But they all make long speeches in turn
In garments most shocking to see.

Had I known it was certainly meant
The House through September should meet,
My money I'd never have spent
In order to carry a seat!
It is shameful, this tax on my brain,
And this daily compulsion to work;
And yet fussy voters complain
If by chance a division I shirk!

Each post brings to me a report
That but makes my position more hard.
As I read of the excellent sport
From which I am wholly debarr'd.
Whilst the "guns" I had asked to my moor,
At Pittwithiebothie, N.B.;
Big bags are content to secure
By blazing away without me!

Yes, I think of these fortunate men,
As I aimlessly wander about,
Or rush to my place now and then,
When Biggar attempts a "count out."
And sometimes I doze till I dream
Of the things which my thoughts always fill,
Till I wake with disgust most extreme,
To find Dr. Tanner up still!

And then there are Radicals too,
Who want all the votes to discuss,
Instead of "Supply" rushing through
At one sitting, without any fuss.
Whilst some seek the people's applause
By stating that we of the House
Had better be there making laws
Than shooting at blackcock and grouse.

Such rubbish I never have heard,
For what, pray, becomes of my ease?
It seems to me too, too absurd
That I'm not to do what I please.

The people elected me, true,
  But that, let me say, to be frank,
Was the very least thing they could do,
  Consid'ring my fortune and rank;

And yet they now tell me, forsooth,
  That, since I've become an M.P.,
I must give up the sports that in truth
  Make life most worth living to me;
And, heedless what fashion may claim,
  In London continue to live;
And the days I'd intended for game,
  To Crofters and Irishmen give!

What nonsense it is, I repeat,
  That a rich young patrician like me
Should be forced, for the sake of a seat,
  With a view so advanced to agree.
But I will not submit; they shall find
  That I'll start off for Scotland this day—
But what's this, though—a whip five times lined?
  I suppose, after all, I must stay!

Truth. September 16, 1886.

THE MODERN ALEXANDER SELKIRK.

(*By Sir Charles Warren.*)

I AM monarch of all I survey;
  My might there is none to dispute;
I will prosecute all whom I see
  If they argue, remonstrate, or hoot.
O Liberty, where is the charm
  That Socialists see in thy face?
The tradesmen have taken alarm
  At such views being heard in the place.

I am out of society's reach,
  I can issue my edicts alone;
I laugh at the rights of free speech,
  For I tolerate none but my own.
The mobs that collect in the Square
  I can't with indifference see,
So outspoken, so bold—I declare
  Their language is shocking to me,

How sweet is the constable's stave
  For putting the rabble to flight,
When they bludgeon some vagabond knave,
  Then arrest him for brawling outright!
Who talks of a free native land?
  I'll teach them 'tis otherwise there,
With the cells and police-court at hand,
  And no speaking allowed in the Square.

So let orators note my behest,
  Let each pauper slink back to his lair;
They can go to the workhouse for rest,
  While I to my mansion repair.
There's a workhouse in every place,
  And the guardians (encouraging thought)
Give relief when they've sifted each case—
  Why ain't they content with their lot?

Pall Mall Gazette. November 25, 1887.

Several other parodies of this poem are scattered about in various Magazines, but they are not of sufficient interest to be reprinted. See

Punch. January 10, 1880.
Judy. June 30, 1880.
St. James's Gazette. April 22, 1881.
Moonshine. January, 1882.

—:o:—

BURBABAN'S DEFEAT.

A Warwickshire Lay.

COUNT Peste, he was a nobleman,
  Of credit and renown,
A jockey-club man, too, was he,
  Of old Newmarket town.

Count Peste said to his love, "My dear,
  Though with me you have been
These many tedious years, yet you
  No racing yet have seen.

To-morrow is a racing day,
  And we will then repair
Unto the town of Warwickshire
  And see the racing there.

I am a nobleman so bold,
  As all the world doth know,
So I will ride old 'Burbaban,'
  You'll see how we will go."

Quoth Lady Peste, "That is well said,
  For jockey's fees are dear,
So you can ride, and be your own,
  That is both nice and clear."

* * * *

He lost the race, he lost it quite,
  And back he got to town;
All wished he never had been up,
  For it was up and down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the Queen!
  And Count Peste, long live he!
And when he next a race does ride,
  May I be there to see!"

There are twenty-two verses in all in this not very interesting parody, which is to be found in *Lays of the Turf*, by Rose Grey. London: G. H. Nichols, 1863.

—:o:—

A RIDDLE.

I AM just two and two, I am warm, I am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot be told;
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing when bought;
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken by force.

The answer, not given by Cowper, is "A Kiss." The riddle was first published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1806. In a later number the following answer was given, the initials "J. T" being appended to it:—

  A riddle by Cowper
  Made me swear like a trooper,
But my anger, alas! was in vain;
  For remembering the bliss
  Of beauty's soft kiss,
I now long for such riddles again.

In *Notes and Queries* April 2, 1887, a poem was printed as having been written by William Cowper, but not hitherto included in his works. This gave rise to some controversy, the general opinion being, that although probably not actually written by Cowper, the poem was a by no means poor imitation of his lighter style.

Bless my Heart, how Cold it is.

Hark ! the blustering Boreas blows.
See ! the waters round are froze.
The trees that skirt the dreary plain
All day a murmuring cry maintain ;
The trembling forest hears their groan,
And sadly answers moan for moan.
Such is the tale,
O'er hill and dale,
Each traveller may behold it is ;
While low and high
Are heard to cry,
"Bless my heart, how cold it is ! "

Now slumbering sloth, that cannot bear
The question of the piercing air,
Lifts up her unkempt head, and tries,
But cannot from her bondage rise ;
The while the housewife swiftly throws
Around the wheel, and quickly shows
The healthful cheek industry brings
(It is not in the gift of Kings).
To her long life,
Devoid of strife,
And justly, too, unfolded is,
The while the sloth
To stir is loth,
And trembling cries, " How cold it is ! "

Now lisps Sir Fopling, tender weed,
All shivering like a shaken reed,
" How sharp the wind attacks my back !
John, put some list across that crack ;
Go, sandbag all the sashes round,
And see there's not an air-hole found."
Indulgence pale
Tells this sad tale
Till he in furs enfolded is ;
Still, still complains,
O'er all his pains,
"Bless my heart, how cold it is !"

Now the poor newsman from the town
Explores his way across the down,
His frozen fingers sadly blows,
And still he seeks, and still it snows.
"Go take his paper, Richard, go,
And give a dram to make him glow."
Such was thy cry,
Humanity,
More precious far than gold it is,
Such gifts to deal,
When newsmen feel,
All clad in snow, how cold it is.

Humanity, delightful tale,
When we feel the winter gale,
May the cit in ermined coat
Lend his ear to sorrow's note ;
And when with misery's weight oppressed
A fellow sits, a shivering guest,
Full, ample may his bounty flow,
To cheer the bosom dulled by woe.
In town or vale,
Where'er the tale
Of real grief unfolded is,
Oh, may he give
The means to live
To those who feel how cold it is,

Perhaps some soldier, blind or maimed,
Some tar for independence maimed ;
Remember these. For thee they bore
The loss of limbs, and suffered more.
Oh, pass them not ; for if you do,
I'll blush to think they fought for you.
Through winter's reign
Relieve their pain,
For what they've done, sure bold it is ;
Their wants supply
Whene'er they cry,
"Bless my heart, how cold it is ! "

And now, ye sluggards, sloths, and beaux,
Who dread the breath that winter blows,
Pursue the counsel of a friend
Who never found it yet offend.
When winter deals his blasts around,
Go beat the air and pace the ground ;
With cheerful spirits exercise,
'Tis there life's balmy blessing lies.
O'er hill and dale,
Though sharp the gale,
And frozen you behold it is,
Your blood shall glow,
And swiftly flow,
And you'll not cry, "How cold it is ! "

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Born April 7, 1770. *Died April* 23, 1850.

Appointed Poet Laureate, April 6, 1843.

WE ARE SEVEN.

—A SIMPLE Child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
—Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many, Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell,"
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard-lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie;
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem:
And there upon the ground I sit,
I sit and sing to them.

"And often after sun-set, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer
And eat my supper there.

"The first that died was sister Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away.

"So in the church-yard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

NEW PEERS.

The Poet Wordsworth is supposed to propose to King William IV. that he, with Coleridge, Southey, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and Croly shall be made Peers, there being then a necessity to create Peers in order to carry the Reform Bill, which had already passed the Commons.

A DRIVER of a rattling cab,
  Or gorgeous omnibus,
That passeth every great man by,
  What could he know of us?

I met a driver such as this,
  And I knew that he was king,
For his steeds trod over classic ground,
  And they made its echoes ring.

He bore a thousand books along,
  The best their authors had,
And his praise was fair, and very fair,
  But his censure made me mad.

"Why come you here, why come you here,
  And how many may you be?"
"We each come here to be made a peer,"
  I said, "and seven are we."

"And where are the seven—I see but one?"
  I answered, "seven are we;
But Rogers is digging up some old pun,
  And Southey has gone to see.

"Tom Campbell is shaking Bentley's hands,
And Croly a sermon giving,
In praise of the good Lord Chancellor,
Who popped him into his living.

"Coleridge is now expounding why
The Latin for "fish" is pisces,
While Moore has lunched on one lady's sigh,
And will dine on another's kisses."

Then did the mighty king reply,
"Seven are ye, I see,
But the devil a peer in all the lot
Shall ever be made by me."

With a rolling eye, and a visage sage,
I gazed on the glorious heaven,
Then turned away in a furious rage,
And shouted, "*We are seven.*"

The National Omnibus, November 4, 1831.

THE TRUSTEE.

(*A True Story.*)

The subject is that of a Trustee, who has been persuaded to accept a trust under the persuasion that as a mere trustee of property, the enjoyment of which he has nothing to do with, no liability of any kind can possibly attach to him. The simplicity with which he adheres to the impression of his being only a trustee, while suits at Law and in Equity, with their consequent costs, shower down upon him, will remind the reader of the innocent exclamation of "We are Seven!" so affectingly persisted in by the little child in the famous poem of Wordsworth.

A SIMPLE creature Gaffer Jones,
A Court he never saw;
An income adequate he owns;
What should he know of Law?

He had a quiet stupid air,
And he was richly clad;
I thought if he's got cash to spare,
'Tis easy to be had.

A suit I heard was 'gainst him brought,
Which must expensive be.
"Expense!" he cried; Pooh pooh, 'tis nought;
I'm only a trustee."

"But how is that? I pray you tell."
He answered, "Don't you see?
I'd got some property to sell—
Only as a trustee.

"Two purchasers they did apply,
Whilst, to prevent all bother,
When one hung back I by and by
Concluded with the other.

"The first from Chancery got a writ,
And served it straight on me;
But why am I to care a bit?—
I'm only a trustee."

"You say in Chancery you are thrown;
Great the expense will be;
And since the fault has been your own,
The costs will fall on thee."

Then did the simpleton reply,
"'Tis true the first vendee
Has filed a bill—I can't tell why—
I'm only a trustee."

"You're in a mess, my little man,
As sure as you're alive,
Unless to hit upon a plan
For safety you contrive."

"You're rather green, it may be seen,"
The silly man replied;
The purchase-money paid has been,
The fund I did divide;

"And when I'd parted with it, Sir,
Another suit they brought;
Because, they said, I'd sold it for
Less money than I ought.

"First, the original vendee
Had filed a bill to say,
His purchase-money paid would be,
Upon a certain day.

"But as it happen'd, I'd been paid
By number two, and I
To him had the estate consign'd,
Passing the first one by;

"And as I did not better know
With whom I ought to side,
I've let the money from me go—
The fund I did divide.

"So the executors have brought
An action 'gainst me, too,
Yet I've proceeded as I thought
'Twere best for me to do."

"How many suits must you defend,
In numbers odd or even?"
Said he, "To say I can't pretend:
I think, though, there are seven.

"But then, you know, you'll understand
It matters not to me;
For though no fund I've got in hand,
I still am a trustee."

"The cash is gone, the suits run on,
Each day requires a fee!"
'Twas waste of argument, for still
He said, "I've not to pay a bill,
I'm only a trustee."

ONLY SEVEN.

A Pastoral Story, after Wordsworth.

I MARVELL'D why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild,
And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I ask'd her why she cried;
The damsel answer'd, with a groan,
"I've got a pain inside!

"I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven;"
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?"
She answer'd, "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I.
"Oh! please, sir, mother gave me four,
But *they* were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammer'd out,
"Of course you've had eleven;"
The maiden answer'd, with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wonder'd hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles,
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles."

"Now, if you don't reform," said I,
"You'll never go to heaven."
But all in vain; each time I try,
That little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven."

Postscript.

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song,
"Lines after Ache-inside."

From *Carols of Cockayne*, by Henry. S. Leigh. London: Chatto & Windus, 1874.

(This originally appeared in *Fun*. November 11, 1865.)

They are Three.

——— A simple youth
That sits and smokes with fools,
And looks a fop in face and mien,
What should he know of Schools?

I met an undergraduate boy:
He was three times ploughed, I heard;
His head was like a pretty toy,
His language was absurd.

He had a town-bred London air,
And he was sprucely clad;
His face was soft, so was his hair;
His 'side' it made me sad.

"Of lectures, undergraduate sir,
How many may you keep?"
"How many? Three," he did aver,
And cunning looked and deep,

"And what are they? I'd gladly know."
He answered, "Three are they;
To one of them I never go,
And one I cut each day.

"But one of them is given by
My Tutor and my Dean,
So in the early morning I
Must go to that I ween."

"You say that one you cut alway,
To one you do not go,
Yet you have three! Explain, I pray,
Sweet youth, how this is so."

The wily youth thus answered me,
"Three lectures—three in all
The list of lectures you may see
Upon the board in hall."

"You wander in your talk, I wot,
Or else you are in fun,
If one you cut, to one go not,
Then you have only one."

"The list is there, that can I swear,"
The wily youth replied;
"In the second row of the letter O,
The three are side by side.

"I oft do paper work in hall,
My letters there I write;
And, though the dons are cutish all,
I sit and crib outright.

"And often, when the sun is down,
Beneath the gaslight's glare,
I take my tattered cap and gown,
And eat my dinner there.

"The first I cut was Latin Prose;
In bed one morn I lay
Till ten had struck, and then I rose,
But 'twas too late that day.

"So in my room I sat and smoked,
And when my pipe was out,
To Russell's lazily we walked,
I and my terrier, Snout.

"And when the clock eleven had struck,
I scarce had chalked my cue;
And though perhaps the schools I'll muck,
I cut my Mods, Books too."

"How many have you then," said I,
"If two you cut each day?"
The wily youth would still reply,
"Three, if you please, we'll say."

"But one you cut, nay two you cut!
You never go, you see!"
'Twas throwing words away, for still
This wily youth would have his will,
And said, "Nay, they are three."

From *The Shotover Papers*. Oxford: J. Vincent, 1874.

"I've got Seven."

———A little boy,
A schoolboy he might be,
That shows his joy in every smile,
Of figures what knows he?

I met a little London boy,
He was nine years old, he said;
His face shone bright with mottled soap,
His hair curled on his head.

He had a cockney, saucy air,
And he was sparely clad:
His eyes were black, and very black
—He looked a thorough cad.

"All sorts of marbles, little boy,
How many may there be?"
"How many? Seven in all," he said,
"And, whistling, winked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
He answered, “Seven there be;
Two ‘alley-tors,’ one ‘commoney,’
And all belong to me.

“The ‘alley-tors’ for three a-piece
Do count, and thus you see,
That they are seven in all, although
Their number's only three.’

“You say you've got two ‘alley-tors’
And one small ‘commoney;’
Yet you've got seven! I pray you tell,
Youngster, how this may be?”

Then did the little boy reply,
“Seven marbles I possess;
Two, you observe, are ‘alley-tors’
And count for six—no less.”

“You cut along, my lively lad,
You're gamesome, I can see;
Although for seven your marbles count,
Still they are only three.”

“They're striped with red in lines of three,”
The little chap replied.
“Twelve yards or more from my mammy's door
I place them side by side.

“My spelling there I try to learn,
My tables there to say;
And there upon the ground I kneel,
And, knuckling, with them play.

“And often after ‘washing up,’
When the tea-table's bare,
I take my bread and treacle, and
I eat my supper there.

“The first I had was given me
By my big brother, Bill;
He bought it with a ha'penny which
He cribbed from mother's till.

“The next my sister Poll gave me;
She found it as she brushed
My Uncle Jack's cord'roys, and then
With it to me she rushed.

“The third, the ‘commoney,’ I got
From out the kitchen drawer;
I nailed it when I went to fetch
Pa's usual spirit—raw.”

“How many have you, then,” said I,
“If two to you were given;
And one you ‘nailed,’ you wicked boy?”
“Lord love you! I've got seven.”

“Fie! if you tell such fibs, my boy,
You'll never go to Heaven!”
'Twas wasting breath to talk; for still,
The little wretch would have his will,
And would say, “I've got seven.”

EDWARD COMPTON.

Touchstone. November, 1878.

A SIMPLE LAY.

By the Archbishop of Canterbury.

——— A RURAL Dean
That with the Church content,
Brooked not in any shape or form
The schism of Dissent.

He met an aged cottager,
He was eighty-two, he said,
His hair—as will to you occur—
Had some time left his head.

He had a dazed and rustic air,
In kettle-smock was clad;
The Dean a minute had to spare,
So spoke to this gran'-dad:

“Of sons and daughters, cottager,
How many may you be?”
“I have had seven, they're all in heaven,
Not one is left to me!”

“And what were they?” the Dean asked then;
“What were they?” echoed he;
“Why, three was Plymouth Bretheren,
And two turned Methodee.

“And two was Baptistes, I think,
The heldest an 'is brother;
The heldest, well, he tookt to drink,
An' used to whack 'is mother.

“But in the hend he did reform,
An' gived up bein' cranky;
He was converted in a storm
By Moody an' that Sankey!”

“That two were Methodists, you said,
And Plymouth Brethren three,
And Baptists two, then why say you
That seven in heaven there be?”

Then did that cottager reply,
“Seven boys and gals had we,
And now they're dead, as I've a-said,
In heaven I hopes they be.”

“You're very green!” observed the Dean,
“And won't be long alive;
Your children seven are not in heaven,
Nor three, nor four, nor five!

“For all of them, by what you say,
Dissenters I must call;
And so you make a great mistake.
There's none in heaven at all!”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
The cottager replied.
“Ah, yes, I see, they are on the
Unconsecrated side.”

“The first that went was Mary Jane,”
The cottager did say;
“A rare good gal, too, in the main,
'Twere fine to yeer 'er pray!

“So in the ground, sir, she was laid,
Then Bill the fever caught;
A rare good workman with 'is spade,
And good in deed an' thought!

“It seemed a despard cruel blow!”—
And here the old man sighed—
“For 'fore the ground was white with snow,
God help us! all 'ad died!”

"How many were you?" said the Dean,
"I think you mentioned seven?"
Then said the cottager, serene,
"Yes, we have seven in heaven!"

"They were dissenters!" cried the Dean,
"They cannot be in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away, for still
The cottager would have his will,
"And said "We've seven in heaven!"

From *Finis*, 1877.

THE BALLAD OF THE 'BUS.

——A SIMPLE 'Bus,
Belonging to a London "Co,"
That gets its ten per cent. with ease,
—Why should it crowd us so?

I hailed a raucous little "Cad,"—
"There's room for one!" he cried;
But when I stood upon the step,
The facts his word belied.

He bore a bag to give you change;
His voice was very loud.
The simpleton he overcharged,
And timid ladies cowed.

"Within this vehicle," I asked,
"How many may there be?"
"How many?" roughly he replied;
"Why don't you look and see."

"But where is room? I see no room?"
My wrath I tried to smother.
He answered—"On one side are six,
And only five on t'other."

"Two of the five," I pointed out,
"Must weigh a ton between 'em;
Two others have such tattered garbs
As barely serve to screen 'em."

Then did the little "Cad" rejoin,
"Yet they are only five;
If you're a-coming by this 'bus,
I wish you'd look alive!"

"'Tis shameful," angrily I said,
"To play your fares such tricks!
If two do take the room of three,
Then surely there are six."

"You're jolly green, that may be seen!"
The rude Conductor cried;
"Until I've got twelve passengers,
I am *not* 'full inside.'"

"I always travel in a 'bus,"
I thought it right to say,
"And frequently am over-pressed
In this atrocious way.

"My little bag I love to bring,
My paper here I read,
And, when there's proper elbow-room,
'Tis very nice indeed.

"A Magistrate has just declared
You have no right to pack us,
And—ah, I see *that* person is
A votary of Bacchus!

"A nice quintette! The more I look
I seem to grow the sicker;
Two elephants—two more in rags—
The fifth, he is in liquor!

"But Mr. Partridge, *he* will see
These wrongs are not repeated——"
'Twas wasting words, for with a frown
The 'Bus Conductor knocked me down,
And cried. "*Now* you are seated!"

Punch. April 18, 1885.

THEY ARE SEVEN.

I MARVELLED why he looked so wild,
And fiercely drew his breath;
That Tory, who had lately smiled,
But now looked pale as death.

His cranium seemed in such a whirl,
He hated Fate, he said—
His hair was sadly out of curl,
He lowly bent his head.

Said I, "The members in for 'Brum,'
All one sort seem to be."
"Yes, seven in all," he said, quite glum,
But, there, *we've* no M.P.!"

"And who are they?" I asked, "Say, do!"
Quoth he, "Cook, Broadhurst, Bright,
And Williams, Kenrick, Dixon, too—
And 'Joe' has won *his* fight!"

"What, not e'en Randolph in," said I.
"That Birmingham batch to leaven?"
"Ah, no," he sadly made reply,
"Not *one*, while *they* have Seven!"

"Nay raise your head," I gently said,
"Let mirth your mourning leaven;
Why, look at Liverpool"—but he
Still moaned "In 'Brum' we've no M.P.,
While Liberals they have Seven!"

Fun. December 2, 1885.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

——A RADICAL,
With tenets all complete,
Whose name is Joseph Chamberlain—
How should *he* know defeat?

I met—no little cottage gal,
With curls around her head,—
But Joe, the conquering Radical,
He's more than seven, he said.

"In Brum what conquests have you made?
How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," he said,
And winked and smiled at me.

"The Tories? Pray you, where are they?"
He answered: "Seven are we;
The Tories stood awhile at bay,
But they were all at sea!

"All of them knew the way to lie,
They tutored one another,
But each has gone to pipe his eye
And whimper to his mother!

"And as they went I raised my hat,
I smiled and coughed: Ahem!
And there upon the poll I sat,
I sat and laughed at them.

"The first to fail was Lord Chur-chill,
Bright made him dull, by Joe!
Then Showell showed extremely ill,
And Lowe looked very low!"

"But they are fled—their hopes are done."
He said: "They are forgiven!
Seven seats there are, but they have none,
Seven seats—yet they have not won one,"
He said, "But we are seven!"

The Judge. London. December 5, 1885.

MORE THAN SEVEN.

(Wordsworth's Poem Adapted to Modern Times.)

I MET a little city child,
A small and vulgar boy,
His eyes were twinkling, and he smiled
As with an inward joy.

He had a look of saucy pride,
His legs were somewhat bent,
He walked along with careless stride,
And whistled as he went.

"Sisters and brothers, little child,
How many may you be?"
His whistle ceased, but still he smiled,
And stood and looked at me.

I said, "How many may you be?
Where dwell you under heaven?"
He smiled a simple smile at me,
And said "I'm more than seven!"

"I do not doubt your word," I said,
"It gives me no surprise."
I placed my hand upon his head,
And looked into his eyes.

"But pray you tell me, too, of those
To whom your love is given."
He laid his finger on his nose
And said, "I am more than seven!"

"I asked you not your age to give,"
I said, with mild caress,
"But tell me if your parents live,
And what is their address?"

He fumbled with his jacket hem,
As only children can:
"I never tell such things as them
To any School Board man!"

"I'm not a School Board man, my child,
I am your friend," said I,
But still he only stood and smiled,
And made this strange reply:

"If you tell whoppers such as that
You'll never go to heaven!"
I reasoned vainly, I suppose,
For still he smiled and tapped his nose,
And said, "I'm more than seven!"

A. St. J. A.

WE ARE ONE.

(More's the Pity.)

——A SINGLE man,
That leads a quiet life,
Far from the din of family cares,
What should he know of strife?

I met a tall and ancient girl—
She was nineteen, she said—
Her wig was thick with many a curl
That bobbed about her head.

She had a very regal air,
And she was thinly clad,
As well befits an ancient girl
Whose beauty makes one glad.

"Sweethearts and lovers, lovely maid,
How many may they be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And gave a leer at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are they,
And two of them in Bedlam dwell,
And two have run away.

"Two more of them are underground
And then there is another
Who——Ga 'long you naughty man,
Or else I'll call my mother."

I went along. That beauteous maid
Has followed me through life;
But now, alas! I sue no more,
Because—she is my wife.

"WE ARE SEVEN."

[The seven members who thus attained for a night a most unenviable notoriety were Mr. Parnell, Mr. O'Connor Power, Mr. Richard Power, Mr. O'Donnell, Captain Nolan, Major O'Gorman, and Mr. Whalley.]

'TIS Peterborough's simple child,
Who knows not what he saith,
Replies to me in utterance wild,
And somewhat out of breath.

He has a rustic woodland air,
And he is strangely clad;
His eyes are wild, unkempt his hair,
As one a little mad.

"Of those who bring the House disgrace,
How many may there be?"
"Why, seven," he said, with vacant face,—
"There's seven—counting me!"

"But he who doth at Cavan dwell
Foremost is wont to be;
Yet you are 'seven'—I pray you tell,
My friend, how that may be."

He kept to the same statement still,
"Obstructives seven are we;
Our task to hinder every bill,
And spoil whate'er may be.

"And often after sunset, sir,
Until the morning fair,
The weary House we keep astir,
And eat our breakfast there."

"We thought that Biggar and Parnell
Alone the House had driven"——
Again the self-same accents fell,
"Oh, master, we are seven!"

Funny Folks. July 21, 1877.

THEY ARE FIVE.

I MET a statesman old and worn,
He was threescore years and more,
And in his trembling hand were borne
Vague Resolutions three or four.

[This is the first verse of a parody dated May, 1877, which occurs in a small anonymous pamphlet, entitled, *They are Five*, published by David Bogue, London. The parody consists of twelve dull verses, and is quite out of date.]

"WE ARE SEVEN."

(The Birmingham Version.)

——A GRAND Old Man,
By self-conceit so eaten,
He cannot bring himself to feel
That he's completely beaten.

He met a Midland Radical,
From Birmingham came he,
And eye-glass, orchid, monogram
All showed 'twas Joseph C——.

J. C.'d a perky, well-pleased air,
His "frock" was buttoned tight,
The glance that through his eye-glass shot
Was jubilant and bright,

"Ah," said the G.O.M. to him,
"Your face I surely know.
Methinks you hie from Birmingham.
Say, how do things there go?"

"How many have elected been,
I've not had time to see?"
"How many? Seven in all," said Joe,
And smiled at William G.

"And who are they, I pray you tell?"
He answered, "Seven are we;
Four sit for North, East, South, and West,
And one for Bordesley.

"This last one, by the bye's my friend
Who, spite your verbal maulings,
Has triumphed! need I add he is
'A certain Jesse Collings?'"

"Collings?" the G.O.M. replied,
As he his brows knit sore,
"Oh, Jesse Collings; yes, I *may*
Have heard the name before."

"But," he went on—and he to keep
His temper much did strive—
"You said that you were seven, but you
Have only mentioned five."

Then straight did Joseph C. reply,
"Seven Unionists are we,
For to the five you have to add,
My brother-in-law and me."

"But you're against me," Gladstone said,
"I know your Caine-like tricks,
So Birmingham has only sent
For me supporters six?"

"What, do you mean you have not seen
The polls?" J. C. replied,
"Why, G.O.M., from Brummagem
Not *one* is on your side."

(Seven verses omitted.)

"Nay, nay," cried Gladstone, "I refuse
To own that things are so;
"Birmingham went for me!" said Joe—
"It did—nine months ago."

"But you have since brought in two bills
So foolishly arranged
That your devoted followers
To bitter foes they've changed."

"But they are dead; those bills are dead;
They're dead, I say, by Heaven!"
The Old Man wasted breath, for still
Would Midland Joseph have his will,
And still exclaimed in accents shrill,
"We Unionists are seven!"

Figaro. (London), July 10, 1886.

——:o:——

LUCY.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Besides the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1799.

Mr. W. Davenport Adams has asserted that the second verse of the above was written by Mrs. Wordsworth. Now Wordsworth was not married until 1802, three years after the poem on "Lucy" was written, and it seems very improbable that Mary Hutchinson would have contributed a verse praising a former sweetheart, even although she were dead.

ON WORDSWORTH.

HE lived amidst th' untrodden ways
To Rydal Lake* that lead;

---

* The Poet's residence.

A bard whom there were none to praise,
And very few to read.

Behind a cloud his mystic sense,
Deep hidden who can spy?
Bright as the night when not a star
Is shining in the sky.

Unread his works—his "Milk White Doe"[†]
With dust is dark and dim;
It's still in Longman's shop, and oh!
The difference to him.

This clever parody was written by Hartley Coleridge, whose character Wordsworth prophetically divined when he was but six years old:—

"O blessed vision! happy child!
Thou art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years."

JACOB.

He dwelt among "Apartments let,"
About five stories high;
A man, I thought, that none would get,
And very few would try.

A boulder, by a larger stone
Half hidden in the mud,
Fair as a man when only one
Is in the neighbourhood.

He lived unknown, and few could tell
When Jacob was not free;
But he has got a wife,—and O!
The difference to me!

From *Poems and Parodies*, by Phœbe Carey. Boston, United States, 1854.

EMANCIPATION.

She dwelt within unyielding stays
That kept her bolt upright,
A nymph whose waist won doubtful praise,
She laced so very tight.

A maiden by a kirtle dun
Half hidden from the eye,
A single skirt when only *one*
Was worn by low and high.

She burst her bonds at last, and so
With perfect ease can stir.
She wears "*divided skirts*," and oh!
The difference to her!!

F. B. Doveton.

THE REJECTED ADDRESSES.

Wordsworth was one of the authors selected to be imitated in *The Rejected Addresses*. These were supposed to be the compositions sent in by competing poets on the occasion of the opening of the new Drury Lane Theatre in October, 1812. They were all written by the Brothers James and Horace Smith, this imitation of Wordsworth being the work of James Smith.

The Edinburgh Review for November, 1812, contained an article (written by Jeffrey) on *The Rejected Addresses*, in which, referring to this particular poem, the reviewer remarks:—"The author does not attempt to copy any of the higher attributes of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; but has succeeded perfectly in the imitation of his mawkish affectations of childish simplicity and nursery stammering. We hope it will make him ashamed of his 'Alice Fell,' and the greater part of his last volumes—of which it is by no means a parody, but a very fair, and indeed we think a flattering imitation."

The Baby's Debut.

"Thy lisping prattle and thy mincing gait,
All thy false mimic fooleries I hate;
For thou art Folly's counterfeit, and she
Who is right foolish hath the better plea;
Nature's true Idiot I prefer to thee."

Cumberland.

[*Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.*]

My brother Jack was nine in May,[*]
And I was eight on New-year's-day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,—
He thinks mine came to more than his;
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O, my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
It's head against the parlour door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried, "O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:

[†] "The White Doe of Rylstone" which had a very slow sale. Jeffrey wrote of it that it was the very worst poem he ever saw in a Quarto volume.

[*] Jack and Nancy, as it was afterwards remarked to the Authors, are here made to come into the world at periods not sufficiently remote. The writers were then bachelors. One of them, unfortunately, still continues so, as he has thus recorded in his niece's album:

"Should I seek Hymen's tie,
As a poet I die—
Ye Benedicks, mourn my distresses!
For what little fame
Is annexed to my name
Is derived from *Rejected Addresses*."

The blunder, notwithstanding, remains unrectified. The reader of poetry is always dissatisfied with emendations: they sound discordantly upon the ear, like a modern song, by Bishop or Braham, introduced in *Love in a Village*.

No Drury-Lane for you to-day!"
And while papa said, "Pooh, she may!"
Mamma said, "No, she sha'n't!"

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind,
The tails of both hung down behind,
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopp'd it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes,
(I always talk to Sam:)
So what does he, but takes, and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me;
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As those that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound.
And there's a row of lamps:—my eye
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
um bob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said, "Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

"You've only got to curtsey whisp-
er, hold your chin up, laugh, and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats, not quite
Thirteen, got fifty pounds a night;*
Then why not Nancy Lake?"

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?
And where's my aunt? and where's mamma?
Where's Jack? O, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

Blows a kiss, and exit.

From *Rejected Addresses*, by Horace & James Smith. (London: John Miller, 1812.)

THE PET LAMB.

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink;
I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"
And looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied
A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone,
And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone;
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel,
While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

* * * *

William Wordsworth.

Rink, Pretty Creature, Rink.

The dusk was falling fast, the lamps began to blink,
I heard a voice, it said, "Rink, pretty creature, rink."
And looking o'er the edge, close by me I espied
A gentle youth on wheels, with a maiden at his side.

No other folk were near, and they were quite alone,
I saw the maiden sit upon a friendly stone.—
With one knee on the ground the gentle youth did kneel,
And stooping down, her skates he tenderly did feel,.

I saw, when in his hand her little foot he took,
He seem'd with joy o'ercome, with sweet emotion shook.
"Rink, pretty creature, rink," he cried in such a tone,
I saw that he had ta'en her heart into his own.

A handsome youth was he, while she had beauty rare,
I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair;
Now, hand in hand, again, I saw them start away,
And as they passed me by, methought I heard him say

"What ails thee, dear one? What? Why pull so at my hand?
Are not thy skates yet firm? dost feel thou canst not stand?
Ere long upon thy skates thou wilt be quite at home,
And fly across the ground like any fairy gnome.

"Art tired, sweet, or hot? See here a cosy nook,
Where we can sit and rest, and nobody can look;
Or would'st thou skate alone, then start in all thy pride?
One whistle and thou know'st that I am at thy side.

"Thou need'st not fear a fall when I am by thy side,
My arm will hold thee up, as round and round we glide;
Asphalte, I know, is hard, so it always be,
But if you feel you must fall, dearest, fall on me."

I could not listen more, I had no time to stay
But ponder'd o'er the scene as home I took my way;
Methought the servant-maid who oped the door did shrink,
For all I muttered was, "Rink, pretty creature, rink."

A. W. Mackenzie (Author of *Idyls of the Rink*).

From *Mirth*. May, 1887.

MY HEART LEAPS UP.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;

---

* This alludes to the young Betty mania.

So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Extract from
POEMS OF THE APPREHENSION.

MY heart leaps up when I behold
A bailiff in the street:
'Twas so since from one first I ran;
'Twas so even in the Isle of Man:
'Twill be so even in Newgate hold,
Or in the Fleet!
A trap is hateful to a man;
And my whole course of life shall be
Bent against them in just antipathy!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

This parody originally appeared in the *Literary Gazette* for 1820, p. 427.

LINES originally intended to have been inserted in the last edition of WORDSWORTH'S Poems.

I.

I MET an old man on the road,
His name was Robert Lake;
Old man, said I, how do you do?
He said his tooth did ache.

II.

I think, good Sir, he cried in grief,
My tooth's not worth a pin!
But now and then to get relief
I fill my mouth with gin.

III.

You fill your mouth with gin, said I,
Your face, too, doth denote
That now and then, by way of change,
You pour it down your throat.

IV.

Indeed 'tis not a goodly drink,
It fills the mind with doubt;
And if your tooth doth ache, I think
You'd better have it out.

V.

So to his tooth a string I tied,
And pull'd right strong, forsooth;
The old man held tight by the post,
And soon out came his tooth.

VI.

The pain immediately took wing,
No ghost e'er vanished quicker;
"Ho," quoth the man, "a bit of string
Is better far than liquor."

From *The Satirist*, June 1, 1811.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright,
With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE M.A. DEGREE.

IT was a phantom of delight
When first it gleamed upon my sight,
A scholarly distinction, sent
To be a student's ornament;
I did not know nor did I care
What work there might be to prepare,
For all my mind to work was drawn
Then, in my academic dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay
Before me then was my M. A.

I saw it upon nearer view,
A glory, yet a bother too!
For I perceived that I should be
Involved in much Philosophy
(A branch in which I could but meet
Works that were more obscure than sweet);
In Mathematics, scarcely good
For human nature's daily food;
And Classics—rendered in the styles
Of Kelly, Bohn, and Dr. Giles.

And now I own, with some small spleen,
A most confounded ass I've been;
The glory seems an empty breath,
And I am nearly bored to death
With Reason, Consciousness, and Will,
And other things beyond my skill,
Discussed in books all darkly plann'd
And more in number than the sand.—
Yet that M.A. still haunts my sight
With something of its former light.

From *The University News Sheet*. St. Andrews. N.B. March 24 1886.

On Auberon Herbert.

He was a Great Panjandrum, quite,
When first he burst upon our sight;
An Admirable Crichton, sent
To be the nation's ornament.
His eyes possessed the Sphinx's glare,
The Sphinx's, too, his stony air;
But all things else about him drawn
In tints of the millennial dawn.
A mighty sage, a Mentor great,
To chide, to chivvy, and to slate.

We saw him upon nearer view
A Radical, yet a Tory too!
With thoughts from Party bondage free,
And steps of chartered liberty.
A diction his in which did meet
Tart enmities and phrases sweet.
A creature far too wise and good
For civic nature's daily food.
For Salisbury's schemes or Gladstone's wiles;
He rates, and rallies, and reviles.

And now cantankerously serene
He pitches into "The Machine,"
Breathing hot wrath in every breath
On Gladstone and his shibboleth.
Having the will, if not the skill,
All schemes—save *his*—to scotch or kill.
A perfect Oracle—nobly planned,
To scold, to scathe, and to command.
And yet with an admixture slight
Of *blague* and bounce, and blatherumskite!

Punch. June 5, 1886.

Dusty Bob.

A Parody upon the style of Wordsworth, one of the Lake Poets, and author of "The Oxford Street Fiddler," &c.

See where old Bob the Dustman stands,
With dirty face and dirtier hands,
Swinging his huge bell to and fro,
Chaunting the while, "dust ho! dust ho!"
In sooth, it is a pleasant cry,
That hoarse and deep-toned harmony;
It speaks of health and strength, and, oh!
What dearer blessings here below?

Marry! he hath a sooty brow;
But there are brains within, I trow;
The blackness, that o'ershadows it,
Doth hide a mine of rude old wit,
Whose pleasaunce oft will downward fly,
And sparkle in his broad, bold eye;
A merry truth which ye, who'd know,
Go watch him, while he sings, "dust ho!"

Old brawny songster! 'tis to me
A marvel and a mystery,
The jovial and Stentorian gusto
With which thou daily callest "dust ho!"
How useful art thou, making clean
The dwellings both of rich and mean,
Unheeding each small street-boy elf
Who tauntingly cries, "clean thyself!"

Mild Dustman! in thy filthy face
A moral he who looks may trace,—
A moral which, perchance, hath struck
Thyself, when 'neath thy weight of muck;
For, to my fancy, in thine eye
A quaint philosophy doth lie,
Which says, "who dirt from others sweeps
More dirt upon himself but heaps!"

I met him last in Piccadilly;
His bell was faint, his howl was shrilly;
There was no more his lungs about
The force with which he used to shout;
A cry, but not as erst, was heard;—
I knew that "dust ho" *was* the word,
But all the depth, the soul was gone
As with his bell he "dust ho'd" on.

His hat was still in Dustman's fashion,
But with a slouch that woo'd compassion;
Of velveteen still were his breeches,
But with a host of coarse-drawn stitches.
Of highloes still a pair he wore,
But laceless each, and with a score
Of holes that let the puddles in,
And wetted Bobby, sole and skin!

No, Bob was anything but garish;
'Twas time they sent him to the parish!
They tell me he is there at last,
And that his bell was with him passed!
The Dustman's cart, the Dustman's horse,
Still haunt the streets and squares—of course,
But other drivers do the job
That once was done by Dusty Bob!

From *The Comic Magazine.* 1834.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O blithe new comer! I have heard,
  I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
  Or but a wandering voice?

While I am lying on the grass
  Thy twofold shout I hear,
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
  At once far off and near.

Though babbling only, to the vale,
  Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
  Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
  Even yet thou art to me
No bird; but an invisible thing,
  A voice, a mystery.

* * * *

William Wordsworth.

Cuckoo Notes.

O blythe new paper! From thy page
  Seductive scraps I cull.
O Cuckoo, shall I call thee sage?
  I *cannot* call thee dull!

When I'm reclining—business done—
Thy "Notes" provoke a laugh;
From line to line my optics run,
And twinkle at thy chaff.

From Fetter Lane I hear thee call
To thousands far away;
And unto me thou bringest all
The gossip of the day!

"Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!"
To me thou art, no doubt
No bird, but a most novel thing—
The brightest paper out!

F. B. DOVETON.

——:o:——

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

AT the corner of Wood Street when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years;
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

THE REVERIE OF A POOR SQUEEZED 'UN.

AT the East end of Paul's, there's a plot that's for sale;
And the Press sings out, "Buy it!"—the cry's somewhat stale.
The Londoner, hustled and crowded, can tell
How narrow the roadway, the pavement as well.

His fancy runs riot! What ails him? He sees
A Boulevard appearing, all shaded by trees;
With ease and with comfort the 'busses now glide
From Cannon Street corner to busy Cheapside.

A road, "wide as Holborn," allows him to view
The Cathedral uprising in dignity new;
And a fine open space lets the oxygen roam
Where school-boys and merchants once boasted a home.

He looks, and his joy grows intense! But they fade—
The visions of elbow-room, Boulevard, and shade;
And the space will be speedily built on, unless
To the cry of, "Oh, buy it!" the City says, "Yes."

Punch. December 26, 1885.

(But the City authorities did *not* say "Yes," and the ground has all been covered with lofty warehouses.)

SIMPLICITY.

"Simplicity is a characteristic of the highest species of poetry. Now, no one has carried the *simple* so far as Wordsworth; and, as I hold it good always to imitate perfection, I have taken the following lines for my model:—

VIOLETS, do what they will,
Wither'd on the ground must lie:
Daisies will be daisies still;
Daisies they must live and die.

I fear much, lest some *meaning*, which may have crept into my verses should prove destructive of that exquisite simplicity at which I aim; however, what scholar is not inferior to the master?

FAIR women win the hearts of men,
Men the hearts of women too!
It *has* been so, the Lord knows when—
What then can the poor things do?

Their blue eyes will be blue eyes still;
Will have fire, and fire will warm:
Lips will be lips, *say* what they will;
And to kiss them, where's the harm?

To church, to marry, fair one, go—
Bells in belfries toll, ding dong;
If your mother did not so,
Then your mother, child, did wrong.

(The last verse is omitted, not because it is too long, but because it is too *broad.*)

From *The British Press.* March 3, 1813.

——:o:——

WHAT WOMEN MAKE OF MAN.

I HEARD her singing lively notes,
While on a chair I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sweet thoughts to the mind.

To her fair face had nature linked
A subtle charm that through me ran.
And it pleased my heart to think,
I was a lady's man.

Soft blushes would, in that sweet hour,
Each time we met, her face suffuse.
And told me I had gained the power
To have her hand did I but choose.

Bright couples round me danced and played,
Their thoughts I could not measure,
But, as approached the beauteous maid,
My heart was full of pleasure.

My outstretched hands caught hold her arm,
And drew her to my side.
I told my love, confessed her charm;
The maiden quick replied

"Here comes my husband;" then she went;
The maiden even ran!
Have I not reason to lament
What maidens make of man!

WM. E. DOUBLEDAY.

——:o:——

THE YARRA-YARRA UNVISITED.

Written in an Australian Album on its Home Tour.

NE'ER have I rambled on its marge,
  Ne'er angled 'mid its willows ;
I ne'er have sailed in skiff or barge
  Upon its languid billows.
Yet will I sing as Callanan
  Once sang at Gougaune Barra—
Yet will I sing as best I can
  The lazy winding Yarra.

Ah ! many a day of weary toil,
  And much privation well borne,
Have served to tame the rampant soil
  And raise this rising Melbourne.
Some forty years ago, as wild,
  As lonely as Sahara,
Now rife with life and Trade's keen strife,
  Just at the mouth of Yarra.

It creeps between high wooded sides,
  And ere it reach the city,
Past holy Abbotsford it glides—
  To which it owes this ditty.
For in Australian album, why
  Waste praise on Connemara,
Thy heart's in Abbotsford, and I
  Will praise its Yarra-Yarra.

The friend whose friendship gave me thine,
  With kindness past all telling,
Pursues me since the "auld lang syne"
  When first with him I fell in.
Ah ! while we watched the summer tide
  Lap thy gray rocks, Kinvara,
We recked not that o'er oceans wide
  He'd fly to Yarra-Yarra !

He tells me that the sky above
  Is bluer far and brighter
Than that which spans the isle we love ;
  The air is warmer, lighter.
Gay flowers along the margin float
  And many an *avis rara*
Of brilliant plume but tuneless throat,
  Skims o'er the sparkling Yarra.

When shall I breathe that purer air ?
  Quite lately I have had some
Fair chance of being summoned there.
  If summoned, *ecce adsum ?*
The motto of our Bedford race
  Is this : *Che sara sara.*
(The accent slightly I misplace
  To coax a rhyme for Yarra.)

More musical than new Adare
  Its olden name Athdara,
And Tennyson's meek Lady Clare
  Grows statelier as Clara.
Had not my Muse such gems to spare
  For gemming thy tiara,
She would not waste a double share
  On this one stanza, Yarra !

There is not unity of theme
  I grant it, in these stanzas,
The subjects as far sundered seem
  As Kensington and Kansas.
'Twere better if in graceful round
  My thoughts could move—but arrah !
What can a poet do who's bound
  To close each verse with Yarra?

And notice here our rhythmic chords
  Are strict in orthodoxy,
Nor do they force two little words
  For one to act as proxy.
An article to harshly treat
  (As in this line) would mar a
Most conscientious rhyming feat
  Achieved to honour Yarra.

But now, at last, we must give o'er
  With our Wordsworthian sapphic,
Though sundry rhymes remain in store
  Historic, topographic,
Like those we've hitherto impressed,
  A Lara and Bokhara,
Carrara, Marat, and the rest :
  But how link these with Yarra ?

My trickling thread of metre wells
  As if 'twould well for ever :
So mountain streamlet swells and swells
  Into a stream, a river.
But now my harp as mute must grow
  As that which hangs at Tara.
Farewell, dear Maid from Bendigo !
  Farewell, O Yarra-Yarra !

W. L.

This imitation of Wordsworth's poems, *Yarrow Unvisited, Yarrow Visited,* and *Yarrow Revisited,* appeared originally in *The Month,* May and June, 1872. The allusion in the first verse is to J. J. Callanan, an Irish poet, who wrote *Gougaune Barra,* which is inserted in *Bell's Standard Elocutionist.* (Belfast, 1874) p. 436.

———:o:———

A SONNET ON THE SONNET.

SCORN not the Sonnet ; Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours ; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart ; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief ;
The Sonnet glittered a gay mirtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow ; a glowworm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways ; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet ; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

TRANSLATION BY M. DE ST. BEUVE.

NE ris point des sonnets, ô critique moqueur ;
Par amour autrefois en fit le grand Shakspeare ;
C'est sur ce luth heureux que Petrarque soupire,
Et que le Tasse aux fers soulage un peu son cœur ;

Camoens de son exil abrège la longueur,
Car il chante en sonnets l'amour et son empire :
Dante aime cette fleur de myrte, et la respire,
Et la mêle au cyprès que ceint son front vainqueur.

Spenser, s'en revenant de l'île des féeries,
Exhale en longs sonnets ses tristesses chéries ;
Milton, chantant les siens, ranimait son regard :
Moi ! je veux rajeunir le doux sonnet en France,
Du Bellay, le premier, l'apporta de Florence,
Et l'on en sait plus d'un de notre vieux Ronsard.

AN AMERICAN PARODY.

SCORN not the meerschaum. Housewives, you have croaked
In ignorance of its charms. Through this small reed
Did Milton, now and then, consume the weed ;
The poet Tennyson hath oft evoked
The Muse with glowing pipe, and Thackeray joked
And wrote and sang in nicotinian mood ;
Hawthorne with this hath cheered his solitude ;
A thousand times this pipe hath Lowell smoked ;
Full oft hath Aldrich, Stoddard, Taylor, Cranch,
And many more whose verses float about,
Puffed the Virginian or Havana leaf ;
And when the poet's or the artist's branch,
Drops no sustaining fruit, how sweet to pout
Consolatory whiffs—alas, too brief !

BULL IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

A Wordsworthian Sonnet.

OH ! BULL, strong labourer, much enduring beast,
That with broad back, and sinewy shoulder strung,
Draggest the heavy wain of taxes, flung
In growing heap, from thy poor brethren fleeced.
Hadst thou a literary sense of shame,
How woulds't thou crush, and toss, and rend, and gore,
The printing press, and hands that work therefore,
For the sad trash that issues from the same.
If they would print no other works than mine,
The task were nobler ; but, alas, in vain,
Of audience few and unfit I complain,
Bull won't believe in Southey's verse and mine.
Arouse thee, John, involve in general doom
All who bid Wordsworth rise for Byron to make room.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanack. 1846.

———:o:———

BILLY ROUTING.

A Lyrical Ballad.

FIT subject for heroic story,
I sing a youth of noble fame ;
Town and country, ten miles round,
Awaken at the glowing sound,
Of gallant Billy Routing's name !

This poem, written in imitation of Wordsworth, consists of thirteen verses. It will be found in Vol. I. *Miscellanies* by W. Maginn, London. Sampson, Low and Co. 1885. In the same Volume will be found a rather dull imitation of Wordsworth's *Excursion*, entitled *The Kail Pot*, which originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* for May, 1821, as did also the following much more clever parody :—

BILLY BLINN.

I KNEW a man that died for love,
His name, I ween, was Billy Blinn ;
His back was hump'd, his hair was grey,
And, on a sultry summer day,
We found him floating in the linn.

Once as we stood before his door
Smoking, and wondering who should pass,
Then trundling past him in a cart
Came Susan Foy, she won his heart,
She was a gallant lass.

And Billy Blinn conceal'd the flame
That burn'd, and scorch'd his very blood ;
But often was he heard to sigh,
And with his sleeve he wiped his eye,
In a dejected mood.

A party of recruiters came
To wile our cottars, man and boy ;
Their coats were red, their cuffs were blue,
And boldly, without more ado,
Off with the troop went Susan Foy !

When poor old Billy heard the news,
He tore his hairs so thin and grey ;
He beat the hump upon his back,
And ever did he cry, "Alack,
Ohon, oh me !—alas a-day !"

His nights were spent in sleeplessness,
His days in sorrow and despair,
It could not last—this inward strife ;
The lover he grew tired of life,
And saunter'd here and there.

At length, 'twas on a moonlight eve,
The skies were blue, the winds were still ;
He wander'd from his wretched hut,
And, though he left the door unshut,
He sought the lonely hill.

He look'd upon the lovely moon,
He look'd upon the twinkling stars ;
"How peaceful all is there," he said,
"No noisy tumult there is bred,
And no intestine wars."

But misery overcame his heart,
For all was waste and war within ;
And rushing forward with a leap,
O'er crags a hundred fathoms steep,
He plunged into the linn.

We found him when the morning sun
Shone brightly from the eastern sky ;
Upon his back he was afloat—
His hat was sailing like a boat—
His staff was found on high.

Oh reckless woman, Susan Foy,
To leave the poor, old, loving man,
And with a soldier, young and gay,
Thus harlot-like to run away
To India or Japan.

Poor Billy Blinn, with hair so white
Poor Billy Blinn was stiff and cold ;
Will Adze he made a coffin neat,
We placed him in it head and feet,
And laid him in the mould !

WILLIAM MAGINN.

———:o:———

FRAGMENT IN IMITATION OF WORDSWORTH.

THERE is a river clear and fair,
'Tis neither broad nor narrow ;
It winds a little here and there—

It winds about like any hare;
And then it takes as straight a course
As on a turnpike road a horse,
  Or through the air an arrow.

The trees that grow upon the shore,
Have grown a hundred years or more;
  So long there is no knowing.
Old Daniel Dobson does not know
When first those trees began to grow;
But still they grew, and grew, and grew,
As if they'd nothing else to do,
  But ever to be growing.

The impulses of air and sky
Have reared their stately stems so high,
  And clothed their boughs with green;
Their leaves the dews of evening quaft,—
  And when the wind blows loud and keen,
I've seen the jolly timbers laugh,
  And shake their sides with merry glee—
  Wagging their heads in mockery.

Fix'd are their feet in solid earth,
  Where winds can never blow;
But visitings of deeper birth
  Have reached their roots below.
For they have gained the river's brink,
And of the living waters drink.

There's little Will, a five year's child—
  He is my youngest boy;
To look on eyes so fair and wild.
  It is a very joy:—
He hath conversed with sun and shower,
And dwelt with every idle flower,
  As fresh and gay as them.
He loiters with the briar rose,
The blue belles are his play-fellows,
  That dance upon their slender stem.

And I have said, my little Will,
Why should not he continue still
  A thing of Nature's rearing?
A thing beyond the world's control—
A living vegetable soul,—
  No human sorrow fearing.

It were a blessed sight to see
That child become a willow tree,
  His brother trees among.
He'd be four times as tall as me,
  And live three times as long.

This parody was written by Miss Catherine Maria Fanshawe, and is included in her "Literary Remains," published in 1876 by B. M. Pickering, London. In a foot note to the parody it is stated that a distinguished lady friend, and admirer, of Wordsworth thought it beautiful and was surprised that he had never shown it to her.

The same little volume contains an "Ode in imitation of Gray," in which the following lines occur relating to the purchase of a lady's hat:—

THE milliner officious pours
Of hats and caps her ready stores,
  The unbought elegance of spring;
Some wide, disclose the full round face,
Some shadowy, lend a modest grace
  And stretch their sheltering wing.
Here early blooms the summer rose;
Here ribbons wreathe fantastic bows;
Here plays gay plumage of a thousand dyes—
Visions of beauty, spare my aching eyes!
Ye cumbrous fashions, crowd not on my head!
  Mine be the chip of purest white,
  Swan-like, and as her feathers light
When on the still wave spread;
And let it wear the graceful dress
Of unadornèd simpleness.

Ah! frugal wish; ah! pleasing thought;
  Ah! hope indulged in vain;
Of modest fancy cheaply bought,
  A stranger yet to Payne.[*]
With undissembled grief I tell,—
  For sorrow never comes too late,—
The simplest bonnet in Pall Mall
  Is sold for £1 8s.

To Calculation's sober view,
  That searches ev'ry plan,
Who keep the old, or buy the new,
  Shall end where they began.
Alike the shabby and the gay,
Must meet the sun's meridian ray;
  The air, the dust, the damp.
This, shall the sudden shower despoil;
That, slow decay by gradual soil;
  Those, envious boxes cramp.

Who will, their squandered gold may pay;
  Who will, our taste deride;
We'll scorn the fashion of the day
  With Philosophic pride.

Methinks we thus, in accents low,
  Might Sydney Smith address,
"Poor moralist! and what art thou,
  Who never spoke of dress?"
"Thy mental hero never hung
Suspended on a tailor's tongue,
  In agonising doubt;
Thy tale no flutt'ring female show'd,
Who languished for the newest mode,
  Yet dar'd to live without."

There is also a serious imitation of Cowper's "Alexander Selkirk;" it is entitled:

LINES

Supposed to have been written by Robinson Crusoe on the acquisition of Friday.

I HAVE stood on the brink of the grave:
  Savage feet have imprinted the sand;
But an arm that was mighty to save,
  Has saved in this terrible land.

* * * * *

RALPH RATTAT.

A Wordsworthian Warble.

[Lady John Manners thinks it would be so nice to offer the postmen temperance gifts at Christmas—a cup of "tea, coffee, or cocoa," for instance, and something to eat.]

OFT had I heard of Ralph Rattat—
His name is known to most men—

---

[*] A fashionable milliner.

And t'other day it was my luck
  To meet that pearl of postmen.

Upon a doorstep Ralph was stretched,
  The while he let off stout cries,
And silently a crowd stood by
  And listened to his outcries.

Epistles round about his frame
  Formed quite a pretty border;
Tossed here and there the missives lay
  In most admired disorder.

His waiscoat all unbuttoned gaped,
  His coat was all undone,
For one as unconfined of waist
  You might have searched wide London.

But though poor Ralph no more was pinched
  By swathes of tailors' stuff, he
Still suffered pain. I ne'er before
  Had seen a wight so puffy.

So swells sometimes a huge balloon
  Within its hempen fetters.
D. Lambert had been beaten by
  This bloated lord of letters!

"What's wrong?" I asked the groaning wretch.
  "Say, have you 'growed' like Topsy?
Is poison lurking in your veins?
  Or is your ailment dropsy?"

"It's Manners' tip that's laid me low,"
  This answer did Ralph mutter.
"*I'm busting, sir, with cups o' tea,*
  And plates o' bread-and-butter!"

Funny Folks. December, 1885.

:o:

THE POETS AT TEA.

Such is the title of a series of short clever parodies which appeared in *The Cambridge Fortnightly* (Feb. 7, 1888). This bright little magazine is published by Mr. Octavus Tomson, 16, King's Parade, Cambridge. Four verses are here omitted, but the titles are given:—

Macaulay, who made it.

POUR, varlet, pour the water,
  The water steaming hot!
A spoonful for each man of us,
  Another for the pot!
We shall not drink from amber,
  No Capuan slave shall mix
For us the snows of Athos
  With port at thirty-six;
Whiter than snow the crystals
  Grown sweet 'neath tropic fires,
More rich the herb of China's field,
The pasture-lands more fragrance yield
For ever let Britannia wield
  The tea-pot of her sires!

Tennyson, who took it hot.

Swinburne, who let it get cold.

Cowper, who thoroughly enjoyed it.

Browning, who treated it allegorically.

Wordsworth, who gave it away.

"Come, little cottage girl, you seem
  To want my cup of tea;
And will you take a little cream?
  Now tell the truth to me."

She had a rustic, woodland grin,
  Her cheek was soft as silk.
And she replied, "Sir, please put in
  A little drop of milk."

"Why, what put milk into your head?
  'Tis cream my cows supply;"
And five times to the child I said,
  "Why, pig-head, tell me, why?"

"You call me pig-head," she replied;
  "My proper name is Ruth,
"I called that milk—she blushed with pride—
  "You bade me speak the truth."

Poe, who got excited over it.

Here's a mellow cup of tea—golden tea!
What a world of rapturous thought its fragrance
    brings to me!
  Oh, from out the silver cells
  How it wells!
  How it smells!
Keeping tune, tune, tune, tune
To the tintinabulation of the spoon.
And the kettle on the fire
Boils its spout off with desire,
With a desperate desire
And a crystalline endeavour
Now, now to sit or never,
On the top of the pale-faced moon,
But he always came home to tea, tea, tea, tea, tea,
    Tea to the n-1th,

Rossetti, who took six cups of it.

The lilies lie in my lady's bower,
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost)
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand,
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),
She poured; I drank at her command,
Drank deep, and now—you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

Burns, who liked it adulterated.

Weel, gin ye speir, I'm no inclined,
Whusky or tay—to state my mind
    Fore ane or ither;
For, gin I tak the first, I'm fou,
And gin the next, I'm dull as you,
    Mix a' thegither.

Walt Whitman, who didn't stay more than a minute.

One cup for my self-hood,
Many for you. Allons, camerados, we will
  drink together
O hand-in-hand! That tea-spoon, please,
  when you've done with it.
What butter-colour'd hair you've got; I don't
  want to be personal.
All-right, then, you needn't. You're a stale-
  cadaver.
Eighteen-pence if the bottles are returned.
Allons, from all bat-eyed formules.

B. E. O. P.

PETER BELL.

Peter Bell: A Lyrical Ballad. London. Printed for Taylor & Hessey, 93, Fleet Street. 1819.

Such is the title of an amusing parody, contained in a small pamphlet of 29 pages, with Preface, Poem, and Foot-notes, all in ridicule of the vanity and egotism of the author of the real original "*Peter Bell.*" The Preface states:—

"It is now a period of one-and-twenty years since I first wrote some of the most perfect compositions that ever dropped from poetical pen. My heart hath been right and powerful all its years. I never thought an evil or a weak thought in my life. It has been my aim and my achievement to deduce moral thunder from buttercups, daisies, celandines, and (as a poet scarcely inferior to myself, hath it) 'such small deer." Accustomed to mountain solitudes, I can look with a calm and dispassionate eye upon that fiend-like, vulture-souled, adder-fanged critic, whom I have not patience to name, and of whose Review I loathe the title, and detest the contents. Philosophy has taught me to forgive the misguided miscreant, and to speak of him only in terms of patience and pity.

My ballads are the noblest pieces of verse in the whole range of English poetry: and I take this opportunity of telling the world I am a great man. Milton was also a great man. Ossian was a blind old fool. Copies of my previous works may be had in any numbers, by application at my publisher.

Of *Peter Bell* I have only thus much to say: it completes the simple system of natural narrative which I began so early as 1798.

It is written in that pure unlaboured style which can only be met with among labourers; and I can safely say that its occasional meaning occasionally falls far below the meanest capacity. I commit my ballad confidently to posterity. I love to read my own poetry: it does my heart good."

W. W.

The parody consists of 42 stanzas, and relates how Peter Bell, visiting the churchyard, comes across a gravestone on which is engraved W. W.

I.

It is the thirty-first of march,
A gusty evening—half past seven;
The moon is shining o'er the larch,
A simple shape—a cock'd up arch,
Rising bigger than a star,
Though the stars are thick in Heaven.

IV.

Beneath the ever blessed moon
An old man o'er an old grave stares,
You never look'd upon his fellow;
His brow is covered with grey hairs,
As though they were an umbrella.

VI.

'Tis Peter Bell—'tis Peter Bell,
Who never stirreth in the day;
His hand is wither'd—he is old!
On Sundays' he is us'd to pray,
In winter he is very cold.

VII.

I've seen him in the month of August,
At the wheat-field, hour by hour,
Picking ear—by ear,—by ear,—
Through wind,—and rain,—and sun,—and shower,
From year,—to year,—to year,—to year.

XXXVII.

Patient Peter pores and proses
On, from simple grave to grave;
Here marks the children snatch'd to heaven,
Nor left to blunder "we are seven;"—
Even Andrew Jones no power could save.

XXXVIII.

What a Sexton's work is here,
Lord! the Idiot Boy is gone;
And Barbara Lewthaites' fate the same,
And cold as mutton is her lamb,
And Alice Fell is bone by bone.

XXXIX.

And tears are thick with Peter Bell,
Yet still he sees one blessed tomb;
Tow'rd it he creeps with spectacles,
And bending on his leather knees,
He reads the *Lake*ist's Poet's doom.

XL.

The letters printed are by fate,
The death they say was suicide;
He reads—'Here lieth W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you;"
The old man smokes who 'tis that died.

XLI.

Go home, go home—Old Man, go home;
 Peter lay thee down at night,
Thou art happy, Peter Bell,
Say thy prayer for Alice Fell,
 Thou hast seen a blessed sight.

XLII.

He quits that moon-light yard of skulls,
And still he feels right glad, and smiles
With moral joy at that old tomb;
Peters' cheek recalls its bloom,
And as he creepeth by the tiles,
He mutters ever—"W. W.
Never more will trouble you, trouble you."

There has been some speculation as to the author of this parody, and as far back as 1866 the following letter appeared in *Notes and Queries*:

"It was Reynolds, too, who, in 1819, anticipated the genuine *Peter Bell* of Wordsworth by a spurious *Peter Bell*, in which were exhibited and exaggerated the characteristics of Wordsworth's earlier *simplicitas*.

I knew Reynolds, and often talked to him about *Peter Bell*. Wordsworth's poem had been advertised, but its publication was from time to time put off. Some literary men were guessing at the cause of this delay, and one said, Wordsworth is keeping it back to elaborate. 'Elaborate!' said Reynolds, 'I'll see if I can't get one out before him.' He set to work that afternoon, and sent his poem to the printer the next evening. I think it was out about a fortnight before Wordsworth's. Up to the publication of *Peter Bell*, they were literary friends, and occasionally exchanged letters. The joke annoyed Wordsworth, who gave up the acquaintance."

Shelley also wrote a parody of *Peter Bell.*

A parody entitled "*The Dead Asses*, a Lyrical Ballad" was also published in 1819, but no copy of it can be found in the British Museum Library.

"*Benjamin the Waggoner*, a Ryghte merrie and conceitede tale in verse." A Fragment. London, Baldwin. 1819. Anonymous. The introduction is signed *Peter Plague-em.*

This clever burlesque of "Peter Bell," is an octavo of 96 pages, and consists of an Introduction, the poem, and some very prolix notes, all in ludicrous imitation of Wordsworth.

THERE'S something in a glass of ale,
There's something in good sugar candy;
And when a man is getting cold,
And when the weather's getting cold,
There's something in a glass of brandy.

There's something in Gambado's horse,
There's something in a velocipede;
That's the horse I'd like the best,
On it your book may easy rest,
And he who runs may read.

I wish I had a pair of wings,
And like the arab, a little peg;
I'd instant lay across my leg,
And rising up to other spheres,
No more should critics vex my ears.

And now *I have* a velocipede,
And now I have the little peg,
And now I've fix'd upon it wings,
And bidding adieu to earthly things,
I lift,—and lay across my leg.

Now I rise, and away we go,
My little hobby-horse and me;
And now I'm near the planet Venus,
Nothing seems to be between us,
Not a bit of earth I see.

* * * *

I love the words which run so easy—
Boat and float—and you and do—
Ass and grass make pretty rhyme;
Boat, I've used it many a time,
And ass—times just forty-two.

The parody is amusing, but exceedingly frivolous, as no attempt is made to do more than ridicule the simplicity of Wordsworth's diction.

Lord Byron on "Peter Bell."

Messrs. J. W. Jarvis & Son, booksellers, of King William Street, Strand, have a scarce little work from which they kindly allow the following extracts to be made:—

The book is entitled "The Private Libraries of Philadelphia," and describes the curious Bibliographical collection made by Mr. George W. Childs, of that city.

This catalogue is by Mr. F. W. Robinson, and printed by Collins, of Philadelphia, in 1883.

Mention in it is made of a six volume edition of Lord Byron's works presented to Mr. Childs by John Murray, the publisher. In the first volume of this set is inserted a copy of Wordsworth's poem *Peter Bell*, a poem for which Lord Byron, who generally disliked Wordsworth's poetry, had a special aversion, and in this copy he had scribbled on the margin a parody of the commencement of the poem. This parody has not hitherto been published in England.

Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* commences thus:

Rydal Mount, April 7, 1819.
PROLOGUE.

THERE'S something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon:
But through the clouds I'll never float,
Until I have a little boat,
Whose shape is like the crescent moon.

And now *I have* a little boat,
In shape a very crescent moon:—
Fast through the clouds my boat can sail,
But if perchance your faith should fail,
Look up—and you shall see me soon!

Lord Byron's disgust is expressed in these lines:

Ravenna, 22 March, 1820.
EPILOGUE.

THERE'S something in a stupid ass;
And something in a heavy dunce;
But never since I went to school
I heard or saw so damned a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once.

And now I've seen so great a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once;
I really wish that Peter Bell
And he who wrote it, were in hell,
For writing nonsense for the nonce.

I saw the "light in ninety-eight,"
Sweet Babe of one-and-twenty years!
And then he gave it to the nation,
And deems himself of Shakspeare's Peers.
He gives the perfect works to light!
William Wordsworth—if I might advise:
Content you with the praise you get,
From Sir George Beaumont, Baronet,
And with your place in the Excise.

A Mood of my own Mind.

MUCH grieved am I in spirit by the news of this day's post,
Which tells me of the devil to pay with the paper money host:
'Tis feared that out of all their mass of promises to pay,
The devil alone will get his due: he'll take them at his day.

This the first verse of one of the *Paper Money Lyrics* (in imitation of William Wordsworth) written by T. L. Peacock. The poem will be found in the third Volume of *The Works of Thomas Love Peacock.* London. R. Bentley & Son, 1875.

A great many parodies of Wordsworth are to be found in books published forty or fifty years ago, but they are, for the most part, dull and uninteresting, a few of the best only need be enumerated.

Old Cumberland Pedlar. In "Warreniana." By W. F. Deacon. Longman & Co., London. 1824.

The Stranger, *The Flying Tailor*, and *James Rigg.* In "The Poetic Mirror." By James Hogg. Longman & Co. London. 1816. Specimen the Fourth, in "Rejected Odes" (London, 1813), is a parody of "Alice Fell."

The Story of Doctor Pill and Gaffer Quake, after the most approved modern style, and containing *Words-worth* imitation, appeared in Vol. 10 of *The Satirist* (London.) This is a long and spiteful parody of *Goody Blake and Harry Gill*, which was first published in *Lyrical Ballads* (Bristol) in 1798.

"*Tim the Tacket*, a lyrical ballad, supposed to be written by W. W." is to be found in *Poetical Works* by William Motherwell, Paisley. Alexander Gardner. 1881. It is a fairly good imitation of style, and might pass for one of Wordsworth's minor ballads.

——:o:——

WORDSWORTH AS POET LAUREATE.

On the death of Robert Southey, in 1843, the appointment of Poet Laureate was offered to Wordsworth. At first he declined on the plea that he was too far advanced in life to undertake the duties of the office; thereupon Sir Robert Peel wrote :—"Do not be deterred by the fear of any obligations which the appointment may be supposed to imply. I will undertake that you shall have *nothing required* from you." Thus pressed, Wordsworth accepted the title and the pension, he being already in the receipt of a handsome annuity from the Government. The warrant was dated April 6, 1843, and he retained the office till his death in 1850. He wrote a sonnet on the occasion of his appointment, which for vanity and egotism is probably unparallelled in literature, but beyond this he paid little further attention, either to the office, or its ancient duties.*

Mr. Wordsworth's supposed Ode on the Installation of H.R.H. Prince Albert at Cambridge, June, 1847.

(*Exclusive.*)

I.

Sons of the Cam, awake!
  Come, stir, ye sleeping elves;
Arise, or else your Prince will take
A rise out of yourselves.
Fast man, come breakfast faster,
  Slow man, drink off your sloe;
Proctor and Doctor, gyp and Master,
  Do show some little go!
Ye Principals, majestical move on;
And all ye Dons, come rolling like the Don.

II.

We've *our* Field Marshal now,
  Let Isis pride be o'er;
Those sons of Oxon shall not cow
  Our spirits as of yore.
"Pig" of St. John,
  With "Fox" of Bonn,
Henceforth in learning's feast go snacks,
  And Germany
  Shall crowd to see
Our Cambridge races run in Saxe.

III.

Where art thou, learned Whewell?
  Thy "euge!" haste and utter;
If tired of giving freshmen gruel,
  Come give the Prince fresh butter.
If all be true that Cantabs state,
Thy *cant*-ability is great.
Come, meek of speech, and bland of style,
Come, smile as thou wert wont to smile.
At fairs, you know, for hats they grin,
But here for mitres—come begin,
Lack you a theme for laughter? better
Think of your own election letter;
Or of your epitaph—"Here Whewell lies,
Master of Arts—that caused himself to rise."

IV.

Throw up your caps in fury, O!
  Shout till you're hot and red,
Tam marti, quam Mercurio,
  Dear is your chosen head.
He holds a *baton* and its true,
That Wellington can't carry two.
Waste ye the midnight oil by pails
Your chieftain claims the Prince of Wales.
At home his window-view explores
  Those classic scenes displayed,
Where grateful science still adores
  Her Henry's holy shade.
He's fit to rule, with gifts like these,
Cam—nay, Kamskatcha—if he please.

From *The Man in the Moon.* Vol. I.

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* For a detailed account of this appointment and its pay, privileges, and duties, see *The Poets Laureate of England*, by Walter Hamilton. (London, Reeves and Turner.)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Born October 21, 1772. *Died July* 25, 1834.

The poetical fame of Coleridge rests principally upon *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, and *Christabel*, both of which are so well known that it is quite unnecessary to reprint them, especially as Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co. have recently published a very cheap and handy edition of the miscellaneous poems of Coleridge, containing the above, as well as some other poems which, being less known, have not given rise to so many parodies.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

This weird poem was founded on a strange dream which a friend of Coleridge had, who fancied he saw a skeleton ship, with figures in it. Wordsworth wrote a few lines of it, and the idea of shooting an albatross appears to have been his. As Coleridge himself informs us, it was planned and partly composed during a walk with Wordsworth and his sister, in the autumn of 1797. It was first published in 1798, in a volume entitled "*Lyrical Ballads,* with a few other Poems," Bristol, 1798. It is the opening poem of the volume, and is quaintly styled "*The Rime of the Ancyent Marinere,*" in seven parts. Most of the other poems in the volume were written by Wordsworth. The first version contained a stanza (the eleventh in Part III.) which has been omitted from all subsequent reprints:

"His bones were black with many a crack,
All black and bare I ween;
Jet black and bare, save where with rust,
Of mouldy damps and charnel crust
They were patch'd with purple and green."

The First Part, which is that most frequently parodied, is given below :—

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he!
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon—"
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man
The bright-eyed Mariner.

"And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong:
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind ;
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner,
From the fiends, that plague thee thus !—
Why look'st thou so ?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Albatross."

S. T. Coleridge.

The Sheriff's Officer.

(By the Great Unmentionable.)

It is a Sheriff's Officer
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy shocking bad hat, and quaint surtout,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ?"

He collars him with his dirty hand,
"There is a writ," quoth he.
"Hold cff ! unhand me, scoundrel, loon !
Thou liest ! it cannot be !"

He holds him with his sparkling eye—
The arrestee stood still,
And trembles like a rocking horse,
The officer hath his will.

The arrestee is dragged along ;
He cannot choose but stir ;
While thus spake on that awful man,
The Sheriff's Officer.

The oath was drawn, the oath was sworn,
The parchment pounced, and all that,
The signer signed, and the sealer sealed,
And lo, here is the Latitat.

"I am the bailiff employed to nab,
Out of the City I come,
Where, the lawyers' will tell you, there's not a more
Indefatigable Bum !"

The arrestee then 'gan to see
How the Bum he could give leg bail,
And now he bethinks him of a plan,
Which may, or may not fail.

"Santa Maria, you've made a mistake,
My honour," quoth he, "upon't,
My name, gentle Bum, is White, not Wright,
I'm not the person you want."

"Oh, yes, *you're* the gentleman that I want,"
Was the wary Bum's reply ;
Said the arrestee, "it cannot be,
No gentleman am I."

But it wouldn't do, the writ was true,
And so was the bailiff eke,
In the lock-up house he hath got his man,
A prisoner safe and meek.

* * * *

The arrestee is at Calais now,
Out of the Bench came he,
Genteelly drest, like a buck of the west,
Who the deuce could he be ?

At first they saw him every day,
And then a week him missed ;
He went and came, and came and went,
He was a *Do*, I wist.

A do, a hum, a cheat I wist,
Gramercy, observe his grin ;
He's taking himself of the city out,
After taking the citizens in.

"Oh, tic, it is a useful thing,
Beloved from pole to pole ;
The Insolvent's Court cuts the matter short,
And calms the troubled soul."

Thus thought the arrestee, as on
The deck of a steamer he stood,
Oblivious quite of his Calais debts,
Having made his retreat thence good.

He went to the Fleet, and one night came out,
Of his debts and his character shorn,
A free and unencumbered man
He rose the morrow morn.

The Comic Magazine. Fourth Series. 1834.

Le Lecturé Malgré Lui.

(A lay for Cantabs.)

It is a Trinity Lecturer,
And he stoppeth one of eight ;
By thy lantern jaws and spindle shanks,
Why dost thou make me wait ?

The breakfast's set, the men are met,
And I am peckish—very.
It's late already—hark ! that roar !
May'st hear them getting merry.

He pointeth to the lecture-room,
"'Tis nine o'clock," quoth he.
"Upon my word I cannot come,
For Jones expecteth me."

He pointeth to the Master's lodge,
The unbreakfasted turned blue ;
He had been hauled up twice before,
So he saw it was a do.

He followed to the lecture-room,
And often sighed "Oh dear !"
While thus spake on that lantern-jaw'd,
And long-legged lecturer.

He talked of siphons, pumps, and valves,
And engines piping hot ;

But what he said I cannot tell,
For I understand it not.

Now when the clock struck half-past nine,
There was a shouting noise;
The unbreakfasted here beat his breast,
For he knew 'twas Jones's voice.

The cyder-cup he knows hath come,
And he too well can feel,
That the gyp is walking off with all
The remnants of the meal.

The unbreakfasted he scratched his head—
How wretched 'twas to hear;
And still spake on that lantern-jaw'd,
And long-legged lecturer.

* * * *

The lecturer whose legs are long,
Whose cheeks are very lean,
Is gone; and now the unbreakfasted
At Jones's door is seen.

But he turned away like one who's starved,
For it was "on the sport;"
A sadder and a hungrier man,
He rushed across the court.

The Man in the Moon. Volume II. 1847.

The Rhime of the Seedy Barristere,

Part I.

It is a seedy Barristere,
And he barreth the way so free—
"By thy long limp band and rusty wig,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Commons' doors are open'd wide,
And I'm to be sworn in;
The Speaker is set, the Members met,
And business will soon begin."

He showeth me his empty bag—
"It once was full," quoth he:
He showeth me his faggot brief,
Marked with a monstrous fee.

I sat me down beside the door—
I could not choose but hear,
As thus spake on that mouldy man,
That briefless Barristere:—

"The kites were flown, the bubbles blown,
Merrily went the scrip;
Directors schemed, nor ever dreamed
Of chances 'twixt cup and lip.

"The Stag comes out—'over the left;
The market riggeth he:
The men with cash, by dealings rash,
Are fleeced right horribly.

"Higher and higher every day
Went up the bubble shares—"
No step I stirred, altho' I heard
The Speaker was at prayers.

He'd made me wait—I was too late;
Yet I could not choose but hear,
As thus spake on that shabby man,
That briefless Barristere—

And now November came, the Law
Was tyrannous and strong;
The thirtieth day all Plans must stay,
And Sections, right or wrong.

"Thro' day and dark the sleepy clerk
Must toil and moil with care and cark;
Lithographers, with fingers stark,
Must never go to bed.
The time flies fast, the Plans at last
Are all delivered.

"And now, to sift the monstrous drift,
Committees are enrolled,
And they must hear each councillere
His brief at length unfold.

"With weary head, from A to Z—
I trow it was no play—
The members sat, to be argued at,
From eleven till four each day.

"Committees here, Committees there,
Committees all around;
While counsel roared, and joked, and bored,
And fought, and fumed, and frowned.

"Ten guas. per day, and ten briefs alway,
Unto my share there came;
One half, I knew, I could not do,
But I took them all the same.

"And I grew rich, and behaved as sich,
And never the tide did drop,
And the duns had flown that I once had known
On my staircase for hours to stop.

"And my lanky bag did swell and swag
With the freight of briefs it bore;
I new curled my wig, and in letters big
Wrote 'Committee' on my door.

"Twelve briefs one day on my table lay,
With heavy retainers on each,
When a knock at the door ushered in one more,
My attention to beseech."

"Now save thee, seedy Barristere,
And send thee quick relief!
Why look'st thou so?" "Ah, shame and woe!
I did refuse that brief!"

Part II.

"The Market now grew rather stiff,
And shares not quite so free;
Many Directors went abroad,
And many an Allottee.

"And briefs fell slack, and no more at our back
The agents in crowds did follow,
Nor ten times a day, with papers or pay,
Came to the Barrister's hollo!

"I had done what was quite irregular,
And it would work them grief,
For all averred that the worst had occurred
Since I refused the brief,

'Ah, wretch ! ' said they, 'to turn away
The fee upon a brief ! '

"The Panic grew, the bills came due,
Directors crossed the sea ;
Who knows which first of the bubbles burst ?
They went, and so did we.

"Down dropt our work, our fees dropt down :
'Twas bad as bad could be ;
Not once a week had we to speak
Upon a Committèe.

"All in the hot Committee-rooms
The Barristeres, at noon
Must yawn, and linger round the doors,
Or thro' the lobbies moon.

"Day after day we pined away,
So idle you've no notion ;
As idle as a long debate
Upon an Irish motion.

"Business, business, everywhere —
The Courts it seemed to fill ;
Business, business, everywhere,
But not one Railway Bill !

"Yea, even young men just called—oh dear,
That such things e'er should be !—
By mere half-guinea motions made
A better thing than we !

"About, about, in busy rout,
Attorneys and Q.C.'s,
Within our sight were paying down
And pocketing of fees !

Ah ! well a-day ! what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
And, for starched kerchief, the rejected brief
About my neck was hung.

"Farewell, farewell ; but this I tell—
As sure as there thou'rt set,
He best shall thrive who most shall strive
To keep all he can get.

"He fareth best, who loveth best
All fees, both great and small ;
For the Bench declares that the etiquette
Of the Bar is 'Pocket all.' "

The Barristere whose bag is light,
Whose wig with age is hoar,
Passed from my sight—a thoughtful wight
I crossed St. Stephen's door,

And heard debates my brain that stunned,
'Bout currency and corn.
A sadder and not wiser man.
I woke the morrow morn.

Punch. November 20, 1847.

The Prolix Orator.

It is a prolix orator
And he stoppeth one J. B.
"By thy strange long beard and vacant eye
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"My business calls I've work to do
Which I would fain begin ;
My House is met, a question set
That I've an interest in."

He holds him with his eager hand :
"I rise to move," quoth he—
"Move off ! unhand me, long beard loon !"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his vacant eye,
Spell-bound John Bull stands still :
And listens like a gaping child :
The orator hath his will.

(Six verses omitted.)

Punch (1849) on Thomas C. Anstey, M.P. for Youghal, the "Prolix orator,"

The Rime of the Ancient Alderman.

Part I.

It is an Ancient Alderman,
And he stopped one of three ;
"By thy gouty hand and ruby nose,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Adelphi doors have open'd long,
And I would save my tin ;
My order's lost at seven o'clock,
Permit me to go in."

He holds him with his gouty hand,
"There is the Thames," quoth he ;
"Bother the Thames," the other cried ;
"Jump in, and let me be."

He holds him by the glittering guard,
The Stunning Swell stood still,
And listens in most sulky style ;
The Alderman hath his will.

The Stunning Swell against a lamp
Leant, as if bored to death.
And thus gasp'd on that Alderman,
With brevity of breath.

"The Mayor appear'd, the barge was steer'd,
Merrily we did drop,—
The Alderman, in City barge,—
Along on our Swan-Hop.

"At the Blackfriars we did embark,
Where gapes the mighty sewer."
The Stunning Swell he stamp't his foot,
For he heard the overture.

Mellon hath mounted on his stool,
The desk he tappeth thrice—
Four Roberts now the Swell must pay,
Or wait for the half-price.

"We pulled—at least the rowers did—
Bang through the Bridges three,
And Lambeth Reach, and Chelsea Reach,
We pass'd full merrily.

"And then the hour of lunch was come,
Our appetites wax'd strong,
We eat and drank, and drank and eat ;
The Chaplain sang a song.

"We drank and eat, we eat and drank,
Till full was every sinner;
And then we thought we'd go on deck,
While Staples laid the dinner.

"We lean'd along the barge's seats,
Or o'er the bulwarks bent;
We said it was a jolly world,
And folks should be content.

"We said it was a jolly world,
And everybody stated
That what we read of want and wrong
Was much exaggerated,

"That on the whole we really thought
Things went uncommon well—
When the Remembrancer bawled out,
'Gog! what a hawful smell.'

"The Mayor he started to his feet,
Out of his lordly doze,
And ramm'd his scented handkerchief
Close up unto his nose.

"And as the smell came foully round,
We gasp'd and spit, and swore;
Such an abominable stench
We'd never smelt before.

"And after comments fierce and fast
On that unsavoury theme,
For reasons which I need not name,
Each turn'd him to the stream.

"When fouler, fouler rose the smell,
And then we did diskiver
The source of all that awful stench,
Dear Gog, it was the River!

"The river it was yellow mud,
With putrid colours varied,
And every kind of filthy thing
Upon the tide was carried.

"Dead dogs rotund, and garbage vile,
And slime, and scum, and muck;
Clung round as in a fœtid lake,
And oozed, and stank, and stuck.

"And in the mess a drowning cat
Mid seven drown'd kittens sprawl'd,
And her great eyes stared wildly out.
And piteously she squall'd.

"There was a blunderbuss on board—"
"Old Cock, what *are* you at—
Are you not well?" "O gentle Swell,
I took and shot the cat.

PART II.

WE pull'd—at least the rowers did,—
How long I cannot say,
But up to Richmond's pleasant banks
At length we made our way.

"There ran the river pure and bright,
Without a speck or stain;
So once it ran at Westminster,
And so might run again.

"We all revived—began to laugh—
And then went down to dine,
And all bad odours were forgot
In my Lord Mayor's good wine.

"We eat and drank, and drank and eat
Back in our chairs we leant;
We said it was a jolly world,
And folks should be content.

"We own'd the Thames's scent was strong
And said the labouring classes
Who lived beside and drank the tide
Were very stupid asses.

"For why not move, as we had done,
Out of the stench's way,
And why not drink the sort of lush
That we had drunk that day?

We eat and drank, we drank and eat,
With toasts and speeches hearty—
When Gog! that Cat's infernal eyes,
Glared in upon the party.

"In at the cabin window glared,
Like the red fires of—well,
But what was worse, along with her
The creature brought the Smell.

"Into the cabin pour'd the stench,
Suffusing all the air,
And instant every Alderman
Fell down beside his chair.

"And there we sat upon the floor,
Unable for to rise.
While, gazing in malicious sort,
Glared down that Cat's green eyes.

"And greener grew those fiendly orbs,
(Ay, greener than green fat),—
As, twixt a mew and screech we heard—
'*Who was it Shot the Cat?*'

PART III.

"FLOATING, floating, down the Thames,
Upon our backward way,
All sorts of foul and nasty things
Did seek our course to stay.

"At every window in they look'd
Upon the deck they leapt,
They crawl'd upon our visages,
And on our plates they crept.

To tell you of their hideous forms
I have nor power nor hope—
Look on a water drop shown in
The gaseous microscope.

"They were the Vermin of the stream
That now is London's sink;
The filthy stream that is at once
Her sewer, her bath, her drink.

"And as they crawl'd, and crept, and writhed,
We heard this awful ditty—
'The Vermin of the Thames salute
The Fathers of the City!'

PART IV.

"A DREAM, a dream, a pleasant dream.
I stood at Westminster,

And saw a bran-new, span-new bridge
Bestride a river clear.

"The wave it was as crystal bright,
You saw white sand below,
And flounders, gudgeon, tench, and dace,
Shot, flitting, to and fro.

"The jolly salmon heaved his jowl,
The whitebait glanced like gems;
In short, all kinds of finny fowl
Were swimming in the Thames.

"On either bank a mighty sewer
Received what London gave,
And bore it to the Kentish farm,
Or to the ocean wave.

"And terraced gardens there displayed
Green leaves and arbours fair,
And rosy children laughed and sniff'd
The river's fragrant air.

"And artisans (their labour done)
With pots, and pipes, and wives,
Sat by the stream, and call'd the sight
The pleasure of their lives.

"And thus outspoke a gentle voice—
A voice of cheer and beauty:
'See, London's Mayor and Aldermen
At length have done their duty.'

PART V.

"IT'S deuced interesting," quoth
The now exhausted Swell;
"But I must be allow'd to hope
You've nothing more to tell.

"And if you'll take a fellah's hint,
You, and your Mayor, and crew;
The work you say your dream described,
You'd better go and do.

"And when the sewers are quite complete,
Jump in, and you shall be
With all the other nuisances,
Wash'd nicely down to sea.

"Now *au revoir*—the boxkeeper,
With the half-price board comes;
And I must hear that Blondelet,
Upon his twenty drums"

Vanish'd the Swell: the Alderman
Went off and drown'd his sorrow—
And with a thundering headache he
Awoke upon the morrow.

SHIRLEY BROOKS. 1855.

THE ANCIENT MARINER;
or,
The Deceived Husband.

IT was an ancient mariner
Who a party stopp'd of three
(A father and his children twain):
"Wilt sail to-day?" quoth he.

"My yacht she lieth off the shore:
A shilling each you'll pay."
The father slowly shook his head—
"I thank you—not to day.

"I see your yacht upon the shore,
Dancing right merrily;
But then my wife, ere we came out,
Said, 'Mind, be home to tea.'

"My dame she hath an angry tongue,
And if that we should not
Be back at five, I fear that we
Should catch it rather hot.

"Besides, when out upon the waves,
The *mal du mer* I fear."
"Lord bless you," quoth the mariner,
"We ain't caught one this year!

"And you'll be back by half-past four,
In lots of time for tea."
"You promised, Pa, we'd have a sail,"
Said the children, plaintively.

Appeal'd to thus, in sore perplex,
The father gave consent;
And, oh! he thought how sick he'd be,
As to the boat he went.

The sun was high, the wind was low,
And as the party sail,
These words rang in the father's ears,
"At five, mind, without fail!"

And now they're launch'd upon the deep,
The yacht, like any witch,
Skimm'd o'er the foam at first, and then
She up and down did pitch.

She pitchèd up, she pitchèd down,
All comfort 'gan to leave
That father, and though afternoon,
For him 't was time of heave!

With cheery voice the mariner
Kept pointing out the view;
The father heeded not his words,
For Ocean claimed his due.

He heard his children playing round,
Devoid of qualms and fear;
He heard his boy, in mocking tones,
Say, "Ain't Pa jolly queer!"

He had not strength to punch his head,
Nor eke to box his ear;
The words were true, and he did feel
Particularly queer.

And worst of all, the while he paid
His tribute to the sea,
A voice kept ringing in his ear:
"You won't be home to tea!"

"Turn, mariner, I pray you, turn!"
He cried in accents weak;
The sailor heard, but only turn'd
The quid within his cheek.

His cruel offsprings then began
To laugh at their papa;
Quoth they, "It's five and after—won't
You catch it, Pa, from Ma!"

"Turn, mariner, I pray you, turn!
Our course let homeward be;
Your guerdon shall be doubled if
We are in time for tea!"

The mariner he smiled a smile—
Nay, more, he grinned a grin—
He said (he was a vulgar man),
"Fork over, then, the tin!"

The wretched father heaved a sigh,
The cash he handed o'er;
Again he turned him o'er the side,—
The boatman turned to shore.

They reach the land, the clocks struck six—
What vision does he see?
It was the wife awaiting him
Who came too late for tea.

What happened when they reached their home
No one was there to see;
Certain it is that from that hour
He ne'er was late for tea!

ANONYMOUS.

CLASSICAL VERSUS MODERN.

It was an ancient pedagogue*
And he stopped me (one of three)—
'To Classic or to Modern side
Go'st thou?' said he to me.

By thy long Problems and Theorems
Now wherefore plagu'st thou me?
Hold off! unhand me, ancient one!
I've seen enough of thee!

He held me with his skinny hand:
Quoth he "I'll prove to thee
The fault in leaving thus the M †
And going to the C."

I sat me just outside, the Gymn,
I could not choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient one,
That able Moderner!

"Arithmetic, and my good book
Are all you'll want in life;
An accurate mind will bless your age—
Reward your early strife."

I slowly raised my head, eftsoons
I asked with much civility
My aged friend, does your book boast
Degrees of probability?

Is it not plain without your aid
To every child of fortune,
That *two long lines are always good*
In length, as against one short 'un?

"Is it not clear that in working a 'sum,'
With figures enough to frighten,
That of all the *ansers* who solve the thing
One *answer* alone is the right 'un.

'Figures, figures, everywhere—
And all the boys do shrink—
Figures, figures, everywhere—
Nothing whereon to *think.*'

I paused—the Moderner strode away
And answered never a word;
And away to Leck'ton Hill he hied *
To work a favourite surd.

From *The Cheltonian.* March 1869.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

A New Version.

PROLOGUE.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three—
He held him with his glittering eye,
The wedding guests stood still.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop,—
I'd reported myself to the skipper bold,
Of the tight little Humming Top.

Higher and higher every day,
In the main top-mast at noon—
(The wedding guest here beat his breast),
Sat the skipper's pet baboon.

Heaven help thee ancient mariner!
How got you into the scrape?"
How did it occur? With my pea-shooter,
I slaughtered the skipper's ape."

Shiver my spars, what looks had I
From the skipper of whom I've sung;
Oh, wasn't he cross about his loss—
And had'nt he got a tongue!

Alone, alone: all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,
For they set me afloat in a little boat,
With no one for company.

The ghost of the ape appeared in the stern,
And uttered a ghostly chitter,
It fixed on me its stony eyes
That in the moon did glitter.

Oh, save me, save me, holy man,
And the hermit opened his "brolly,"
Which frightened the ape, and I did escape
With the loss of a leg for my folly.

The mariner whose eye is bright,
Whose pig-tail with age is hoar,
Stole off, and now the wedding guest
Gave a most portentious snore.

W. J. WIEGAND.

Tom Hood's Comic Annual, 1870.

THE RIME OF THE MODERN SHIPOWNER.

It is a drownèd mariner,
And he stoppeth an M.P.

Euclid Redivivus.

† "The M," "the C." The Modern Side, the Classical Side.

* Leckhampton Hill, near Cheltenham.

"By thy dank grey beard like wet seal fur,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The great Club's doors are opened wide,
And I would fare within :—
The members met, the House is set
To spend the nation's tin."

* * *

Confound the modern shipowners—
The fiends that I came across!
For a goodly bit she was underwrit—
And they wished the vessel's loss.

* * * *

The western wave was all a-blaze,
The day was well-nigh done ;
Almost departed from our gaze,
Faded the blood-red sun—
When a strange shape from out the haze
Was seen by every one!

And lo! the sun was flecked with bars,
Through which appeared he pale,
As ,through the dungeon-grate, the tars
Who declined with us to sail.

Alas! cried I, and my teeth I ground,
I see how their craft employed's—
To send out a ship ill-found, unsound,
Because she's insured at Lloyd's.

I saw her ribs, where redly through
The sun shone like a fire.
Is that shipowner all a do?
And is that death, and can the two
Against poor tars conspire?

His ships are sped—they're booked at sea,
He looks, that fellow, for gold.
He's on them a good insurance fee,
And deuce a bit for the crew cares he
And their dangers manifold.

The phantom bark made never a sound,
And the twain were casting dice;
"Let the crew be drowned—for the sum is round,"
Said he, "and it's worth the price."

The night was calm, though no stars were out,
The leak sprung in the dark—
'Mid unheard horror, and hopeless shout,
Down went the fated bark!

* * * *

How many lives were that time lost
I truly do not know ;—
But the underwriters paid the cost,—
And the owner won that throw!

* * * *

Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, M.P. distressed,
That you ought to hang one gambling swell
To encourage all the rest!

He preyeth best, whose interest
'Tis to have his vessels founder ;
It doesn't compass his ends to invest
In making those vessels sounder!

* * *

The mariner, who had been drowned,
Quitted that Senator ;—
And our M.P. in thought profound
He trod the House's floor.

He backed-up Mr. Plimsoll's plan
To aid our tars forlorn :—
A better and a wiser man,
He did the House adorn.

Fun. March, 1873.

THE FIGHT OF THE FIFTH NOVEMBER.

A Tale of the "Town and Gown."

IT is a Proctor's awful form,
'Tis Undergraduates three ;
He marshalleth and doggeth them,
He stops them suddenlie :
He holds them with a ready hand,
"Your names? your names?" quoth he,
"Hold off! unhand us, saucy loon!"
Eftsoons they turn to flee.

He holds them with his bull-dogs twain,
The Undergrads stand still ;
Wild words are halting on their lips,
The Proctor hath his will.
"The Corn Market is all astir,
We gownsmen won't stop in ;
The town is met, the fight is set ;
Hear'st thou the merry din?"

The Proctor steps a pace aside,
Red as a turkey he ;
Wagging their heads they back him up,
His mongrel companie.
Those Undergrads they turn to fly,
But never flight is there ;
The Proctor tries to tear his locks,
The few he hath to tear.

"Back to your College, gentlemen!
'Tis sad as sad can be,
These heads to break, this row to make,
In the nineteenth centurie!"

Alack! alack! the fight begins,
Ah! whom may Proctor trust,
With mighty whack his haughty back
Is levelled with the dust ;
Though slightly blown, in solemn tone
Those Undergrads he cussed.

With aching head, next morn from bed
Those wretched wights uprist ;
At nine o'clock that evil flock
To Proctor's verdict list.
"'Twas wrong," said he, "to laugh at me,
And wrong to strike with fist!
Your pleasant homes, your parents all,
To-morrow you must see ;
And never a don take pity on
Your awful agonie!"

THE RUSTIC.

The Shotover Papers. November, 1874. J. Vincent, High Street, Oxford.

The Rime of the Ancient Premier.

Fragment found in a copy of the New Government Unseaworthy Ships Bill, left in the House of Commons.

It is an Ancient Premier,
And he stoppeth One of Three.
By thy grey curls and sleepy eyes,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Session hurries to its close,
The innocents they slay;
The House is met, and fast they get
Through orders of the day."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a Bill," quoth he;
"If that is it suppose we sit,"
Responded One of Three.

"The end we neared, the Bill we feared
Merrily did we drop,
To get away at an early day—
We had no minds to stop.

"A Bill was here, a Bill was there,
Measures were all around!
The House it growled, and roared and howled,
But time for none we found,
Except the Holdings Bill, and that
To carry we were bound.

"At length to cross and bring us loss
The Merchant Shipping came;
As if it had had a Christian soul,
Men hailed it in God's name.

"It did what never Bill had done
With villains to contend,
Who for their gain our bravest men
To sure destruction send."

"Heav'n shield thee, Ancient Premier,
From the fiends that wreak thee ill;
Why look'st thou so?" With my soft "No,"
I slew the Shipping Bill.

II.

"And I had done a hellish thing,
To work the seamen woe;
Thousands of living men through me
To certain death would go,

"So one averred, so all who heard—
The thought my bosom rives—
'Ah! wretch,' said they, 'the Bill to slay
That saves the sailors' lives—
The Bill that spares a nation's shame—
Orphans and widowed wives.'"

* * * *

That night I dreamed when every voice
Was still, and closed each eye—
The western wave was all aflame,
And as I stood thereby,
A coffin-ship drave suddenly
Betwixt me and the sky.
And strait the sun was flecked with bars,
Where the timbers shrank apace;
As if through a dungeon grate it peered,
It looked through that disgrace.

And soon the rotten ship began
To founder on the wave;
'She will go down with every hand,
And none have power to save!"

One after one I saw them go,
Too quick for groan or sigh;
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

I looked beneath the eddying sea,
And drew my eyes away—
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay;

"The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie;
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on—and so did I."

* * * *

Funny Folks. August 14, 1875.

Ye Rime of ye Ancient Dowager.

It is an ancient dowager,
And she stoppeth one of three—
By thy kid-gloved hand, and gold rimmed glass,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Albion's doors are opened wide,
Its board I would not miss,
Taylor's forewarn'd, my chop is on,
Dost hear its merry hiss?"

She holds him with her kid-gloved hand:
"There was a man," quoth she—
"Oh, don't detain me, dowager!"
Eftsoons her hand dropt she.

She held him with her glittering eye,
Seen through her *pince-nez* glass;
He listens, like a three-years' child,
Although he feels an ass.

He leans upon her brougham door,
He cannot choose but hear,
And this she said, with bended head—
That ancient dowager!—

"The house was packed, it is a fact,
No space there could I see,
'Twas full in boxes and in stalls,
In pit and gallerie.

"The music done, two scenes did run,
Then from the wings came he;
His face was brown, his hair hung down—
'Twas beautiful to see.

"His robes were red-dy, very red;
The scenery was grand;
But, when he spoke, it was no joke
His words to understand.

"Scene after scene, speech after speech,
He spoke; and I've a notion
He wished to show the House that he'd
Found out Perpetual Motion.

"Motion, motion, all the time,
Till I began to blink—

Motion, motion, all the time,
And much too much, I think.

"His very eyebrows moved; O fie!
But, 'tis no empty gag,—
Nay, 'tis a fact, in the last act,
I thought his ears would wag

"Above, below, and to and fro,
Down, up, and round about,
His body and his limbs did go
As he did mouth and spout.

"Higher and higher rose his voice,
Till it was like to stun—"
The one of three, loud groanèd he—
He knew his chop was done.

The one of three, loud groanèd he,
Yet could not choose but hear,
For he had dined, and eke had wined,
With the ancient dowager.

"It seemed at last (three acts were past)
As though his tongue was dry;
I never heard a single word,
Though his voice was pitched so high.

"But higher yet his voice did get,
His movements quicker still—
Now Heaven send, said I to a friend,
He be not taken ill!

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole,
His monotone no longer mocks,
For slumber flies down to my box,
And slides into my soul.

"I dream't that, wearied with his task,
The actor, feeling bad,
Had ceased to act, it was a fact,
For, when I woke he had!

"The curtain dropt, but few had stopt,
And I was one of these;
A girl did come, who lookèd glum,
And said, 'it's over please.'

"'Thanks girl,' said I, and checked a sigh,
The news thou bring'st is sweet;
'’Tis o'er you said'? She wagged her head,
And showed me to the street.

"Farewell, farewell, but this I tell
To thee, thou one of three,
He doeth well who reads 'Othell-
O' in his librarie."

The dowager drew up the glass,
The interview was o'er,
And hungrilie, the one of three,
Doth slam the brougham-door

He went like one that had been done,
For his chop was cold, he knew;
And, a sadder and a wiser man,
He ordered Irish stew.

The Figaro. February 23, 1876.

The Ancient Mariner.

The Wedding Guest's Version of the Affair from his Point of View.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three—
In fact he coolly took my arm—
"There was a ship," quoth he.

"Bother your ships!" said I. "Is this
The time a yarn to spin?
This is a wedding, don't you see,
And I am next of kin.

"The wedding-breakfast has begun,
We're hungry as can be—
Hold off! Unhand me, longshore man!"
With that his hand dropt he.

But there was something in his eye
That made me sick and ill,
Yet forced to listen to his yarn—
The Mariner'd had his swill.

While Tom and Harry went their way
I sat upon a stone—
So queer on Fanny's wedding-day
Me sitting there alone!

Then he began, that Mariner,
To rove from pole to pole,
In one long-winded, lengthened-out,
Eternal rigmarole,

About a ship in which he'd sailed,
Though whither, goodness knows,
Where "ice will split with a thunder-fit,"
And every day it snows.

And then about a precious bird
Of some sort or another,
That—was such nonsense ever heard?—
Used to control the weather!

Now, at this bird the Mariner
Resolved to have a shy,
And laid it low with his cross-bow—
And then the larks! My eye!

For loss of that uncommon fowl
They couldn't get a breeze;
And there they stuck, all out of luck,
And rotted on the seas.

The crew all died, or seemed to die,
And he was left alone
With that queer bird. You never heard
What games were carried on!

At last one day he stood and watched
The fishes in the sea,
And said, "I'm blest!" and so the ship
Was from the spell set free!

And it began to rain and blow,
And as it rained and blew,
The dead got up and worked the ship—
That was a likely crew!

However, somehow he escaped,
And got again to land;
But mad as any hatter, say,
From Cornhill to the Strand.

---

* Mr. Henry Irving produced *Othello* at the Lyceum Theatre on February 14, 1876. At that period the London *Figaro* was most unjust and ungenerous in its comments on Mr. Irving, decrying his efforts as an actor in every part he undertook.

For he believes that certain folks
Are singled out by fate,
To whom this cock-and-bull affair
Of his he must relate.

Describing all the incidents,
And painting all the scenes,
As sailors will do in the tales
They tell to the Marines.

Confound the Ancient Mariner!
I knew I should be late;
And so it was: the wedding guests
Had all declined to wait.

Another had my place, and gave
My toast; and sister Fan
Said, "'Twas a shame. What *could* you want
With that seafaring man?"

I felt like one that had been stunned
Through all this wrong and scorn;
A sadder and a later man
I rose the morrow morn.

Funny Folks. 1878.

The Rhyme of the Ancient Blue.

It is an ancient Blue-coat boy,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thine old Blue-coat and tawdry hose,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Hall, its doors are opened wide,
And I am going up,
Step up the stairs, and walk inside,
And see the Public sup!"

He holds him with his horny hand,
"There was a time," quoth he;
"Leave go, unhand me, Shabby Blue,"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye,
The Supper Guest stood still,
He listened like a three-years child,
The Blue-coat hath his will.

The Supper Guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear,
And thus, forsooth, that seedy youth
Spake, whispering in his ear:—

"The Hall was packed, it is a fact,
Merrily did we eat,
The Mayor was there, and ladies fair,
The Blue-coat Boys were neat.

"The music played, it was arranged,
And shining was my head,
And I was bound for taking round
The basket with the bread.

"The band had stopt their noisy din,
Painful it was to hear,
And rising up, we left our seats
Ere bowing to the Chair.

"My robes were blue, ay, very blue,
My legs like golden sands,
To make a bob it was a job
So starchèd were my bands.

"Pair after pair, pair after pair
We bowed, all tramp, all motion,
Just like a string of tiny scrubs
Receiving chilblain lotion.

"Bowing, bowing, all the time
Till I began to blink;
Bowing, bowing all the time,
And more to bow—I shrink.

"About, about each pair stepped out,
And still they bowed that night
The crowd went on, and on, and on,
All yellow, blue, and white.

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide space,
And never a thing to think upon,
Save nodding to that face.

"I looked it o'er, I tried to bow,
But or ever my head had bent
The basket filled with bread tipped up
Right off my head it went.

"The bread it hit the Chairman's head,
And left a mark, they say,
The look with which he looked at me
Has never passed away."

The Blue-coat Boy, whose eye was bright,
Whose coat was torn and poor,
Is gone, and now the Supper Guest
Turns from that ancient door.

He went like one who has been stunned,
And is of sense unsound,
They haunt his dreams, those crowds of Blues
All bowing, bowing round.

Gleanings from "*The Blue.*" 1881.

The Blue was a small journal published by, and for, the Blue-coat School Boys, at Christ's Hospital, London.

The Rime of the Potent Minister.

It is a potent Minister,
And he stoppeth an M.P.
"By the ancient rules of Parliament,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The Speaker rises in his chair,
Eftsoons debate will close.
Ere it be late, I fain would state
Why I this Bill oppose."

"Let Speaker rise; let bell ring out;
Division lobbies fill.
Vote mayst thou quick; thou shalt not speak."
The Minister hath his will,

The Member mutely gave his vote;
Still as a stone was he;
And thus spake on that potent man,
Head of the Ministry:

"My followers press, the Tories talk;
And thus our course is slow.
But with my *Clôture*, I have made sure
It shall no more be so.

"So then attend, my Tory friend,
Or Irish if thou be,
Or Independent Liberal,
Or Radical M.P.

"He speaketh well who loveth well
My measures great and small;
But he who favoureth them not,
He should not speak at all.

"He speaketh best who speaketh least,
Whate'er his views may be.
A silent vote be yours, my friend;
The speaking leave to me."

That Member paired him with a friend,
Of different views be sure;
And as no more his voice was heard,
So never more himself appeared
In the dumb-show of *Cloture*.

Punch. March 18, 1882

OUR REGIMENTAL MESS.

THE baccy blew; the cocktails flew,
The whisky followed free.
I was the first whose buttons burst
From too much S and B.

Down dropt the cap'n; the colonel dropt down,
'Twas as droll as droll could be;
And they did fall only to bawl
An oath with a big big D.

All in a hot and smoky room
A noisy "sub" at nine,
Right on the dinner board did stand,
And upset half the wine.

Man after man, man after man,
We fell, not one was able;
As idle as a painted corpse
Beneath a painted table.

Sherry, sherry everywhere
And all my throat did shrink;
Sherry, sherry everywhere
But not a soul could drink!

My very hair did steam. The deuce!
That ever this should be;
Yea, drunken subs did crawl on knees,
Fit subjects for D. T.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The mess room danced at sight;
The bottles, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and red, and white.

And both my eyes from too much "fizz,"
Were red as in some trouble;
And everything I looked at seemed
To me reflected double.

Then past a hazy time—each one
Left at the hour of four;
When nearing homewards I beheld
A something at my door.

At first it seemed a battered post,
And then it seemed a blot;
It turned and turned and took at last
A certain shape I wot.

With looks aghast, with eyes set fast
I could not speak for life;
Through utter fright quite mad I looked;
I bit my lips, my fate was booked—
I saw *my wife!* MY WIFE!!

From *Squibs*, by Edwin Oliver.

YE ANCIENT MARINER.

By a Modern Sharp.

IT was an ancient mariner,
Who rang the front-door bell;
With gold-laced cap and rolling gait,
His part he acted well.

It was the lady of the house
Who opened wide the door;
"My lady, I am steward of
The gallant Singapore.

"She's lying at East Boston now,
Where all the gallant Cu-
Narders land their passengers;
I'm steward of her crew.

"And I have here a case of knives—
Real plate and nary sham;
They've come ashore without the form
Of seeing Uncle Sam. *

"They cost me just five dollars, mum;
They're marked real triple plate;
I bought 'em for a party which
Have skipped from out the State."

Then up the subtle lady spoke;
"I know the Singapore;
And on her voyage to Liverpool
She's six days out or more.

"An' if ye be the steward bold,
She's given you the slip;
I pray thee, gentle steward, go
And join another ship.

"These triple-plated knives have ne'er
Paid Uncle Sam the dues;
They make 'em in Connecticut—
They're just the sort I use.

"So, gentle mariner, sheer off!"
He beat a quick retreat,
But sold his "smuggled" knives and spoons
A few doors down the street.

Detroit Free Press. January 31. 1885.

THE ADMIRALTY GOOSE; OR, THE MODERN MARINER.

IT is a Modern Mariner,
Who hath never been to sea.
"Come Northbrook, with that winking eye,
What wouldst thou have of me?

---

* Without paying the Customs duty imposed on silver plate in the United States.

The Commons' doors are opened wide,
  They're waiting to begin;
The Opposition fume and fret:
  Mayst hear the nasty din."

He holds him with official grip.
  "We've built a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! Unhand me, naval loon!
  A ship! It cannot be."

He holds him with his winking eye—
  The Premier he stood still,
And listens like some new M.P.
  In charge of his first Bill.

The Premier sat him on a chair;
  He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that curious man,
  The Whitehall Mariner:

"The ship, once built, was found to float
  Without a single prop!
And then she tried her measured mile
  Midst many a cheery stop.

"Her armament, ten 'sixty-fours,'
  Marked 'Eighteen-fifty-three,'
Of not the very slightest use:
  Still, thus we went to sea!

"It wasn't quite the sort of thing
  We felt we should provide——"
The Premier here looked t'ward the House:
  There seemed some row inside.

The Speaker sits within his chair;
  Red as a rose is he,
With effort to restrain in bounds
  The Merry Irishry.

The Premier, when he noteth this,
  Prefers the tale to hear;
So thus spake on that curious man,
  The Whitehall Mariner.

"And now the Press-blast came, and it
  Was critical and strong;
It noted all the various things
  That somehow *would* go wrong.

"The shaft would halt, and bend, and break;
  The guns seemed all accurst;
For, loaded slowly, one by one,
  They, one by one, did burst.

"And then there came of gibes and sneers
  An overwhelming swarm:
And such a row got up, we found
  The situation warm!

"For Reed wrote letters columns long,
  And panic filled the air;
We didn't know which way to turn
  The row was everywhere!

The row was there, the row was here,
  The row was all around.
Eftsoons up went the Income-tax
  To ninepence in the pound!

"At length an Admiralty Goose,—
  The brute you'll know at sight,—
Wheeled on the scene, and vowed that soon
  'Twould set all matters right.

"'Tis ever thus that brute doth boast,
  And will,—till some commotion
Make plain we've but a paper fleet
  Wherewith to rule the Ocean.

"It eateth up the Estimates,
  By threats 'tis ne'er deterred;
It blundereth and plundereth,—
  A most ill-omened bird!

"And as it swalloweth each sum
  Without remorse or shame,
And question shuns,—that shaft and guns
  Keep up the same old game.

"Not one, but scores on scores, while I,
  Poor minion of the Board,
From its foul wake, my flight to take,
  At present can't afford.

"And so the Admiralty Goose
  Soars on; and men may hollo,
And call me any names they like,—
  Alas! I'm bound to follow!

"But from red-tape and jobbery,
  I feel at times nigh stirred
Away to break!—Perdition take
  That most ill-omened bird!"

* * * *

"Good gracious, Whitehall Mariner,
  Why not from bonds break loose?
Strike branch and root, by Jove! and shoot
  That Admiralty Goose!"

Punch. May 23, 1885.

THE RIME OF THE ANTIENT MISSIONERE.

It was an antient missionere,
  And he stoppeth one of three,
The other two had trains to catch;
  So the missionere caught me.

"Now, the saints thee save, thou missionere,
  Gramercy; Zooks. Gadso!
Thy haviour sure is somewhat queer.
  What would'st thou with me moe?"

He fixed me with his glittering eye—
  Of course, I knew he would—
And with his tale began to try
  To freeze my youthful blood.

He said, "When I meet such as thou,
  To such my tale I teach;
And watch the symptoms of a row
  While on myself I peach.

I have a gruesome tale to tell—
  Saint Anne my guardian be!
I've had a bare escape from—well,
  I've reached mine own countree."

I took him to a neighbouring inn,
  And gave him cups of wine,
He drank them loth, as 'twere a sin—
  And took sly swigs at mine.

"Now, pitch thy tale, thou missionere,
  Or no more wine thou'lt see."

He answered, with a boozy leer,
"Old crusted might it be!

I've come from far-off seas and lands,
That own a pagan rule;
And I have blood upon these hands—
'Tis of an infant school.

And this was how it came to be;
I went out to convert
Folks in the South Pacific Sea;
And to compel a spurt

On my part—getting every black
From heathendom to cease—
Those who had sent me out—good lack!
They paid me by the piece.

If I could get none to encase
His lower limbs in breeches,
Or use Pears' soap on hands and face,
My boss sent me no riches.

But ev'ry little pagan boy,
Who clothed and washed himself,
If certified by me with joy,
Produced me certain pelf.

So, 'twas not strange, thou wedding guest"—
His playful name for me—
"That my parishioners were pressed
Half civilised to be.

I thought to make a handsome sum
With ev'ry new recruit;
But black men all go wrong on rum;
And women follow soot.

My only hope was in the young;
Their tender minds and backs,
I influenced with rod and tongue—
With homilies and whacks.

I had a school. Just half a score
'Th' establishment contained;
And ev'ry little blackamoor
Was preached to—also caned.

I preached and caned, and caned and preached,
Those children to despair.
I thrashed them, though they all were breeched,
For t'others who went bare,

They all committed suicide,
While drinking sherry wine
One swallowed glass and all, and died.
For him needs must I pine,

One drowned himself while out to skate--
I pray you help my case—
I will recount each infant's fate—"
"Now, out upon thy face.

'Ten little niggers!' 'Tis too late
That well-worn tale to try,"
I cried, and on his hoary pate
Full lustily fell I.

I smote that antient missionere—
I smote him swift and sore,
I smote his glittering nose and ear
Full twenty times and more.

I slew that antient missionere,
And forth his body cast;
And happy school girls, void of fear,
Jumped o'er him as they passed.

'Twas in the busiest street of Leeds—
I've suffered for my act—
But he still lies there 'mongst the weeds,
Because the attention of the Sanitary Committee has not yet been called to the fact.

JAMES BAILEY.

The Yorkshire Weekly Post. December 24, 1886.

In 1884 there was a parody competition in the columns of *Truth* on portions of *The Ancient Mariner*, the topic selected by the Puzzle Editor being the filthy state of the River Thames. Nine of these parodies were printed in *Truth*, September 11 and 18, 1884; being somewhat monotonous, it will be sufficient to quote one only:—

THE RIVER THAMES.

IT is an aged lighterman,
And he quick accosteth me.
"By thy thirsty mouth and bleary eye,
Why makest thou so free?

"The street front door stands open wide,
And I have bought the gin;
My guests all wait my coming, mate,
So I must hasten in."

He takes me by the button-hole,
"There was a stream," quoth he.
"Be off, you maudlin fool!" I cried.
"Just list a while," said he.

"This stream so near was always clear,
And hardly 'een a drop
Of 'Father Thames' was foul afore
Them barges plied atop.

"Night after night, day after day,
They drift with noiseless motion,
As deadly as a tainted ship
Upon a tainted ocean.

"Water, water everywhere;
But offal foul can stink
The sweetest water anywhere,
And poison it for drink.

"For though there come both cats and dogs,
And corpses young and old,
The filth breast-high that's floating by
Is from some barge's hold."

"God bless me! honest waterman,
You've told me quite enough.
Why look'st thou so?" "From my barge know
I shot the putrid stuff!"

The aged man, who seemed half tight,
And proved a shocking bore,
Is gone; and I, the City clerk,
Turn towards my lodging's door.

And on the way I make this vow,
With good "Old Tom" or "Lorne"
I'll never more Thames water mix,
As sure as I was born.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Truth. September 11, 1884.

Another, and a very long parody dealing with the same topic, and in a very similar manner, appeared in *Truth*, July 30, 1885.

Ye Ancient Father Thames.

It is the ancient Father Thames,
And he stoppeth one of two.
"By thy weedy beard, and fevered eye,
What's this thou dar'st to do?"

* * * * *

The Lay of the Modern Millinere.

It is a mild Man-Millinere,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy tumbled tie and tearful eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"St. Stephen's doors are opened wide,
I'm a newly-fledged M.P.,
The House is met, so kindly let
Me take my seat," saith he.

He holds him with his trembling hand.
"*There was a bird—*" quoth he.
"I say, hold hard! Just drop my guard!"
He droppeth it instantlee.

He holds him with his watery eye,
The new M.P. stands still,
And listens like a man much bored;
The Millinere hath his will.

* * * *

"Trade brisk appeared, good profits we cleared,
Merrily went the shop,
For feather trimmings were all the go
With dames who dressed tip-top.

"Bonnets and hats with tiny plumes,
From songsters pluckt were dight——"
The new M.P. slipped out a D.,
Big Ben boomed through the night.

And W. G. was on his legs,
One might catch the loud "Hear, hear!"
But still prosed on that woeful man,
That moist-eyed Millinere.

"Anon the claims of the Fashion-fiend
Grew tyrannously strong;
We did not dare so much as spare
The prettiest pets of song."

"Good gracious, man, what ails you now?
Why this hysteric sobbin'?
Compose yourself!" "For sake of pelf
I went and slew a Robin!!!

"Since then I've had an awful time,
Such horrid dreams o' night!
There is a Woman doth haunt me much,
And fill me with affright.

"Her lips are red, her looks are free,
Her locks are yellow as gold,
The Nightmare Feminine Cruelty, she,
Who makes men's blood run cold.

"Dyspepsia sure, thou Millinere—"
"Hush! hush! O rash M.P.,
I vowed that another singing fowle
Should never be slain by me!

"And then I heard two Voices speak,
As I lay like one that's dead;
Two Voices sweet, yet sternly sad,
And this is what they said:—

First Voice.

"This is the man, the barbarous man,
Who slew my favourite bird,
And all to pander to Fashion's freaks,
As cruel as eke absurd."

Second Voice.

"True! But the man hath penance done,
And taken a holy vow.
Moreover, *the Women who wear such spoil*
Are more to blame, I trow.

* * * *

"I woke. My ghostly tale is told;
But the heart within me yearns
For something done to stay the shame
Whereat gentle blood yet burns.

"Oh, young M.P.! canst move the House
With the Fashion fiend to fight,
That this crime no longer our women may stain
In all humanity's sight?

"He prayeth best——" "Ah! I know the rest,"
Quoth that button-holed M.P.
"Damp Millinere, you are right, I fear.
Good bye! 'Twere a ticklish task and queer.

But, at any rate we'll see!"
That Millinere, whose eye is damp,
Whose tie is tumbled sore,
Is gone, and the newly-fledged M.P.
Enters St. Stephen's door.

Punch. January 30, 1885.

This cruel and senseless fashion has, at last, been declared "bad form." No longer are birds to be worn in bonnets or hats; and the edict has gone forth, both in London and Paris, that those who wear them after this ukase are to be regarded as provincials who know no better. This resolution has been taken only just in time to save some small remnant of the race of Humming Bird, that "living flower," and the Bird of Paradise.

Tom Hood's "*Comic Annual*" for 1868 contained "The Spiritual Parnassus" by a Literary Medium. This consists of parodies on Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, and S. T. Coleridge, written by the late Mr. William Jeffery Prowse. The parody, or rather imitation of Coleridge's style is admitted to be the best of its kind ever written, especially for its humorous description of the failings of the "Old man eloquent."

"Did you ever hear me preach, Charles?" asked Coleridge of Lamb one day.

"I n-n-n-never heard you do anything else," stammered Lamb in reply.

"Coleridge was a marvellous talker," said Samuel

Rogers. "Wordsworth and I walked to Highgate to call on him, when he was living at Gillman's. We sat with him two hours, he talking the whole time without intermission. When we left the house, we walked for some time without speaking. 'What a wonderful man he is!' exclaimed Wordsworth. 'Wonderful indeed,' said I. 'What a depth of thought, what richness of expression,' continued Wordsworth. 'There's nothing like him that I ever heard!' rejoined I. Another pause. 'Pray,' inquired Wordsworth, 'did you precisely understand what he said about the Kantian philosophy?' R. 'Not precisely.' W. 'Or about the plurality of worlds?' R. 'I can't say I did. In fact, if the truth must out, I did not understand a syllable from one end of his monologue to the other.' W. 'No more did I.'"—*Table Talk of Samuel Rogers.*

The Ancient Philosopher.

By a Literary Medium.

It is an old philosopher,
He stoppeth one of three:—
"By thy gleaming face and snowy hair,
Now, wherefore stop'st thou me?"
He held aloft a mystic scroll
With the letters "S. T.C.!"

"Subjectively, the Logos," said,
The aged man, says he,
Explains the supra-sensual base
Of all philosophee!
"No doubt you're right." his friend replied,
But what is that to me?"

"I shot the Albatross!" pursued
The chatty veteran.
"The deuce you did!" exclaimed his friend;
"It was a daring plan!
Who *was* this Albert Ross? and who
Are you, you rum old man?"

"Your curiosity, young friend,
It would be harsh to baulk,
So you had better sit you down,
Unless you'd rather walk,
And I will read you passages
From my own Table Talk!"

He read to him for several hours,
Concerning Church and Schism;
Explained the spiritual sense
Of the shorter Catechism;
Revealed the esoteric truths
Of Neo-Platonism;

Of Jacob Böhme largely spoke,
And German mysticism,
With hints on Madame Guyon's life,
And Gallic Quietism;
And notions about Swedenborg,
And Swedenborgianism;
He showed that Truth, the Light, must pass
Through Error as its prism.

"Old man, you must be dry," exclaimed
The adolescent here;
"And there's a look about your eyes
That makes me think you're queer;
Suppose we send a little boy
To fetch a pint of beer?"

"I drink not beer," the sage replied,
"Gin, brandy, wine, nor rum:
The only liquor that I touch,
It is the laudanum;
So send the little boy unto
The chemist's shop for some!"

He drew a phial from his pouch,
And drained it at a draught.
"Hold, madman, hold!" the youth exclaimed,
"I thought you only chaffed!"
The aged man, regarding him,
Satirically laughed.

Big drops of perspiration gleamed
About his fine old nose;
"The laudanum stirs my brain," he said,
"My conversation flows;
I drink an awful quantity,
As Mr. Gillman knows!

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights"—
To wander he began;
He talked of Abyssinian maids,
And then of Kubla Khan;
The youth observed, "He is a most
Remarkable old man!

"I only wish that he would talk
To some one else," said he
"I cannot stand him any more,
I will arise and flee!"
He was the first that ever burst
From the never silent C.!

Mr. William Jeftery Prowse was born at Torquay on May 6, 1836, and died of consumption at Nice, on Easter Sunday, 1870. He was a journalist by profession, being more particularly connected with *The Daily Telegraph* as a leader writer, and with *Fun*. He had a great fund of humour, and a singular faculty of imitation, witness his "Prize Essays," and a series of papers he contributed to *The Porcupine*, in which he adopted the modes of thought and expression of eminent writers of the day, without descending to mere parody of subject or language. In this he rivalled the success achieved by the brothers Smith in *Rejected Addresses*. The "Nicholas Notes" in *Fun* were also from his pen. They cleverly burlesque the prophets of the sporting papers, whose ambiguous utterances can be always afterwards explained to be in perfect accordance with what has come to pass. *Nicholas* is addicted to the bottle, is always impecunious, and is always just about to bring out a history of *Knurr and Spell.*

The Rime of the Ancient Waggonere, in four parts. This parody first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1819, it was republished in vol. 2 of J. S. Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ballad Poetry* (London, 1849), and again in William Maginn's *Miscellanies* (London, 1885.)

The Cockney Mariner, in seven parts, by Gilbert Abbott à Beckett. This appeared in *The Almanack of the Month,* Vol. 1, 1846.

It is a Cockney Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy dreadnought coat, button'd up to the throat,
Now what do you want with me?"

* * * *

The Rime of the New-made Baccalere, in seven parts. Oxford: J. Vincent. This clever parody (31 pages 8vo) was first published, anonymously, in 1841, it has since been reprinted, and may be obtained from Mr. Vincent, High Street, Oxford. Like the original poem, which it follows very closely, it consists of seven parts, and commences thus:

It was a new-made Baccalere,
One freshman stops of three,
"By thy long sleev'd gown, and hood of down,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The bursary doors are open'd wide,
And I must next go in:
The men are met, the papers set,
May'st hear the freshman-din."

He holds him with his inky hand,
"There was GREAT Go," quoth he,
"Hold off! unhand me, Baccalere!
Eftsoons his hand dropp'd he.

* * * *

In the third volume of *The Works of Thomas Love Peacock* (London. Richard Bentley and Son, 1875), will be found a series of poems entitled "Paper Money Lyrics," these consist of imitations of favourite poets, amongst them is a long parody on Coleridge, called *The Wise Men of Gotham.*

In a bowl to sea went wise men three,
On a brilliant night of June:
They carried a net, and their hearts were set
On fishing up the moon.

* * * *

The Christmas number of *The World* for 1885 contained a burlesque report of the libel suit, Adams *v.* Coleridge, in which the witnesses on both sides of the quarrel are indiscriminately ridiculed, but more especially Lord Coleridge, whose treatment of his daughter was the subject of much hostile comment. The report is in prose, but it contains a parody of *The Ancient Mariner,* commencing thus:

It was an Ancient Marriager,
And he stoppeth one at three:
" By thy smile veneered and ironic eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

The "Rime of the Ancient Statesman." A Relic of the Past, *not* by S. T. Coleridge. Cambridge. Henry W. Wallis, Sidney Street, 1874. This is an anonymous political parody, consisting of seventy-nine verses, all strongly condemning the measures passed by the Liberal party under Mr. Gladstone's leadership.

The "ancient statesman" (Mr. Gladstone), meets Mr. Disraeli (then Prime Minister), at the entrance to the House of Commons:

It is an ancient statesman,
And he stoppeth one of three;
"By thy whiskers grey and frowning face
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"
The Palace doors are opened wide,
They're waiting there within;
And as I am Prime Minister
In sooth I must go in.

* * * *

The Birmingham Speech.

It was a statesman old and grey
Went forth to tell his deeds,
And he dined with a country Mayor
At one of his sumptuous feeds.

"Now, Heaven thee save, thou worthy Mayor,
I pray thee tell to me,
If thou art able to divine
Return of pow'r to me?"

And how should I thy search assist,
Thou very reverend man?
Since thou would'st serve her Majesty,
And I'm Republican!" [*]

From "*They are Five*" by W. E. G. London. David Bogue, 1880.

The Rime of the Ancient Rinking Man, is the title of the first parody contained in *Idylls of the Rink,* by A. W. Mackenzie. London, 1876.

It is an ancient beggar man,
And he stoppeth one of three.
By thy tattered clothes, and battered nose,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

* * * *

The Meeting of the Justices, relating to the water supply in Calcutta, appears in *Lyrics and Lays,* by "Pips," published in Calcutta, in 1867. It possesses little merit as a parody, and the topic was one of purely local interest:—

It was an ancient gentleman,
And he talk'd for hours three,
"By thy long lean form, and dismal drone
We fain must list to thee."

* * * *

Three long parodies are also to be found in *Truth,* February 1, 1877; May 16, 1878; and November 2, 1882.

Unfortunately, all the parodies here enumerated are very long. To give them complete would fill a volume, and it must be confessed that few of them are sufficiently clever, or amusing, to repay perusal. Most of the best parodies have been here reprinted in full; disjointed extracts from the others would convey little idea of their literary merit, or general interest.

——:o:——

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

---

[*] Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mayor of Birmingham, then holding very advanced Radical views.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand ;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined : and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face !

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend.
This miserable Knight !

And that unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay ;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued.
Subdued and cherished long !

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm.
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

The original poem, by Coleridge, is here printed in full, with a very clever parody, which will be better appreciated after comparison with the original. The little Volume of *Miscellaneous Poems* from which the parody is taken, is now very scarce, although only published as recently as 1880. The author has gone to Australia, taking with him all the unsold copies of his book.

THE POWER OF SCIENCE.

"ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
Are but the legacies of apes,
With interest on the same,

How oft in studious hours do I
Recall those moments, gone too soon,
When midway in the hall I stood,
Beside the Dichobune.

Through the Museum windows played
The light on fossil, cast, and chart,
And she was there, my Gwendoline,
The mammal of my heart.

She leaned against the Glyptodon,
The monster of the sculptured tooth ;
She looked a fossil specimen
Herself, to tell the truth.

She leaned against the Glyptodon ;
She fixed her glasses on her nose ;
One Pallas-foot drawn back displayed
The azure of her hose.

Few virtues had she of her own—
She borrowed them from time and space ;
Her age was eocene, although
Post-tertiary her place.

The Irish Elk that near us stood,
(Megaceros Hibernicus),
Scarce dwarfed her ; while I bowed beneath
Her stately overplus.

I prized her pre-diluvian height,
Her palaeozoic date of birth,
For these to scientific eye
Had scientific worth.

She had some crochets of her own,
My sweet viviparous Gwendoline,
She loved me best when I would sing
Her ape descent and mine.

I raised a wild pansophic lay;
(The public fled the dismal tones);
I struck a chord that suited well
That *entourage* of bones.

I sang the very dawn of life,
Cleared at a bound the infinite chasm
That sunders inorganic dust
From sly-born protoplasm.

I smote the stiffest chords of song,
I showed her in a glorious burst
How universal unity
Was dual from the first.

How primal germs contained in one
The beau-ideal and the belle;
And how the "mystery of life"
Is just a perfect cell.

I showed how sense itself began
In senseless gropings after sense:—
She seemed to find it so herself
(Her gaze was so intense).

And how the very need of light
Conceived, and visual organs bore;
Until an optic want evolved
The spectacles she wore.

How headless molluscs making head
Against the fashions of their line,
On pulpy maxims turned their backs,
And specialized a spine.

How landward longings seized on fish,
Fretted the type within their eggs,
And in amphibian issue dif-
Ferentiated legs.

I hopped the quaint marsupials,
And into higher mammals ran,
And through a subtle fugue I stole
From Lemurs up to Man.

How tails were lost—but when I reached
This saddest part of all my lay,
She dropped the corners of her mouth,
And turned her face away.

And proud to see my lofty love
So sweetly wince, so coyly shrink,
I woke a moving threnody—
I sang the missing link.

And when I spake of vanished kin
Of Simian races dead and gone,
The wave of sorrow from her eyes
Half-drowned the Glyptodon.

I turned to other, brighter themes,
And glancing at our different scales,
I showed how lady beetles are
Robuster than the males.

I sang the Hymenoptera;
How insect-brides are sought and got;
How stridulation of the male
First hinted what was what.

And when—perchance too fervently—
I smote upon the chord of sex,
I saw the tardy spark of love
Blaze up behind her specs.

She listened with a heightened grace,
She blushed a blush like ruby wine,
Then bent her stately head, and clinked
Her spectacles on mine.

A mighty impulse rattled through
Her well articulated frame;
And into one delighted ear
She breathed my Christian name.

And whispered that my song had given
Her secret thought substantial shape,
For she had long considered me
The offshoot of an ape.

She raised me from the enchanted floor,
And, as my lips her shoulder met,
Between two asthmas of embrace
She called me marmosette.

I strove to calm her down; she grew
Serener and serener;
And so I won my Gwendoline,
My vertebrate congener.

J. Brunton Stephens.

——:o:——

Playhouse Musings.

"Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque si male cesserat, usquam
Decurrens alio, neque si bene." Hor.

My pensive Public, wherefore look you sad?
I had a grandmother, she kept a donkey
To carry to the mart her crockery-ware,
And when that donkey look'd me in the face,
His face was sad! and you are sad, my Public!

Joy should be yours: this tenth day of October
Again assembles us in Drury Lane.
Long wept my eye to see the timber planks
That hid our ruins; many a day I cried,
Ah me! I fear they never will rebuild it!
Till on one eve, one joyful Monday eve,
As along Charles Street I prepared to walk,
Just at the corner, by the pastrycook's,
I heard a trowel tick against a brick.
I look'd me up, and straight a parapet
Uprose at least seven inches o'er the planks.
Joy to thee, Drury! to myself I said:
[*] He of Blackfriars Road, who hymned thy downfall
In loud Hosannahs, and who prophesied
That Flames, like those from prostrate Solyma,
Would scorch the hand that ventured to rebuild thee,
Has proved a lying prophet. From that hour,
As leisure offer'd, close to Mr. Spring's
Box-office door, I've stood and eyed the builders.
They had a plan to render less their labours;
Workmen in olden times would mount a ladder
With hodded heads, but these stretch'd forth a pole
From the wall's pinnacle, they placed a pulley

---

[*] "He of Blackfriars Road," viz., the late Rev. Rowland Hill, who is said to have preached a sermon congratulating his congregation on the catastrophe at Drury Lane Theatre.

Athwart the pole, a rope athwart the pulley ;
To this a basket dangled ; mortar and bricks
Thus freighted, swung securely to the top,
And in the empty basket workmen twain
Precipitate, unhurt, accosted earth.

Oh ! 'twas a goodly sound, to hear the people
Who watch'd the work express their various thoughts
While some believed it never would be finish'd
Some, on the contrary believed it would.

I've heard our front that faces Drury Lane
Much criticised ; they say 'tis vulgar brick-work,
A mimic manufactory of floor-cloth.
One of the morning papers wish'd that front
Cemented like the front in Brydges Street ;
As it now looks, they call it Wyatt's Mermaid,
A handsome woman with a fish's tail.

White is the steeple of St. Bride's in Fleet Street :
The Albion (as its name denotes) is white ;
Morgan and Saunders' shop for chairs and tables
Gleams like a snow-ball in the setting sun ;
White is Whitehall. But not St. Bride's in Fleet Street,
The Spotless Albion, Morgan, no, nor Saunders,
Nor white Whitehall, is white as Drury's face.

Oh, Mr. Whitbread ! fie upon you, sir !
I think you should have built a colonnade ;
When tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower
And draws the tippet closer round her throat,
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow,
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa
Cries, "There you go ! this comes of playhouses ! "
To build no portico is penny wise :
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound foolish !

Hail to thee, Drury ! Queen of Theatres !
What is the Regency in Tottenham Street,
The Royal Amphitheatre of Arts,
Astley's, Olympic, or the Sans Pareil,
Compared with thee ? Yet when I view thee push'd
Back from the narrow street that christened thee,
I know not why they call thee Drury Lane.

Amid the freaks that modern fashion sanctions,
It grieves me much to see live animals
Brought on the stage. Grimaldi has his rabbit,
Laurent his cat, and Bradbury his pig ;
Fie on such tricks ! Johnson, the machinist
Of former Drury, imitated life
Quite to the life. The Elephant in Blue Beard,
Stuff'd by his hand, wound round his lithe proboscis,
As spruce as he who roar'd in Padmanaba.*
Nought born on earth should die. On hackney stands
I reverence the coachman who cries "Gee,"
And spares the lash. When I behold a spider
Prey on a fly, a magpie on a worm,
Or view a butcher with horn-handled knife
Slaughter a tender lamb as dead as mutton,
Indeed, indeed, I'm very, very sick !
[*Exit hastily*.

JAMES SMITH.

The Rejected Addresses. 1812.

This imitation of Coleridge cannot be considered one of the best of the *Rejected Addresses.* Lord Jeffrey remarked that, although it was unquestionably "Lakish," he was unable to recognise in it any of the peculiar traits of the powerful genius whose name it bore. Smith probably had in his mind the following lines written by Coleridge in 1794 :—

TO A YOUNG ASS.

Its mother being tethered near it.

POOR little Foal of an oppressed Race !
I love the languid Patience of thy face :
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged Coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled Spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade ?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung ?
Do thy prophetic Fears anticipate,
Meek Child of Misery ! thy future fate ?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
"Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes ?"
Innocent Foal ! thou poor despised Forlorn !
I hail thee Brother—spite of the fool's scorn !
And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell
Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side !
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay !
Yea ! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast !

:o:

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree :
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense bearing tree ;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves :
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves,
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !

* * * *

S. T. COLERIDGE.

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* "Padmanaba," viz,, in a pantomine called *Harlequin in Padmanaba.* This elephant, some years afterwards, was exhibited over Exeter 'Change, where it was found necessary to destroy the poor animal by discharges of musketry. When he made his entrance in the pantomine above-mentioned, Johnson, the machinist of the rival house exclaimed, "I should be very sorry if I could not make a better elephant than that !" Johnson was right : we go to the theatre to be pleased with the skill of the imitator, and not to look at the reality.

A FRAGMENT—COMPOSED IN A DREAM.

IN Hungerford did some wise man[*]
A stately bridge of wire decree,
Where Thames, the muddy river, ran,
Down to a muddier sea.

Above the people rose its piers,
Their shadows on the waters fell;
Year after year, for many years,
All unapproachable!

And filmy wires through æther spread,
From such proud piers' unfinished head,
Kept up a mild communication,
Worthy of their exalted station;
And many gazers far below,
Wafted by the waveless tide,
Which 'neath those slender wires did flow,
Upturned their eyes and sighed—
"If that *air* bridge," they whispered low,
"Vos broad enough to let us pass,
Ve'd not av so much round to go,
As now ve av—alas!"

In vain their sighs, in vain their tears,
May blow and flow for many years!
No mortal man may cross the cord
That crosses Thames at Hungerford.
Its wondrous span to me doth seem
The bridge described in Mirza's dream,
On which the good alone might tread,
Whilst others fell and perished.

Alas, in modern Babylon,
There's not a soul that can pass over;
No, not a single holy one,
Endowed with virtue to discover
The step by which to tread the ridge
Of Hungerford's aërial Bridge!

Punch. July 6, 1844.

CHRISTABEL.

This most exquisite fragment of a poem, Coleridge's masterpiece, was commenced in 1797, the second part was written in 1800, leaving the mystery of the plot still unsolved.

For this Coleridge blamed his indolence, but possibly he gave up the task in despair, he must have felt how inferior the second part was in interest, in *diablerie*, and in poetical fancy to the first, and that no ending was preferable to a tame ending of a work which had aroused such intense admiration and curiosity. Others have attempted to complete the poem, in sober earnest, but their efforts have been unsuccessful, and not one sequel has achieved even a temporary popularity.

In the first edition of the poem Coleridge, after describing *Geraldine* added:

"A sight to dream of, not to tell:—
And she is to sleep with Christabel!"

He afterwards omitted these lines possibly because he heard it reported that *Geraldine* was to prove to be a man, and not as *Christabel* supposes, a forlorn maiden in distress. Be this as it may some of the parodies dwell particularly upon the equivocal situation of *Christabel* with her stranger guest. Principal amongst these parodies is one written by Dr. Maginn which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* as far back as June 1819. In order to appreciate this, a few extracts from the narrative portion of Part I. of the original must be given. Want of space alone is the reason for mutilating the poem, enough is left to trace the story to where Dr. Maginn takes up the thread.

PART I.

'TIS the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awakened the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!—Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.

Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers but not hides the sky.
The moon is behind, and at the full;
And yet she looks both small and dull.
The night is chill, the cloud is gray:
'Tis a month before the month of May,
And the Spring comes slowly up this way.

The lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away.

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low.
And naught was green upon the oak,
But moss and rarest misletoe;
She kneels beneath the huge oak tree.
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak tree.

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can.
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu, Maria, shield her well!
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak
What sees she there?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Drest in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:

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[*] Hungerford suspension bridge was opened on May 1, 1845, it was removed in 1862 to make way for the Charing Cross railway bridge, and was afterwards erected over the River Avon at Clifton, near Bristol.

The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck, and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandal'd were,
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair,
I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly !

Mary mother, save me now !
(Said Christabel,) And who art thou ?

The lady strange made answer meet,
And her voice was faint and sweet :—
Have pity on my sore distress,
I scarce can speak for weariness :
Stretch forth thy hand, and have no fear :
Said Christabel, How camest thou here ?
And the lady, whose voice was faint and sweet,
Did thus pursue her answer meet :—

My sire is of a noble line,
And my name is Geraldine :
Five warriors seized me yestermorn,
Me, even me, a maid forlorn :
They choked my cries with force and fright,
And tied me on a palfrey white.
The palfrey was as fleet as wind,
And they rode furiously behind.
They spurred amain, their steeds were white !
And once we crossed the shade of night.
As sure as Heaven shall rescue me,
I have no thought what men they be ;
Nor do I know how long it is
(For I have lain entranced I wis)
Since one, the tallest of the five,
Took me from the palfrey's back,
A weary woman, scarce alive.
Some muttered words his comrades spoke :
He placed me underneath this oak ;
He swore they would return with haste ;
Whither they went I cannot tell—
I thought I heard, some minutes past,
Sounds as of a castle bell.
Stretch forth thy hand (thus ended she),
And help a wretched maid to flee.

Then Christabel stretched forth her hand
And comforted fair Geraldine :
"O well, bright dame ! may you command
The service of Sir Leoline ;
And gladly our stout chivalry
Will he send forth and friends withal
To guide and guard you safe and free
Home to your noble father's hall."

She rose : and forth with steps they passed
That strove to be, and were not, fast.
Her gracious stars the lady blest,
And thus spake on sweet Christabel :
"All our household are at rest,
The hall as silent as the cell ;
Sir Leoline is weak in health,
And may not well awakened be,
But we will move as if in stealth,
And I beseech your courtesy,
This night, to share your couch with me."

They crossed the moat, and Christabel
Took the key that fitted well ;
A little door she opened straight,
All in the middle of the gate ;
So free from danger, free from fear
They crossed the court : right glad they were.
They passed the hall, that echoes still,
Pass as lightly as you will !
O softly tread, said Christabel,
My father seldom sleepeth well.

Sweet Christabel her feet doth bare,
And, jealous of the listening air,
They steal their way from stair to stair,
Now in glimmer, and now in gloom,
And now they pass the Baron's room,
As still as death with stifled breath !
And now have reached her chamber door ;
And now doth Geraldine press down
The rushes of the chamber floor.
The silver lamp burns dead and dim ;
But Christabel the lamp will trim.
She trimmed the lamp, and made it bright,
And left it swinging to and fro,
While Geraldine, in wretched plight,
Sank down upon the floor below.

O weary lady, Geraldine,
I pray you, drink this cordial wine !
It is a wine of virtuous powers ;
My mother made it of wild flowers.

* * * * *

Again the wild-flower wine she drank :
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty lady stood upright ;
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a lady of a far countrée.

And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel !
And you love them, and for their sake
And for the good which me befell,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.
But now unrobe yourself ; for I
Must pray, ere yet in bed I lie.

Quoth Christabel, so let it be
And as the lady bade, did she.
Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness.

But through her brain of weal and woe
So many thoughts moved to and fro,
That vain it were her lids to close ;
So half-way from the bed she rose :
And on her elbow did recline
To look at the lady Geraldine.

Beneath the lamp the lady bowed,
And slowly rolled her eyes around ;
Then drawing in her breath aloud
Like one that shuddered, she unbound
The cincture from beneath her breast :
Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold ! her bosom and half her side
A sight to dream of, not to tell !
O shield her ! shield sweet Christabel !

Yet Geraldine nor speaks nor stirs ;
Ah ! what a stricken look was hers !
Deep from within she seems half-way
To lift some weight with sick assay,
And eyes the maid and seeks delay ;
Then suddenly as one defied
Collects herself in scorn and pride,
And lay down by the maiden's side
And in her arms the maid she took,
Ah well-a-day !
And with low voice and doleful look
These words did say :
In the touch of this bosom there worketh a spell,
Which is lord of thy utterance, Christabel !
Thou knowest to-night, and wilt know to-morrow
This mark of my shame, this seal of my sorrow ;
But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair :
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.

The Conclusion to Part I

With open eyes (ah woe is me !)
Asleep, and dreaming fearfully,
Fearfully dreaming, yet I wis,
Dreaming that alone, which is—
O sorrow and shame ! Can this be she,
The lady, who knelt at the old oak tree?
And lo ! the worker of these harms,
That holds the maiden in her arms,
Seems to slumber still and mild,
As a mother with her child.
A star hath set, a star hath risen,
O Geraldine ! since arms of thine
Have been the lovely lady's prison.
O Geraldine ! one hour was thine—
Thou'st had thy will !

S. T. Coleridge.

Dr. Maginn's Introduction to Part III.

LISTEN ! ye know that I am mad,
And ye will listen !—wizard dreams
Were with me !—all is true that seems !—
From dreams alone can truth be had—
In dreams divinest lore is taught,
For the eye, no more distraught,
Rests most calmly, and the ear,
Of sound unconscious, may apply
Its attributes unknown, to hear
The music of philosophy !
Thus am I wisest in my sleep,
For thoughts and things, which day-light brings,
Come to the spirit sad and single,
But verse and prose, and, joys and woes
Inextricably mingle,
When the hushed frame is silent in repose !
Twilight and moonlight, mist and storm,
Black night, and fire-eyed hurricane,
And crested lightning, and the snows
That mock the sunbeams, and the rain
Which bounds on earth with big drops warm,
All are round me while I spell
The legend of sweet Christabel !

Christabel. Part III.

NINE moons have waxed, and the tenth, in its wane,
Sees Christabel struggle in unknown pain !
—For many moons was her eye less bright,
For many moons was her vest more tight,
And her cheek was pale, save when, with a start,
The life blood came from the panting heart,
And fluttering, o'er that thin fair face
Past with a rapid nameless pace,
And at moments a big tear filled the eye,
And at moments a short and smothered sigh
Swelled her breast with sudden strain,
Breathed half in grief, and half in pain,
For her's are pangs, on the rack that wind
The outward frame and the inward mind.
—And when at night she did visit the oak,
She wore the Baron's scarlet cloak,
(That cloak which happy to hear and to tell
Was lined with the fur of the leopard well,)
And as she wandered down the dell
None said 'twas the Lady Christabel.—
Some thought 'twas a weird and ugsome elf,
Some deemed 'twas the old sick Baron himself,
Who wandered beneath the snowy lift
To count his beads in solemn shrift—
(For his shape below was wide to see
All bloated with the hydropsie.)
Oh ! had her old father the secret known,
He had stood as stark as the statue of stone
That stands so silent, and white, and tall,
At the upper end of his banquet hall !

Am I asleep or am I awake?
In very truth I oft mistake,
As the stories of old come over my brain,
And I build in spirit the mystic strain ;—
Ah ! would to the virgin that I were asleep !
But I must wake, and I must weep !
Sweet Christabel, it is not well
That a lady, pure as the sunless snow
That lies so soft on the mountain's brow,
That a maiden of sinless chastity
In childbirth pangs should be doomed to die,
Or live with a name of sorrow and shame,
And hear the words of blemish and blame !
—For the world that smiles at the guilt of man,
Places woman beneath its ban ;
Alas, that scandal thus should wreak
Its vengeance on the warm and weak,
That the arrows of the cold and dull
Should wound the breast of the beautiful !

Of the things that be did we know but half,
Many, and many would weep, who laugh !
Tears would darken many an eye,
Or that deeper grief, (when its orb is dry,
When it cannot dare the eye of day),
O'er the clouded heart would sway,
'Till it crumbled like desert dust away !
But here we meet with grief and grudge,
And they who cannot know us, judge !
Thus, souls on whom good angels smile,
Are scoffed at in our world of guile—
Let this, Ladiè, thy comfort be ;
Man knows not us, good angels know
The things that pass in the world below ;
And scarce, methinks, it seems unjust,
That the world should view thee with mistrust,
For who that saw that child of thine

Pale Christabel, who could divine
That its sire was the Ladie Geraldine.

But in I rush, with too swift a gale,
Into the ocean of my tale!
Not yet young Christabel, I ween,
Of her babe hath lighter been.
—'Tis the month of the snow and the blast,
And the days of Christmas mirth are past,
When the oak-roots heaped on the hearth blazed bright,
Casting a broad and dusky light
On the shadowy forms of the warriors old,
Who stared from the wall, most grim to behold—
On shields where the spider his tapestry weaves,
On the holly boughs and the ivy leaves,
The few green glories that still remain
To mock the storm and welcome the rain,
Brighter and livelier mid tempest and shower,
Like a hero in the battle hour!—
Brave emblems o'er the winter hearth,
They cheered our fathers' hours of mirth!—

Twelve solar months complete and clear
The magic circle of the year!
Each (the ancient riddle saith)
Children, two times thirty, hath!
Three times ten are fair and white,
Three times ten are black as night,
Three times ten hath Hecatè,
Three times ten the God of day;
Thus spoke the old hierophant
(I saw her big breast swelling pant)
What time, I dreamed, in ghostly wise
Of Eleusinian mysteries,
For I am the hierarch
Of the mystical and dark—
And now, if rightly I do spell
Of the Lady Christabel,
She hates the three times ten so white,
And sickens in their searching light,
  And woe is hers—alas! alack!
  She hates the three times ten so black—
  As a mastiff bitch doth bark,
  I hear her moaning in the dark!—

'Tis the month of January.
Why lovely maiden, light and airy,
While the moon can scarcely glow,
Thro the plumes of falling snow,
While the moss upon the bark
Is withered all, and damp, and dark,
While cold above the stars in doubt
Look dull, and scarcely will stay out,
While the snow is heavy on beechen bower
And hides its name-sake, the snow-drop flower,
Why walk forth thus mysteriously!
Dear girl, I ask thee seriously.
Thy cheek is pale, thy locks are wild—
Ah, think, how big thou art with child!—
Tho' the baron's red cloak thro' the land hath no fellow,
Thou should'st not thus venture without an umbrella!

  Dost thou wander to the field of graves
  Where the elder its spectral branches waves?
  And will thy hurried footsteps halt
  Where thy mother sleeps in the silent vault?
  Where the stranger pauses long to explore
  The emblems quaint of heraldic lore,
  Where tho' the lines are tarnished and dim,
  Thy mother's features stare gaunt and grim,
  And grinning skull, and transverse bone,
  And the names of warriors dead and gone
  Mark Sir Leoline's burial stone;
  Thither go not, or I deem almost
  That thou wilt frighten thy mother's ghost!
  Or wilt thou wend to the huge oak-tree,
  And, kneeling down upon thy knee,
  Number the beads of thy rosary?
  Nine beads of gold and a tenth of pearl,
  And a prayer with each, my lovely girl,
  Nine and one, shalt thou record,
  Nine to the virgin and one to the Lord!
  The pearls are ten times one to behold,
  And ten times nine are the beads of gold,
  Methinks 'tis hard of the friar to ask
  On a night like this so weary a task!

'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, in summer time,
In the green wood to spell the storied rhyme,
When the light winds above 'mong the light leaves are singing,
And the song of the birds thro' your heart is ringing.
'Tis pleasant—'tis pleasant, when happily humming
To the flowers below the blythe bee is coming!—
When the rivulet coy, and ashamed to be seen,
Is heard where it hides 'mong the grass-blades green,
When the light of the moon and each sweet starry islet
Gives a charm more divine to the long summer twilight,
When the breeze o'er the blossomy hawthorn comes cheerful,
'Tis pleasant—with heart—ah, how happy!—tho' fearful,
With heaven-beaming eyes, where tears come, while smiles glisten
To the lover's low vows in the silence to listen!

  'Tis pleasant too, on a fine spring day
  (A month before the month of May)
  To pray for a lover that's far away!
  But, Christabel, I cannot see
  The powerful cause that sways with thee
  Thus, with a face all waxen white,
  To wander forth on a winter night.

The snow hath ceased, dear lady meek,
But the night is chill and bleak!—
And clouds are passing swift away
Before the moon so cold and gray—
The crescent moon, like a bark of pearl,
That lies so calm on the billowy whirl;—
      Rapidly—rapidly
        With the blast,
      Clouds of ebony
        Wander fast,
And one the maiden hath fixed her eyes on,
Hath pass'd o'er the moon, and is near the horizon!
  Ah Christabel, I dread it, I dread it,
    That the clouds of shame
  Will darken and gather
    O'er the maiden's name,
  Who chances unwedded
  To give birth to a child, and knows not its father!

One—Two—Three—Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight—
Nine—Ten—Eleven!—

  Tempest or calm—moonshine or shower,
  The castle clock still tolls the hour,
  And the cock awakens, and echoes the sound,
  And is answered by the owls around—
  And at every measured tone
  You may hear the old baron grunt and groan;

'Tis a thing of wonder, and fright, and fear,
The mastiff-bitch's moans to hear—
And the aged cow in her stall that stands
And is milked each morning by female hands
(That the baron's breakfast of milk and bread
May be brought betimes to the old man's bed
Who often gives, while he is dressing,
His Christabel a father's blessing)
That aged cow, as each stroke sounds slow,
Answers it with a plaintive low!
And the baron old, who is ill at rest,
Curses the favourite cat for a pest—
For let him pray, or let him weep,
She mews thro' all the hours of sleep—
Till morning comes with its pleasant beams,
And the cat is at rest, and the baron dreams!

Let it rain, however fast,
Rest from rain will come at last,
And the blaze that strongest flashes
Sinks at last, and ends in ashes!
But sorrow from the human heart
And mists of care will they depart?
I know not, and cannot tell,
Saith the Lady Christabel—
But I feel my bosom swell

In my spirit I behold
A lady—call her firm, not bold—
Standing lonely by the burn
—Strange feelings thro' her breast and brain
Shoot with a sense of madness and pain.
Ah, Christabel return, return,
Let me not call on thee in vain!
Think, lady dear, if thou art drowned
That thy body will be found,
What anguish will thy spirit feel,
When it must to all reveal
What the spell binds thee to conceal!
How the baron's heart will knock 'gainst his chest
When the stake is driven into thy breast,
When thy body to dust shall be carelessly flung,
And over the dead no dirge be sung,
No friend in mourning vesture dight,
No lykewake sad—no tapered rite!—

Return, return thy home to bless,
Daughter of good Sir Leoline;
In that chamber a recess
Known to no other eye than thine,
Contains the powerful wild-flower wine
That often cheer'd thy mother's heart,
Lady, lovely as thou art
Return, and ere thou dost undress
And lie down in thy nakedness
Repair to thy secret and favourite haunt
And drink the wine as thou art wont!
Hard to uncork and bright to decant.

My merry girl—she drinks—she drinks
Faster she drinks and faster,
My brain reels round as I see her whirl,
She hath turned on her heel with a sudden twirl;—
Wine, wine is a cure for every disaster,
For when sorrow wets the eye
Yet the heart within is dry,
Sweet maid upon the bed she sinks—
May her dreams be light, and her rest be deep!
Good angels guard her in her sleep!

WILLIAM MAGINN.

THE DREAM,

A Psychological Curiosity.

BY S. T. C.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

THE following "wild and singularly original and beautiful poem" was written at the instigation of Mr. Robert Warren, who was desirous of enrolling me among the number of his panegyrists. The circumstances that lead to its original composition are as follows: I had been considering in what way I might best introduce the subject, when suddenly falling asleep over a provincial newspaper which detailed the battle between Cribb and Molineux, the thoughts of my waking hours assumed the aspect of the present poetical reverie. This to an unidead "reading public" may appear incredible, but minds of imaginative temperament are ever most active during the intervals of repose, as my late poem, entitled "The Pains of Sleep," will sufficiently attest.

Dreams in fact are to be estimated solely in proportion to their wildness; and hence a friend of mine, who is a most magnificent dreamer, imagined but the other night that he invited a flock of sheep to a musical party. Such a *flocci*, nauci, nihili absurdity will, I am afraid, puzzle even our transcendental philosophers to explain, although Kant, in his treatise on the Phænomena of Dreams, is of opinion that the lens or focus of intestinal light ascending the æsophagus at right angles, a juxtaposition of properties takes place, so that the nucleus of the diaphragm reflecting on the cerebellum the prismatic visions of the pilorus, is made to produce that marvellous operation of mind upon matter better known by the name of dreaming.—To such *simple* and *satisfactory* reasoning what answer can be made?

TEN minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock,
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock:
Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cock-a-doodle-doo.
If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,
Jesu Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.

Warren the manufacturer rich
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch;
To Saint Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow,
She barketh her chorus of bow wow, wow:
Bow for the quarters, and *wow* for the hour;
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower;
But when, like a ghost all-arrayed in its shroud,
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in cloud,
When the moon, sole chandelier of night,
Bathes the blessed earth in light,
As wizard to wizard, or witch to witch,
Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch.

Buried in thought O'Warren lay,
Like a village queen on the birth of May;
He listed the tones of Saint Dunstan's clock,
Of the mastiff bitch and the crowing cock;
But louder, far louder, he listed a roar,
Loud as the billow that booms on the shore;
Bang, bang, with a pause between,
Rung the weird sound at his door, I ween.
Up from his couch he leaped in affright,
Oped his grey lattice and looked on the night,
Then put on his coat, and with harlequin hop
Stood like a phantom in midst of the shop;
In midst of his shop he stood like a sprite,
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter, with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand;

I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so scantily clad as she
Ugly and old exceedingly.

In height her figure was six feet two,
In breadth exactly two feet six,
One eye as summer skies was blue,
The other black as the waves of Styx.
Her bloodless lips did aught but pair,
For one was brown and one was fair,
And clattered like maid in hysteric fit,
Or jack that turneth a kitchen spit;
Jesu Maria! with awe, I trow,
O'Warren beheld this worricow,
For dreary and dun the death-hue came
O'er her cheek, as she traced the words of flame;
The words of flame that with mystic fuss
Are hatched from a still-born incubus,
And doom each wight who reads, to dwell
Till the birth of day in the caves of hell.

Oh! read thee not, read thee not, lord of the Strand,
The spell that subjects thee to elfin command;
Vain hope! the bogle hath marked her hour,
And Warren hath read the words of power;
Letter by letter he traced the spell,
Till the sullen toll of Saint Dunstan's bell,
And the midnight howl of the mastiff bitch,
Announced his doom to the Hallowmass witch.
Still in her grandeur she stood by,
Like an oak that uplooketh to sun and sky;
Then shouted to Warren with fitful breath;
"I'm old mother Nightmare-life-in-death;
Halloo! halloo! we may not stay,
Satan is waiting; away, away;
Halloo! halloo! we've far to go,
Then hey for the devil; jee-up! jee-hoe——"
O'Warren requested a little delay,
But the evil one muttered "too late, by my fay;"
So he put on his breeches and scampered away.

And here mote I tell how they rode on the wind,
The witch before and the Warren behind;
How they passed in a twinkling the haunts of man,
And the proud pagodas of Kubla Khan;
How they peeped at the planets like Allan-a-roon,
And supped on green cheese with the man in the moon;
Or listed the dulcimer's tremulous notes,
Or the voice of the wind through the azure that floats,
Till pillar and palace and arching sky
Rung to the mingled melody.

* * * *

Away, away, through the thunder-cloud,
Where tempest and ruin sit laughing aloud;
Away, away, through the fields of air,
Where the night-wind howls to the falling star;
This amiable couple have past, and now
They gain the swart regions of darkness and woe.
O'Warren beheld them, and shrunk with awe,
Like a client held fast in the grasp of law,
Then hymned to the Virgin for aid and for pity,
A highly correct and devotional ditty:
"Miserere Maria," he cried in despair,
While the bullet-nosed bogle drew back at the prayer,
For Mary, sweet Mary, hath power to fright,
And palsy the souls of the dæmons of night;
"Miserere Maria," he bellowed again,
And the worricow dropt her eye-tooth at the strain,
But spite of her teeth, she eschewed complaint,
Till troubled in spirit, and cowed and faint,
She collared the tradesman with horrible yell,
Then plunged with him head over heels into hell.
Oh, how its wild waves bellowed and boomed!!
Oh, how its vapors the air perfumed!!
As Warren with timid and stifled breath,
And followed by old Mrs. Life-in-death,
Moved to where Satan reclined alone,
In the silence of thought on his ebon throne.

* * * *

Proudly he strode to his palace gate,
Which the witch and the Warren approached in state,
But paused at the threshold as onward they came,
And thus, with words of fever and flame,
The tradesman addressed, "Your name, Sir, is known
As a vendor of *sables* wide over the town;
But in hell with proviso this praise we must mix,
For though brilliant your blacking, the water of Styx
Is blacker by far, and can throw, as it suits,
A handsomer gloss o'er our shoes and our boots."—

Answered the Warren, with choleric eye,
"Oh, king of the cock-tailed incubi!
The sneer of a fiend to your puffs you may fix,
But if, what is worse, you assert that your Styx
Surpasses my blacking, ('twas clear he was vexed),
By Jove! you will ne'er stick at any thing next.
I have dandies who laud me at Paine's and Almack's,
Despite Day and Martin, those emulous quacks,
And they all in one spirit of concord agree,
That my blacking is better than any black sea
Which flows thro' your paltry Avernus, I wis,"—
"Pshaw," Satan replied, "I'll be damned if it is."

The tradesman he laughed at this pitiful sneer,
And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
Of the gathering dæmons, blue, yellow, and pink,
A bottle of blacking more sable than ink;—
With the waves of the Styx in a jiffey they tried it,
But the waves of the Styz looked foolish beside it;
"You mote as well liken the summer sky,"
Quoth Warren the bold, "with an Irish stye;
The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
As your lily-white river with me or mine."

Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger played
At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;
And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
He wrathfully challenged his foeman to box;
Then summoned each dæmon to form a ring,
And witness his truculent triumphing.—
The ring was formed and the twain set to,
Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew.

Satan was seconded in a crack,
By Molineux, the American black,
(Who sported an oath as a civil Salam),
While Warren was backed by the ghost of Dutch Sam.—
Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
Wild as a colt o'er the moorland that strays,
Who thrill at each wondrous rede I tell,
As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
In shapely pugilistic verse,
(Albeit my fancy preferreth still
The quiet of nature,) this desperate *Mill*.

THE FIGHT.

Both men on *peeling* showed nerve and bone.
And weighed on an average *fourteen stone ;*
Doffed their silk *fogle*, for battle agog,
Yellowman, *castor* and white upper *tog ;*
Then sparred for a second their ardor to cool,
And rushed at each other like bull to bull.

ROUNDS.

1. Was a *smasher*, for Brummagem Bob [*]
Let fly a *topper* on Beelzebub's *nob ;*
Then followed him over the ring with ease,
And *doubled him up* by a blow in the *squeeze*.

2. Satan was cautious in making play,
But stuck to his sparring and pummelled away ;
Till the *ogles* of Warren looked *queer* in their hue,
(Here, bets upon Beelzebub ; three to two.)

3. *Fibbings*, and *facers*, and *toppers* abound,
But Satan, it seems, hath the worst of the round.

4. Satan was floored by a *lunge* in the hip,
And the blood from his peepers, went drip, drip, drip,
Like fat from a goose in the dripping pan,
Or ale from the brim of a flowing can ;
His *box of dominos* chattered aloud,
(Here, "Go it, Nick !" from an imp in the crowd,)
And he dropped with a *Lancashire purr* on his back,
While Bob with a *clincher* fell over him, whack.

5. Both men *piping* came up to the *scratch*,
But Bob for Abaddon was more than a match ;
He *tapped* his *claret*, his mug he rent,
And made him so *groggy* with *punishment*,
That he gladly gave in at the close of the round,
And Warren in triumph was led from the ground.

Then trumpet, and timbrel, and deafening shout,
Like wind through a ruin rang lustily out,
High o'er the rocks that jut over the deep,
Where the souls of the damned to eternity weep ;
Echo threw forward her answer of fear,
Dull as the dust that clanks over a bier,
Or death-watch that beats in a sick man's ear.
From the gulph where they howl to the lead colored night,
The shadowless spectres leaped up with delight,
And "Buy Warren's Blacking" they shouted aloud,
As the night-wind sighs through a coffinless shroud.
The evil one frowned while they bellowed amain,
But "Buy Warren's Blacking" he chorussed again ;
For tho' worsted in fight, yet, by order of fate,
The vanquished must temper the pulse of his hate,
And yield to the victor (his will's despite)
Unbridled sway o'er the fiends of night.
'Tis done, and sore with his recent thwacking,
Abaddon hath purchased O'Warren's Blacking ;
Fate stood by while the bargain was made,
Signed a receipt when the money was paid,
Then summoned her sprites, an exemplary band,
To kneel in respect to the Lord of the Strand.

But hark, 'tis the voice of the crowing cock !
And hark, 'tis the toll of Saint Dunstan's clock !
The morn rides high in the Eastern sky,
And the little birds carol it merrily :
Already have waned at the gladsome sight,
Each scene of darkness, each goblin sprite ;
Abaddon to whit, and the whole of his crew,
Pink, yellow, or rosy, green, purple, or blue,
For cheered by the rays thro' his lattice that peep,
The bard hath awoke from the "Pains of Sleep."

This is probably the most amusing parody of *Christabel* that has ever been written. It appeared originally in "*Warreniana*," a small anonymous volume of imitations published by Longmans & Co., in 1824. It is now known that the author was Mr. W. F. Deacon, who died about 1845.

Between 60 and 70 years ago Robert Warren's Blacking was the best advertised article of the day, and even Lord Byron was accused of writing puffs for it. Hence this collection of squibs, in which all the leading poets of the day were represented as singing its praises.

Some few redundant passages have been cut out, but nothing which is necessary to the plot of the poem has been omitted. *Warreniana* may still be met with occasionally as a second-hand book, and is well worth the few shillings it will cost.

A PARODY OF CHRISTABELLE.

The Baron Rich.

'TIS a quarter to ten by the castle clock,
And the 'mastiff bitch' has awakened the cock,
And the cock has awakened the 'Baron Rich,'
And he in return will thump the bitch ;
Say what can ail her, in her sleep,
That thus she begins to 'moan and leap,'
I know not, I know not the reason I swear,
And e'en if I did, I'll be hang'd if I care.

* * * * *

The Baron awoke at the usual hour,
And the bell toll'd loud in his moss-covered tow'r,
Slowly it swung to the gales of the west,
Like a voice from the dead when the winds are at rest,
And a grinning nightmare withheld his rest,
And sat like a pound of cheese on his breast,
And devils and imps danced over his head,
And Satan grinn'd at the foot of his bed ;
  And the crowing cock his shrill clarion blew,
  To whit ! to whoo !
And hark again the crowing cock,
  How drowsily it crew ;
As if it was loth from its pillow to creep,
But determined at least to snore in its sleep.
Again the cock crew, while the glance of his eye,
Frightened the clouds as they sail'd thro' the sky,
And the consequence was, that they shook with wonder,
And jostling each other created the thunder ;
The Baron awoke, and he holloed aloud,
As one who had seen 'my ladie's shroud' :
    "Bard Bracey, Bard Bracey,
    Come here, or I'll lace ye,
And tell me directly, or deeply you'll rue,
The cause of this terrible hulloboloo !"
The bard came forth in his night-cap he,
And he was as skinny as bard mote be,
And his locks hung down o'er his shoulders flat,
As my grandmother says like the tail of a rat ;

---

[*] It is currently reported that Robert Warren, Esq., is a native of Birmingham.

And away he went with a hem and a haw !
To make the old mastiff lie still in her straw—
Without the kennel the mastiff old,
Lay snoring fast in 'moonshine cold.'
He kick'd her once, he kick'd her twice,
But the old bitch snapp'd at his fingers thrice.
Then Bracy kick'd her again, times four,
But the old bitch snapped at his fingers the more.

Is he hurt ? or doth he squall ?
I think he's hurt tho' he doth not squall,
But he curses much, like a naughty man,
And swears as often as swear he can ;
And like a 'little limber elf,'
Singeth and danceth to himself.
He must be hurt, I'm sure he must,—
Or he scarce would dare to kick up such a dust ;
And certain I am, by his look, 'ifegs,
That the mastiff has bitten the calf of his legs,
And 'tis a right wonder to raise a laugh !—
For who ever heard of a bard with a calf ?
But lo ! he kicks her again, and her cry,
Split the kennel and rent the sky,
And there she was, squatted upright on her tail,
And oh ! she look'd—she look'd like a whale.
And spouted forthwith this dolorous strain,
Which deserves an encore, again and again.

Song of the Old Bitch.

"There's a cloud in the sky,
And it's wandering by,
And in it I'll lump,
With a hop, skip, and jump,
For I'm a warlock of evil, I trow."

(Here the bitch ended with *bow-wow-wow.*)

The bardling was frightened, as well he mote be,
And he looked around, but nought could he see ;
The lanky-legg'd bardling was frightened, odd rat it,
And to tell you the truth, I don't much wonder at it :
For the mastiff had vanish'd, and he was alone,
With nothing at hand, but the grey square stone ;
Thro' which the wind oozed with a terrible crack,
Like a shoulder of mutton spun round on the jack.

* * * *

The Baron has put on his night-gown and cap,
To know the reason of this mishap ;
The Baron has put on his cap and night-gown,
And with club-stick in hand, has gone in a fright down ;
And there he discovered, oh ! think how shocking,
Bard Bracey alone without shoe or stocking ;
"Bard Bracey, Bard Bracey," the Baron exclaimed,
"To remain in this manner, pray arn't you ashamed ?"
"Bard Bracey, Bard Bracey," the Baron he cried,
"Go back, go back, to your own bedside,
Or with this good cudgel of forest renown,
As I hope to be saved, I will knock you down."
Bard Bracey hath girt up his loins and fled,
And the Baron eftsoons has gone to bed ;
And a noise is heard, an inscrutable din,
Of the mastiff without, and the kittens within.
And the Baron has woke in a hell of a fright,
And is close to the tinder-box striking a light ;
But in striking the flint with too numerous blows,
He has missed the tinder, and struck his nose.

* * * *

The proud-hearted Baron, o'ercome by the pain,
Jump'd out of his bed, but finding it vain,
Altered his mind and jump'd in again :
And there he dreamt of the father of evil,
'Ycleft by sinners on earth, the devil ;
But before he could tell what his spirits were at,
In popp'd father Satan in shape of a cat.
And he skipp'd thro' the key-hole with terrible pother,
A match in one hand, and his tail in the other ;
And said to the Baron, with funeral glee,
"Come, leap thro' the window, and fly with me ;
For I'm the mastiff that kick'd up a rout,
And my broomstick is waiting to carry you out."
The Baron requested a little delay ;
But the ill-tempered devil said "Nay, sir, nay :"
So he put on his breeches and scampered away.
And here might I tell how they rode on the wind,
The Baron before, and the devil behind ;
How they rattled along, without food or pelf,
On the high road to Hell, for I saw them myself.
How they flew through the clouds like an air baloon.
And quickly arrived at the hills of the moon.
How the goddess herself was too late to meet them,
But sent a committee of moon-calves to greet them ;
How, at five o'clock, just in time for dinner,
The good-looking couple arrived at the inner
Abode of hell, where their journey was o'er,
And they dined off a chop in the Devil's boudoir ;
All this I could tell, if I wasn't afraid,
That Satan would blush for the pranks I betrayed.

* * * *

Years have fled since the fatal day,
When the Baron's spirit wing'd its way,
Obsequious at Apollyon's call,
To the mansions of death, and the spectral hall ;
But still on that ill-omened hour,
The death hymn peals and the tempests low'r,
And knives and forks are laid across,
And the salt is spill'd to the beldame's loss ;
And thirteen old women get into the room,
And the last who goes in—goes out to the tomb.
And an ugly thief flies into the candle,
And pops in your face if you dare it to handle ;
And horrid coffins bounce out of the flame,
Enough the most desperate courage to tame ;
And demon's torment the Baron's soul,
And sing out exultingly, "Old King Coal ;"
Which proves that the imps and their souls and so forth,
Are as black as the coals that you buy in the north.
And legends assert, since this terrible stroke,
That Bracey still lives like a pig in a poke ;
And my grandmother like to the village chimes,
Has rung out the subject a hundred times ;
I wist not what the truth may be,
But I'll take my oath she has told it to me.

* * * *

And the worsted night-cap the Baron wore,
And his flannel hose were seen no more,
And instead of the pillow as soft as his head,
A coffin was placed at the foot of the bed ;
And dead men's bones go dancing about,
And skeleton's guzzle a bottle of stout,
Drained from a toper that died of the gout.
And lights are seen in the midst of the room,
And none know why or whence they come ;
But most people think that from motives of spite,
There Beelzebub places his hellish rush-light.
But ere the clock tolls a quarter to four,

The Devils post back to the Stygian shore;
And ere the clock points at a quarter to six,
The Devils are safe on the banks of the Styx;
And like the people that travel to Dover,
Only wait for the packet to carry them over.

This parody, which has more relation to the second part of *Christabel* than to the first, is taken from "*The Dejeuné*, or Companion for the Breakfast Table." Monday, November 6, 1820. *The Dejeuné* was a small paper issued daily at the price of twopence, by Gold & Northhouse, London, and afterwards gathered into a volume, which is now very scarce. After long and patient searching in the British Museum Library no copy of it could be found, nor was its name, even, known to the authorities there. But the parody it contained had been mentioned by authorities on Coleridge, and this collection would have been incomplete without it, hence further searching. At last, after all hopes of obtaining it had departed, the volume was found, in the original boards, clean, and uncut, amongst waste books and pamphlets outside a second-hand bookshop.

That the parody is no better is to be regretted, its insertion here is excusable simply because of its scarcity, for although the editor of *The Dejeuné* admits that it had already been printed, he does not mention where, nor has any other copy of it ever come under our notice.

The European Magazine and London Review for April, 1815, contained a poem entitled "*Christobell*, a Gothic tale," which was simply a conclusion to Coleridge's *Christabel*, although that fact was somewhat artfully veiled in a foot note, which stated "Written as a sequel to a beautiful legend of a fair lady and her father, deceived by a witch in the guise of a noble knight's daughter."

It was somewhat ungenerous to steal Coleridge's metre and plot upon which to found a poem, without mentioning the name of the originator. This sequel is anonymous, in it *Geraldine* is finally discovered to be a witch of the Lake, and *Merlin* thus addresses her:—

"Witch of the lake, I know thee now!
Thrice three hundred years are gone
Since beneath my cave,
In the western wave,
I doom'd thee to rue and weep alone,
And writ thy shame on thy breast and brow."
"Thy hour is past, thy spells I sever,—
Witch of the lake descend for ever!"

The most important continuation of Coleridge's poem was written by the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. It was entitled "*Geraldine*, a sequel to Coleridge's Christabel," by *Martin Farquhar Tupper*. London. Joseph Rickerby. 1838.

In his Preface, Mr. Tupper gives a short prose sketch of Coleridge's beautiful but incomplete poem, and remarks that his excuse for continuing the fragment is to be found in Coleridge's own words, "I trust that I shall be able to embody in verse the three parts yet to come, in the course of the present year" (1816), a half promise which he never redeemed.

Mr. Tupper's poem is in three parts, and is written in serious imitation of *Christabel*, although he fully admits the temerity of his attempt to complete Coleridge's masterpiece.

Another, but very inferior continuation appeared in *Smallwood's Magazine*, June 1841 (London. E. Smallwood, Old Bond Street,) entitled "*Christabel*, continued from Coleridge," by Eliza Stewart. There is a total absence of plot or interest in this poem, and some of the lines descend to the lowest depths of bathos.

Singularly enough, this poem is immediately followed, in the magazine, by an Italian ode "To a foggy day in England," written by Gabriele Rossetti, father of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and William Michael Rossetti.

This brings to mind Mr. T. Hall Caine's interesting "*Recollections of Dante Gabriel Rossetti* (London, Elliott Stock, 1882), in which a chapter is devoted to Rossetti's opinions on the Lake poets, and particular prominence is given to his criticisms on Coleridge, and *Christabel*. First, the origin of the name is discussed, next the design of the poem, and whether Coleridge had intended (as some critics asserted) to show in the sequel that *Geraldine* was not a disconsolate maiden, but a man bent on the seduction of *Christabel*.

After these speculations there is an enumeration of various continuations and parodies of the poem, some mentioned by Rossetti, others by Mr. Hall Caine.

Unfortunately these references are so vague that it is impossible to trace some of the articles mentioned.

Thus, it is said the Morning Post *about* 1820 contained a continuation of *Christabel*, also that there were parodies in *The Quarterly*, *The Examiner*, and *The Monthly Magazine*, but no indication is given of the dates, or volumes, in which they appeared.

In 1816 a clever parody was printed in London entitled "*Christabess, by S. T. Colebritche, Esq., a right woeful Poem, translated from the doggerel by Sir Vinegar Sponge.*" 8vo. Unfortunately no copy of this scarce pamphlet is to be found in the British Museum Library; it is said to be very funny, even Coleridge himself quoted it as an admirable parody. The name of the author of *Christabess* was never divulged.

It is difficult to parody *Christabel* successfully. Even the attempt contained in *The Poetic Mirror*, although written by one who was himself a poet, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was an interesting imitation, without invention, or suitable application of style. It was entitled *Isabelle*, the same volume contained another imitation of Coleridge's style *The Cherub*, which was somewhat more successful, but neither poem is of sufficient interest to reprint. *The Poetic Mirror* was published in London in 1816.

Christabel has also been parodied in German.

"*Chrystabelle; or, the Rose without a Thorn*" is the title of an extravaganza written by the late Edmund Falconer, and produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, December 26, 1860, it does not, however, bear any resemblance to Coleridge's poem.

——:o:——

A VISION.

(*By the author of "Christabel."*)

"UP!" said the spirit, and ere I could pray
One hasty orison, whirl'd me away
To a limbo, lying—I wist not where—
Above or below, in earth or air;
For it glimmered o'er with a *doubtful* light,
One couldn't say whether 'twas day or night;
And was crost by many a mazy track,
One didn't know how to get on or back;
And I felt like a needle that's going astray,
(With its *one* eye out) through a bundle of hay:
When the spirit he grinn'd, and whisper'd me
"Thou'rt now in the Court of Chancery!"

Around me flitted unnumbered swarms

Of shapeless, bodiless, tailless forms ;
(Like bottled up babes, that grace the room
Of that worthy knight, Sir Everard Home)—
All of them things half-kill'd in rearing ;
Some were lame—some wanted *hearing* ;
Some had through half a century run,
Though they hadn't a leg to stand upon.
Others, more merry, as just beginning,
Around on a *point of law* were spinning ;
Or balanced aloft, 'twixt *Bill* and *Answer*,
Lead at each hand, like a tight-rope dancer—
Some were so *cross*, that nothing could please 'em ;
Some gulp'd down *affidavits* to ease 'em ;
All were in motion, yet never a one,
Let it *move* as it might, could ever move *on*.
"These," said the spirit, "You plainly see,
"Are what they call suits in Chancery ! "

I heard a loud screaming of old and young,
Like a chorus by fifty Vellutis' sung ;
Or an Irish dump (" the words by Moore ")
At an amateur concert scream'd in score ;—
So harsh on my ear that wailing fell
Of the wretches who in this limbo dwell !
It seemed like the dismal symphony
Of the shapes Æneas in hell did see ;
Or those frogs, whose legs a barbarous cook
Cut off and left the frogs in the brook,
To cry all night, till life's last dregs,
"Give us our legs !—give us our legs !"
Touched with the sad and sorrowful scene,
I ask'd what all this yell might mean,
When the spirit replied with a grin of glee,
"'Tis the cry of the suitors in Chancery ! "

I look'd, and I saw a wizard rise,*
With a wig like a cloud before men's eyes.
In his aged hand he held a wand,
Wherewith he beckoned his embryo band,
And they mov'd and mov'd, as he waved it o'er,
But they never got on one inch the more,
And still they kept limping to and fro,
Like Ariels, 'round old Prospero—
Saying "dear master, let us go,"
But still old Prospero answered "No,"
And I heard, the while, that wizard elf,
Muttering, muttering spells to himself.
While o'er as many old papers he turn'd,
As Hume e'er moved for, or Omar burned.
He talked of his virtue—though some, less nice,
(He owned with a sigh) preferr'd his *Vice*—
And he said "I think "—" I doubt "—" I hope "—
Call'd God to witness, and damn'd the Pope ;
With many more sleights of tongue and hand
I couldn't for the soul of me understand.

Amaz'd and poz'd, I was just about
To ask his name, when the screams without
The merciless clack of the imps within,
And that conjuror's mutterings, made such a din,
That startled, I woke—leap'd up in my bed—
Found the spirit, the imps, and the conjurer fled,
And blessed my stars, right pleased to see,
That I wasn't, as yet, in Chancery.

THOMAS MOORE.

(This poem originally appeared in *The Times*, 1826.)

FRAGMENT OF A VISION.

A DANDY on a velocipede
  I saw in a vision sweet,
Along the highway making speed,
  With his alternate feet.
Of a bright and celestial hue
Gleamed beauteously his blue surtout ;
While ivory buttons, in a row,
Showed like the winter's caverned snow,
Which the breezy north
Drives sweeping forth
To lodge in the cave below :
Ontario's beaver, without demur,
To form his hat did lend its fur :
His frill was of the cambric fine,
And his neckcloth starched and aquiline ;
And oh, the eye with pleasure dwells
On his white jean indescribables ;
And he throws the locks from his forehead fair,
And he pants, and pants, and pants for air ;
What is the reason I cannot tell,
There is a cause—I know it well ;
Too firmly bound, too tightly braced,
The corsets grasp his spider waist,
Till his coat tails are made to fly
Even from the back they glorify.
Look again, he is not there—
Vanished into the misty air !
Look again ! do you see him yet ?
Ah no ! the bailiff has seized him for debt,
And to and fro, like a restless ghost,
When peace within the grave is lost,
He paces as far, as far he should,
Within the bounds of Holyrood !

WILLIAM MAGINN. 1821.

:o:

THE ANCIENT STORY.

[The Lord Chief Justice seems to have "Tichborne on the brain," and cannot permit even his convivial moments to pass without talking of him, and going in for his own justification. He has become the veritable Ancient Mariner of the judicial bench, who, whenever he gets an audience, is compelled to begin anew the ancient story.—"'There was a case,' quoth he."—*South London Press.*]

IT is an ancient Judge-in-Chief,
  And he stoppeth one in three ;
" By thy horsehair wig and glittering eye,
  Now wherefore stopp'st thou me ? "

He holds him with his skinny hand,
  " There was a Case " quoth he.
"Hold off !—unhand me, greybeard loon !"
  But still the tale must be.

"The case was called, the usher bawled,
  'Regina *v.* Castro ;
The work began, upstood the man
  Whom all as Claimant know.

" Day after day, day after day,
  Into the box came he,
And answers gave, the smiling knave,
  That posed the keen Q.C.

" And lies were here, and lies were there,
  And lies were all about,
Whispered and growled, and roared and howled,
  And still the case spun out.

---

* The Lord Chancellor Eldon, " *Old Bags*."

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck—no sense of motion,
Until the speeches came, and words
Flowed boundless as the ocean :

"Till every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root ;
The barristers were dry as if
They had been choked with soot.

"There passed a weary time ; each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye ;
A weary time, a weary time—
And then my speech had I.

"I charged the jury with a will,
The Claimant I defied,
No Tichborne he, and if not—who ?'
'Orton,' the jury cried.

"Ah, well-a-day ! what evil looks,
Had I from old and young !
To the convict's doom, to the living tomb,
The pestilent man I flung !

"And ever since a Shibboleth
The world's opinion rules ;
Fools and fanatics they who doubt—
Fanatics all and fools !

"And still this tongue of mine is moved,
With a woful tendency,
To cry this cry and tell this tale
Where'er I chance to be.

"In public and in private life,
In Needlemakers' Hall,
Whosever guest, with my unrest
I still his ears appal ;

And tell the tale, and cry the cry,
Which public ardour cools,
Fools and fanatics they who doubt—
Fanatics all and fools !"

Funny Folks.

The *City Press* lately reported (April 1888), that the Tichborne Claimant has returned to this country from America, travelling under the name of Sir Roger Tichborne, with Lady Tichborne. His ticket-of-leave is now out, and he boasts of a determination to re-open the Tichborne case.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Born 1775.—Died May 14, 1818.

The first work of this author that attracted general attention was a somewhat licentious romance, published in 1795, entitled *Ambrosio, or the Monk*, from which circumstance he was afterwards generally styled "Monk Lewis." He had a morbid taste for the horrible and supernatural in literature, and having achieved some fame by his *Monk* and *Castle Spectre* he continued to write ghost stories till, following as he did in the wake of Mrs. Radcliffe, he quite overstocked the market. Upon one occasion Lewis, speaking to Lady Holland about *The Rejected Addresses*, remarked "Many of them are very fair, but mine is not at all like ; they have made me write burlesque, which I never do." "You don't know your own talent," answered the lady. Lewis was very small in stature, he had large grey eyes, thick features, and an inexpressive countenance, he was, however, exceedingly vain, and very foppish in his dress. But he was a generous, kind hearted man, Sir Walter Scott spoke highly of him, and Byron wrote

"I'd give a world of sugar cane,
That Mat. Lewis were alive again."

He was for some time M.P. for Hindon, but he obtained no parliamentary distinction.

The following, which is his best known poem, first appeared in his novel *The Monk* :—

ALONZO THE BRAVE,

And the Fair Imogine.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Convers'd as they sat on the green ;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight ;
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight ;
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And Oh !" said the youth, "since to morrow I go
"To fight in a far distant land,
"Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
"Some other will court you, and you will bestow
"On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh ! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
"Offensive to love and to me !
"For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
"I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
"Shall husband of Imogine be."

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
"Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
"God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
"Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
"May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
"And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hasten'd the hero so bold !
His love she lamented him sore ;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elaps'd, when, behold,
A Baron all cover'd with jewels and gold,
Arriv'd at Fair Imogine's door,

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows ;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun ;
The tables they groan'd with the weight of the feast :
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceas'd
When the bell of the castle toll'd "One !"

Then first, with amazement Fair Imogine found
That a stranger was plac'd by her side ;
His air was terrific, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But earnestly gaz'd on the bride.

His vizor was clos'd, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view!
All pleasure and laughter were hush'd at his sight,
The dogs as they eye'd him drew back in affright,
The lights in the chamber burn'd blue!

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled, "I pray,
"Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
"And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent; the stranger complies,
His vizor he slowly unclos'd;
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout;
All turn'd with disgust from the scene:
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre address'd Imogine:—

"Behold me! thou false one! behold me!" he cried,
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
"God grants, that to punish thy falsehood and pride,
"My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
"Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
"And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shriek'd in dismay;
Then sank with his prey, through the wide yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long liv'd the Baron; and none since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl,—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
"And his consort, the false Imogine!"

M. G. Lewis.

It is somewhat unusual for an author to parody himself, but in a volume entitled "*Tales of Wonder*" written and collected by M. G. Lewis, Esq., London 1801, he inserted "Alonzo the Brave," with a parody written by himself. Of this, he remarked, that the idea of making an apothecary of the Knight, and a brewer of the baron, and some few of the lines, were taken from a parody which appeared in one of the newspapers under the title of "*Pil-Garlic the Brave, and Brown Celestine.*"

It is to be regretted that he did not mention the author of the latter parody, nor the paper in which it originally appeared.

Giles Jollup the Grave, and Brown Sally Green.

A Doctor so prim, and a sempstress so tight,
Hob-a-nobb'd in some right maresquin,
They suck'd up the cordial with truest delight:
Giles Jollup the Grave was just five feet in height,
And four feet the Brown Sally Green.

"And as," said Giles Jollup, "to-morrow I go
"To physic a feverish land,
"At some sixpenny-hop, or perhaps the mayor's show,
"You'll tumble in love with some smart city beau,
"And with him share your shop in the Strand."

"Lord, how can you think so?" Brown Sally Green said,
"You must know mighty little of me,
"For if you be living, or if you be dead,
"I swear, 'pon my honor, that none in your stead
"Shall husband of Sally Green be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
"False to you and the faith which I gave,
"God grant that at dinner too amply supply'd,
"Over-eating may give me a pain in my side;
"May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic the bride,
"And send her well dos'd to the grave."

Away went poor Giles, to what place is not told;
Sally wept till she blew her nose sore!
But scarce had a twelve-month elaps'd, when, behold,
A Brewer, quite stylish, his gig that way roll'd,
And stopp'd it at Sally Green's door.

His wealth, his pot-belly, and whisky of cane,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
The steam of strong beer now bewilder'd her brain,
He caught her while tipsy! denials were vain,
So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast beef had been blest by the priest,
To cram now the guests had begun;
Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the bride on the feast,
Nor yet had the clash of her knife and fork ceas'd,
When a bell ('twas a dustman's) toll'd "One!"

Then first, with amazement Brown Sally Green found
That a stranger was stuck by her side;
His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were embrown'd;
He ate not, he drank not, but turning him round,
Sent some pudding away to be fried!!!

His wig was turn'd forwards, and short was his height,
His apron was dirty to view;
The women (oh! wond'rous) were hush'd at his sight;
The cats, as they ey'd him, drew back, (well they might)
For his body was pea-green and blue!

Now as all wish'd to speak, but none knew what to say,
They look'd mighty foolish and queer;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled, "I pray,
"Dear sir, your peruke that aside you wou'd lay,
"And partake of some strong or small beer!"

The sempstress is silent; the stranger complies,
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull;
Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave thro' surprize!
Like a pig that is stuck, how she open'd her eyes,
When she recogniz'd Jollup's bare skull!

Each miss then exclaim'd, while she turn'd up her snout,
"Sir, your head isn't fit to be seen!"
The pot-boys ran in, and the pot-boys ran out,
And could not conceive what the noise was about,
While the doctor address'd Sally Green.

"Behold me! thou jilt-flirt! behold me!" he cried,
"You have broken the faith which you gave!
"God grants, that to punish your falsehood and pride,
"Over-eating should give you a pain in your side;
"Come, swallow this rhubarb! I'll physic the bride,
"And send her well dosed to the grave!"

Thus saying, the physic her throat he forc'd down,
In spite of whate'er she could say,
Then bore to his chariot the damsel so brown;
Nor ever again was she seen in that town,
Or the doctor who whisk'd her away.

Not long liv'd the Brewer; and none since that time,
To make use of the brewhouse presume;
For 'tis firmly believ'd that, by order sublime,
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite
With shrieks make the chamber resound,
"I won't take the rhubarb!" she squalls in affright,
While, a cup in his left hand, a draught in his right,
Giles Jollup pursues her around!

With wigs so well powder'd, their fees while they crave,
Dancing round them, twelve doctors are seen;
They drink chicken broth, while this horrible stave
Is twang'd thro' each nose,—"To Giles Jollup the Grave,
"And his patient, the sick Sally Green!"

M. G. LEWIS.

ST. GEORGE AND CAROLINE.

A loose parody of "Alonzo the Brave, and the Fair Imogine," relating to George IV. and Queen Caroline.

(*Written in October* 1820.)

A WARRIOR so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat o'er their wine;
They gaz'd on each other with tender delight;
St. George was the name of that pot-belly'd knight,[*]
The maid's was the *Fair Caroline.*

And "Oh!" said in rapture, the amorous beau,
As of Champagne he tipp'd off a quart,
The passion's so ardent with which I now glow,
That ne'er on another a thought I'll bestow,
You shall share both my throne and my heart.

"Then hush all suspicion," the Cavalier said,
"Believe me, this heart's all your own;
For whilst I am living, if you be not dead,
I swear by these whiskers, that none in your stead,
Shall sit by my side on the throne."[†]

But alas! by caprice or intrigue led aside,
His recreant affections soon roam;
He spurn'd the fair damsel who late was his pride,
E'en access to her own belov'd infant deny'd,
And the poor childless mother, the sad widow'd bride,
An exile became from her home.

* * * *

For the grand coronation, now see the Archbishop,
Prepare; for at hand was the day.
At a cabinet dinner, they'd just served the fish up,
And a waiter had brought a *spare rib*, the top dish up,
When a *belle* struck them all with dismay.

Then, oh! with amazement, the courtiers found,
'Twas fair Caroline stood by their side;
St. George was confounded, he utter'd no sound;
He spoke not, he mov'd not, nor dar'd look around,
Lest his eyes should encounter his bride.

Her mien was majestic, her aspect so bright,
That her enemies shrunk from the view;
All their pleasure and laughter were hushed at the sight,
Callous Canning and Castlereagh shrunk in affright,
Pious Eldon and Sidmouth look'd blue!

* * * *

"Begone!" to the base borough-faction she cry'd;
"Your malice and hatred I brave;
To deceive England's monarch all arts you have try'd,
He has sworn that none else but his own lawful bride
At the grand coronation should sit by his side,
Unless I should be in my grave."

(*Here follow four more verses.*)

From *The Melange*, Liverpool, 1834.

COLENSO THE BRAVE.

By our own Monk Lewis.

A BISHOP so wise, and a native so tame,
Conversed in an African mead,
Colenso the Brave was the Suffragan's name,
But the pensive Zulu's is not given to fame,
And they talked upon questions of creed.

"O hush those suspicions," the Suffragan said,
"Offensive to Church and to me."
But something the native put into his head,
He mused on at board, and he mused on in bed,
And he talked of the same in his see.

Then over to England the Suffragan flew,
And published some tomes full of lore,
Which brought on his Lordship each savage Review;
Some called him a sceptic, some called him untrue,
Some said he'd been answer'd before.

A dreadful sensation, too dreadful to tell
To the Bench of the Bishops he gave,
As when Mr. Whitworth explodes a big shell;
But they rallied, and all in a body they fell
To demolish Colenso the Brave.

---

[*] Lord Stewart at a dinner in Ireland proposed as a toast "the health of the Prince Regent, the first cavalry officer in Europe."

[†] It was generally supposed that the Prince Regent's whiskers were artificial. But as the Prince was never true to either his word, his oath, his wife, or his mistress, it matters little by what, or by whom, he swore.

From the Cape, demon-haunted, a Spirit* arose,
It was clad in a mantle of gray,
And it stalked to Colenso, and said, "I depose
A priest who can propagate volumes like those!"
But a stern apparition cried "Nay!"

In a voice full of sweetness, but cold as a stone,
"I forbid you to touch him!" it said.
"You are phantoms alike—if you want flesh and bone,
Go pray Three Estates; for a Monarch alone
Is nought to the Church but a Head.

"He is free to return to his pensive Zulu,
By whom it appears he was posed,
He knows no allegiance to Longley or you:
Behold me, and know what I tell you is true!"
Then a Chancellor's † face was disclosed.

The sentence was final and left not a doubt,
His smile of derision they saw;
The lawyers ran in, and the lawyers ran out,
They hooted and mooted the Temple about,
But no one could challenge the law.

And while all the Bishops look awfully grave,
Dancing round them Dissenters are seen,
Their liquor's Cape-port, and as horrid the stave,
They chant "To the health of Colenso the Brave ‡
And his convert, the native so clean;"

SHIRLEY BROOKS. 1865.

A Bishop there was at Natal
A Zulu he had for his "Pal,"
Said the Zulu, "Look here,
This here Pentateuch's queer,"
Which converted his Grace of Natal.

"BETWEEN THE ACTS;"

Or, Spain and the Spanish.

A SCHOOL-BOY so stout, and a Maiden so mad—
She a hag, he a youth in his teens—
T'other day made a match, be 't for good or for bad,
Alfonso the Twelfth was the name of the lad,
And L'Espana the maniac quean's.

* * * *

And this school-boy, with hands and with heart still so clean,
Conscience clear of offence as a lamb—
If ever the world, flesh, and devil were seen,
In a foul female Cerberus, crown'd as a Queen,
'Twas in *her* he'd to blush for as dam!

"But how," said the Boy, "for as mad as you seemed,
So much wits did you e'er come to show,
As to hurl down the idols that gods you late deemed,
Leave the fools that you followed, the dreams that you dreamed,
And kick out Sagasta & Co.?"

"*She!*" in scorn cried the keeper,—Armed Force,—who stood there,
With his whip and strait-waistcoat, fair shown,
"Don't think her craze cured, or her turned head set square,
Poor L'Espana's still mad as was ever March hare.
It is me you've to thank for your throne.

"How bonds both a curse and a blessing may be
Poor L'Espana is destined to know:
In the bonds I put on her salvation you see,
Through the bonds she got off bankrupt beggar is she,
A world's warning, a scoff, and a show!"

The maniac looked fierce, but her wrath died away
To dead calm, that strait-waistcoat displayed,
And she crouched and she whined, "'Pon my honour I'll pay—
And get credit—who knows?—to run more ticks some day,
When my '*passives*' once '*actives*' are made.

"Then come to my arms—be Alfonso the Brave—
And I'll be thy fair Imogine."
Here the maniac looked wild, and the keeper looked grave,
While Alfonso, poor boy, scarce knew how to behave,—
When a third party stepped on the scene.

'Twas Le Lor Maire of London—that mythical Lord,
Who had deigned upon Paris to shine,
With herald and trumpeters, sword-bearer, sword,
Mace, flags, running footmen—in friendly accord
Come England and France to combine!

* * * *

Did Alfonso to Stone—Yo El Rey to Lord Mayor—
Give a pledge Spain's bad debts in to call?
And if a pledge—what pledge—and whence when and where
Is the money to come, that, betwixt bull and bear,
Like a bone of contention will fall?

Punch. January 16, 1875.

A TERRIBLE TALE.

THE night it was dark, not a star in the sky,
As the Lord Mayor of London passed nervously by
A charnel-house crammed with the bodies of those
Who had died 'neath grim Radicals' murderous blows.

The wind howled a dirge and the moon hid its face,
There were skulls and dry blade-bones all over the place;
But the Lord Mayor of London, no tremor had he—
Said his lordship, "It's here that the thieves will put me."

So he crept past the tombs and the graves of the dead,
In spite of grim spectres, with eye-sockets red;
And he hid him away in a newly-made grave,
Just to see how at midnight the ghosts would behave.

Thought he, "I will watch these poor victims arise—
They shall tell me their sorrows, I'll gather their sighs;
And I'll hie me away at the crow of the cock
To give the good people of England a shock.

"I shall hear how these noble old corpses were killed—
They'll describe how their innocent claret was spilled;
And I'll never take breath through my burning harangue
Till the world knows the crimes of the Radical gang."

Just then a wild tempest broke over the scene—
The bells clanged out midnight, his lordship turned green;
For, with clamour and cry, in their shrouds from their graves,
There arose the dead victims of Radical knaves.

---

* Bishop Gray. † Lord Westbury.

‡ Bishop Colenso died after a brief illness, in 1883, leaving behind him the memory of an honest and fearless thinker, and of a true and devoted missionary.

O, the language they used, and the pranks that they played;
O, the terrible tricks that those spectres essayed;
O, the sentiments shocking that came from their lips;
O, the crimes that they had at their finger-bones' tips!

It was "Bedlam" and Newgate and Hanwell "broke loose,"
And their language!—their mildest expression was "deuce!"—
The Lord Mayor he shuddered and fell on his knees;
He had never before seen such infamous sprees.

But just as his lordship was checking a sob,
Right into the place burst a horrible mob;
The vilest of vile and the lowest of low,
And these cuddled the corpses and snivelled their woe.

They were folks who regretted the jolly old days
When humbugs and robbers had all their own ways;
They wept for the crew by the Radicals slain,
And they wished back the old days of darkness again.

He crept from the churchyard, and, wiser, more sad,
He confessed that the City was hopelessly bad;
He confessed that in feasting and pageant and show
They squandered the wealth filched from want and from woe.

That scene in the charnel-house burnt in his brain;
He went to Sir William* at once by the train,
And explained that his soul would be harassed until
He had helped with his vote the Municipal Bill.

The Referee. April 20, 1884.

* * *

The Poems of M. G. Lewis were deemed worthy of imitation by the authors of *The Rejected Addresses*, and Horace Smith accordingly wrote one entitled "*Fire and Ale*," of which Lord Jeffrey said in the *Edinburgh Review*, "Fire and Ale," by M. G. Lewis, exhibits not only a faithful copy of the spirited, loose, and flowing versification of that singular author, but a very just representation of that mixture of extravagance and jocularity which has impressed most of his writings with the character of a sort of farcical horror."

FIRE AND ALE.

My palate is parched with Pierian thirst,
Away to Parnassus I'm beckoned;
List, warriors and dames, while my lay is rehearsed,
I sing of the singe of Miss Drury the first,
And the birth of Miss Drury the second.

The Fire King, one day, rather amorous felt;
He mounted his hot copper filly;
His breeches and boots were of tin, and the belt
Was made of cast iron, for fear it should melt
With the heat of the copper colt's belly.

Sure never was skin half so scalding as his!
When an infant 'twas equally horrid;
For the water, when he was baptised, gave a fizz,
And bubbled and simmer'd and started off, whizz!
As soon as it sprinkled his forehead.

O! then there was glitter and fire in each eye,
For two living coals were the symbols;
His teeth were calcined, and his tongue was so dry,
It rattled against them, as though you should try
To play the piano in thimbles.

From his nostrils a lava sulphureous flows,
Which scorches wherever it lingers;
A snivelling fellow he's call'd by his foes,
For he can't raise his paw up to blow his red nose,
For fear it should blister his fingers.

His wig is of flames curling over his head,
Well powder'd with white smoking ashes;
He drinks gunpowder tea, melted sugar of lead,
Cream of tartar, and dines on hot spice gingerbread,
Which black from the oven he gnashes.

Each fire-nymph his kiss from her countenance shields,
'Twould soon set her cheekbone a frying;
He spit in the Tenter-ground near Spital-fields,
And the hole that it burnt, and the chalk that it yields,
Make a capital lime-kiln for drying.

When he open'd his mouth, out there issued a blast
(Nota bene, I do not mean swearing),
But the noise that it made, and the heat that it cast,
I've heard it from those who have seen it, surpassed
A shot manufactory flaring.

He blazed, and he blazed, as he gallop'd to snatch
His bride, little dreaming of danger;
His whip was a torch, and his spur was a match,
And over the horse's left eye was a patch,
To keep it from burning the manger.

And who is the housemaid he means to enthral
In his cinder-producing alliance?
'Tis Drury Lane Playhouse, so wide, and so tall,
Who, like other combustible ladies, must fall,
If she cannot set sparks at defiance.

On his warming-pan knee-pan he clattering roll'd.
And the housemaid his hand would have taken,
But his hand, like his passion, was too hot to hold,
And she soon let it go, but her new ring of gold
All melted, like butter or bacon!

Oh! then she look'd sour, and indeed well she might,
For Vinegar Yard was before her;
But, spite of her shrieks, the ignipotent knight,
Enrobing the maid in a flame of gas light,
To the skies in a sky-rocket bore her.

Look! look! 'tis the Ale King,* so stately and starch,
Whose votaries scorn to be sober;
He pops from his vat, like a cedar or larch;
Brown-stout is his doublet, he hops in his march,
And froths at the mouth in October.

His spear is a spigot, his shield is a bung;
He taps where the housemaid no more is,
When lo! at his magical bidding, upsprung
A second Miss Drury, tall, tidy, and young,
And sported *in loco sororis*.

Back, lurid in air, for a second regale,
The Cinder King, hot with desire,

Sir William Harcourt.

* Mr. Whitbread, the brewer, who was very active in the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre.

To Brydges Street hied ; but the Monarch of Ale,
With uplifted spigot and faucet, and pail,
Thus chided the Monarch of Fire :

"Vile tyrant, beware of the ferment I brew ;
"I rule the roast here, dash the wig o' me !
"If, spite of your marriage with Old Drury, you
"Come here with your tinderbox, courting the new,
"I'll have you indicted for bigamy !"

HORACE SMITH.

The Rejected Addresses. 1812.

As an instance of a burlesque—of a burlesque, a few verses may be quoted from one which was given in *Punch* :—

FIRE AND WATER.*

(With Apologies to the Shades of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses.")

THE Fire Fiend was curst with unquenchable thirst,
And his gnomes to his aid having beckoned,
From Cornhill to Clapham he flew at a burst,
And furious flames soon arose from the first,
And volumes of smoke from the second.

The Fire Fiend was hungry as Moloch of old,
And knew not the meaning of pity :
The new *Edax Rerum ;* voraciously bold,
His maw a red gulf that was ready to hold
The calcined remains of a City.

That Phlegethon-gorge might have served as the grave
Of man and his works altogether ;
But Shaw, the new Life-guardsman, swordless but brave,
Was ever at hand to extinguish and save,
And hold the Red Ogre in tether.

The Fire Fiend as usual went at full pelt,
But Shaw at his heels followed faster,
Of leather well tanned were Shaw's boots and his belt,
And his helmet was brazen for fear it should melt,
And the Fire Demon knew him as master.

The Fire Fiend possessed a most hideous phiz,
Polyphemus's was not more horrid,
Unkempt and unwashed was that visage of his,
For water that touched it went off with a whiz !
It *was* so tremendously torrid.

But Shaw on his enemy kept a cool eye,
Of vigilant valour the symbol,
Affrighted no more by the Fire Demon's cry
Than the squeak of a rat ; if the Fire Fiend was spry,
His opponent was equally nimble.

For Water, Fire's foe, at his hest freely flows,
And the Fire Demon dares not to linger
Whenever his enemy turns on the hose ;
He stands in much fear of this foeman, and those
Who flock at the lift of his finger.

The Fire Fiend has schemes, it is credibly said,
For laying half London in ashes ;
But Water—and Shaw—are the things he must dread,
And at sight of an engine he shakes his red head,
And his teeth like a lunatic gnashes.

But his fire-gnomes he multiplies lately so fast
That the task of repressing them 's trying ;
The flare that they make and the heat that they cast,
Are so great that the Fiend seems resolved in one blast
To set the Metropolis frying.

He blazes and blazes ; Shaw gallops to snatch
His prey from its desperate danger ;
But the Demon's a deuce of a rider to catch,
And it taxes brave Shaw to continue a match
For the fiery noctivagant ranger.

And if London is wise she assistance will call,
For the Water King needs the alliance
Of hands that are sturdy and limbs that are tall,
To give the Fire Demon a rattling good fall,
And set all his imps at defiance.

(Eight verses omitted.)

Punch. August 20, 1887.

"*Tales of Wonder,*" written and collected by M. G. Lewis, contained two ballads entitled "The Erl King" and "The Cloud King," both written by Lewis in his accustomed style of grim horror, with thunder, shrieks, and fury, and in the same volume he inserted an anonymous burlesque of these entitled "The Cinder King," the humour of which would not be very apparent unless the two first-named poems were reprinted in full. They are neither of sufficient interest to merit the space this would require. A somewhat similar parody may be found in "*The Blue Bag* ; or Toryana." London ; Effingham Wilson, 1832. It is called "The Fire King, The Water King, and The Cotton King," and relates the quarrels of some politicians, well-known sixty years since, but now well nigh forgotten.

One more parody of Lewis remains to be noted, it occurs in an exceedingly scarce volume of poems, "*The School for Satire.*" London, 1802, and is exceedingly interesting on account of its allusions to Monk Lewis's personal appearance, and his literary productions :—

THE OLD HAG IN A RED CLOAK.

(Inscribed to Matthew G. Lewis, Esq., M.P.)

MAT LEWIS was little, Mat Lewis was young,
The words they lisp'd prettily over his tongue ;
A spy-glass he us'd, for he could not well see,
A spy-glass he us'd, for near sighted was he.

With his spy-glass once spying in Parliament Street,
He chanc'd an old Hag in a red cloak to meet ;
When the Hag in a red cloak thus awfully said,
"Pray give me a sixpence to buy me some bread."

"No sixpence I'll give thee to buy thee some bread,"
To the Hag in a red cloak Mat feelingly said ;
Then down to the House in a huff strutted he,
Sure all the world knows little Mat's an M.P.

But as onward he strutted, and push'd thro' the crowd,
The Hag in a red cloak still curst him aloud ;
Strange words of mysterious intent struck his ear,
And could he be frighten'd he'd then have known fear.

---

* This appeared soon after a tremendous fire at Whiteley's stores, in Westbourne Grove, London.

"Though cold be thy heart, and thy feelings as cold,
Though bold be thy mien, and thy language as bold,
Ere the clock at St. Giles's is heard to strike one,
A deed to confound thee, a deed shall be done."

She spoke : and then vanish'd at once from his sight,
In a cellar as dark as the darkness of night ;
But ev'ry five minutes this horrible strain
Rush'd in fearful recurrence o'er Mat's tortur'd brain.

From the House about twelve to his house he repairs ;
To creak seem'd the doors, and to crack seem'd the stairs ;
He put out the candle, his clothes off he threw,
When St. Giles's struck one, and the door open flew.

Then the Hag in a red cloak of Parliament Street,
The Hag in a red cloak whom Mat chanc'd to meet,
The Hag in a red cloak, who to him once said,
Pray give me a sixpence to buy me some bread.

By a sort of a blue and a glimmering light
Rode quite round his bedstead and full in his sight ;
She rode in a carriage, that hight a birch broom,
And her breath breath'd the whiffings of gin through the room.

"I ask'd thee," she cried, in a hoarse, hollow voice,
"For sixpence, thou gav'st not while yet in thy choice ;
For punishment dread then, pretender, prepare,
Which e'en to repentance I now cannot spare.

"Know that she who so lately sustain'd your abuse,
Is thy mother, oh shame ! and my name Mother Goose ;
To a German Romancer thee dreaming I bore,
And we both dipp'd thee deep in the tale telling lore.

"Too soon thou outdidst all my wonders of old,
And instead of my stories thy nonsense was told ;
With nurses and children I lost my high place,
And from Newberry's shop I was turn'd in disgrace.

"Depriv'd of a corner to hide my old head,
I wander'd about, begging e'en for my bread ;
When thou too, my child, to complete my despair,
Refused my own spoils with thy mother to share.

"But vain are thy hopes to supplant me on earth,
For know that immortal I am in my birth,
Can defeat all thy arts by a magical spell,
And all thy productions in paper dispel.

"Ye ghosts and hobgoblins, and horrible shapes,
Ye lions, and wolves, and ye griffins and apes,
Ye strange jumbled figures from river or den,
Ye fire-born monsters, and fishified men.

"Ye raw-heads and bloody-bones, spectres and shades,
And water-sprite swains, and transmogrified maids,
As your grandmother's curses on each of you fall,
To hell and the devil fly one and fly all !"

Then the ghosts and hobgoblins, and horrible shapes,
And lions and wolves, and the griffins and apes,
And strange jumbled figures from river or den,
And fire-born monsters, and fishified men,

And raw-heads and bloody bones, spectres and shades,
And water-sprite swains, and transmogrified maids,
When they heard the goose curses on each of them fall,
To hell and the devil fled one, and fled all.

Fled in fire and in water, in smoke and in hail,
Some green, and some red, some black and some pale,
Fled in accents of horror, of spirit, of wit,
Tralira, tralara, or fal-de-ral tit.

While as fast as away Matty's progeny flew,
Mother Goose summon'd up her original crew,
Who with loud peals of laughter and sallies of fun,
Quizz'd, pinch'd, and tormented her reprobate son.

A Knight led them on, who was first to assail,
Who was arm'd cap-a-pie in a dear coat of mail.
Sir Horn-Book hight he ; at the very first glance
Mat saw he was Lord o'er the Field of Romance.

Then little Red Riding-Hood's wolf howled amain,
Fear shook all his limbs, and unsettled his brain ;
But the horrors he suffer'd can ne'er be surpass'd,
When little Cock-Robin's sad funeral pass'd.

As Blue-Beard for blood loudly howl'd o'er his wife,
And sister Anne pleaded so well for her life,
Mat's fav'rite spectre he saw dance in air,
And he gave up his spirit a prey to despair.

To his parent he bow'd, and now penitent groan,
Cried "Thy strength and my empty pretences I own,
"In vain were my hopes to supplant thee on earth,
"And immortal, O mother, thou art in thy birth !

"As now you behold me in penitence sunk,
"Take all my Romances, nay, take too my Monk ;
"But leave me, since thus I acknowledge my crime,
"My epilogues, sonnets, and lady-like rhyme."

Mother Goose, as her son was in penitence sunk,
Took all his Romances, but took, too, his Monk ;
And left him in pity to trifle his time
In epilogues, sonnets, and lady-like rhyme.

If you wish me the moral, dear Mat, to rehearse,
'Tis that nonsense is nonsense in prose or in verse ;
That the man who to talent makes any pretence,
Should write not at all, or should write common sense !

ANONYMOUS.

(First printed in 1801.*)*

:o:

CHAMPAGNE Goschen is my name !
Champagne Goschen is my name !
Good for any sort of tax, dear boys,
Put it on to wheels and pleasure hacks, my boys,
Champagne Goschen is my name !
Beautiful to look on is my game !
Good for any sort of tax, my boys !
Oh, that's the little game of JOKIN' G !

Punch. 1888.

The Right Hon. G. Joachim Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed an increased duty on bottled wines.)

LEIGH HUNT.

BORN, 1784. DIED, August 28, 1859

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

ABOU Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold :
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd—"The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou ; "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still ; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd—
And, lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !

LEIGH HUNT.

MAKING UP THE SLATE.

STRATMAN BEN JACKEY—may his tribe decrease—
Awoke one night, quite sick and ill at ease,
And saw within the lamplight in his room—
Making it yellow with a sickly gloom—
The devil, scratching on a brazen slate.
Thinking to chaff him, Jacky reared his pate,
And said, without the customary hail,
"What writest thou ?" The devil whisked his tail,
And quite astonished at the fellow's cheek,
Answered, "The names of those who office seek."
"And is mine one?" said Jacky. "Yes you bet!"
The devil said. Not hesitating yet,
Quite unabashed, said Jack, "I beg—ahem !
Write me Collector, or at least P.M."
The devil smiled and vanished. The next night
He staggered into Jacky's room, half tight,
And showed the names upon his slate of brass,
And lo ! this Jack was written down an Ass.

American Paper.

BEN DISRAELI.

BEN DISRAELI (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, close by the night light in his room,
Filling it with sulphureous perfume,
An angel (?) writing in a book of gold :
Exceeding cheek had made Ben Dizzy bold ;
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou ?" The vision raised its head,
And, with a smile of diabolic beauty,
Answered, "The names of those who do their duty."
"And is mine one?" said Dizzy. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Spirit. Dizzy spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that *does* his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night,
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom Patriotism had blest,
And lo ! Ben Dizzy's name led all the rest.

Echoes from the Clubs. December, 1867.

THE BLUE.

MUGGINS of Sixes (may his ward increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the gaslight in the ward
His Grecian, who was whacking one that snored.
The while with pencil—aluminium gold—
He something seemed to write. Muggins grew bold,
And to the Grecian standing by his bed
He cried, "What writest thou ?" He raised his head,
And answered, while a shoe at him he threw,
"The names of those who've paid up for the *Blue !*"
"And is mine one?" said Muggins. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Grecian. Muggins whistled low,
And in his—night shirt—sleeve he chuckled, saying,
"Write me as one that wants one without paying !"

The Grecian smote and vanished. The next night
He came with hockey-stick, not over light,
Holding the names of the heroic few
Who paid a year's subscription to the *Blue.*
Then, adding one, he showed the youth the list,
And lo! young Muggins' name led all the rest !

The Blue. A journal written by, and for, the scholars at Christ's Hospital (the Bluecoat School), London.

ABOU BEN FOLSOM.

COUSIN Ben Folsom (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich and like a lily bloom,
A fat man writing with a pen of gold :
Exceeding luck had made Ben Folsom bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou ?" The fat man raised his head,
And in a voice made sweet by its accent,
Answered : The names of those who love the President."
"And is mine one?" asked Benny. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the fat man. Benny spoke more low,
But cheerily still ; and said, "I pray, if not too late,
Write me as one who'd love a consulate."

The fat man wrote and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great flickering light,
And showed the names. Ben Folsom looked,
And lo ! for Sheffield, England, he was booked.

Albany Express. U.S.A.

[Mr. Benjamin Folsom is a cousin of Mrs. President Cleveland (United States), and has had the management of her affairs. Soon after her marriage to the President, the newspapers began to mention him as likely to have an appointment under the Government, and in a short time he was named United States Consul for Sheffield, England.]

ADAM MAC ADAM.

ADAM Mac Adam (may his clan increase)
Awoke at midnight with a hearty sneeze,
And, as he raised himself in bed, he saw
Something that struck Mac Adam's soul with awe.
For, bending in the moon's uncertain light,
An aged man, with locks all silvery white,
Sat making entries in a ledger old.

The sight uncanny made his blood run cold,
And scarce for terror could Mac Adam ask
The nature of the scribe's untimely task.
"Behold, I write," the vision answered then,
"The names of those who love their fellow men."
"And pray," said Adam, with a hopeful grin,
"Your Honor's honor, am I counted in?"
"Nay," spake the presence, with a look of grief,
"My task is easy, for the roll is brief;
Look through the M's, but all in vain, I fear,
You seek your ancient patronymic here."
Then meekly Adam said, "I am not one
Who boasts to others of the good I've done;
I seldom answer to the public call
With wants so pressing and with means so small;
I ply a woodsaw for my bread and pork,
And half the time, you see, I'm out of work;
So, from my purse no stream of largess flows;
No loud subscription my sign-manual knows;
But this I do,—now lend attentive ear—
Each wintry morning when the dawn grows clear,
I take my bucket to the ash-hole dim,
And there I fill it to the very brim;
Then in the sidewalk take my slippery stand,
And scatter ashes with a liberal hand,
So at my gate no broken heads I see;
No cripple shakes his gory leg at me;
In kind regard I'm held by rich and poor,
Save by the surgeon who resides next door."
Thus Adam told his tale, the while
The great scribe listened with a brightening smile,
Then vanished. The next night he came again:
"See here," he cried, "the list of great souled men
Who answer promptest to sweet mercy's call;"
Lo! A. Mac Adam's name o'ertopped them all.

American Paper. P.

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

ABOU Ben Butler (who has just been fired)
Awoke one night almighty cross and tired,
He saw within the moonlight in his room
The spirit of a Presidential boom,
Who wrote on parchment tanned from human skin.
Exceeding "cheek" caused Butler to begin,
And to the presence in the room he said—
"What writest thou?"—the Spectre raised his head,
And answered with a gesture most uncouth,
"The names of demagogues who love the truth."
"Is mine left out?" said Butler. "I should smile,"
Replied the spirit. Butler thought awhile;
And then he said, "Please put it in your note
"I only lie to gain the coloured vote."

The spirit wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with evident delight,
And showed the names of politicians dead,
And lo! Ben Butler's name was at the head.

American Paper. 1886.

———:o:———

Leigh Hunt's other poems never attained to sufficiently general popularity to become the butt of the parodist, there is, however, a jocular imitation of his style in *The Book of Ballads*, by Bon Gaultier, from which a few lines may be quoted:

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

(Argument.—*An impassioned pupil of Leigh Hunt, having met Bon Gaultier at a Fancy Ball, declares the destructive consequences thus:—*

DIDST thou not praise me, Gaultier, at the ball,
Ripe lips, trim boddice, and a waist so small,
With clipsome lightness, dwindling ever less,
Beneath the robe of pea-y greeniness?
Dost thou remember, when, with stately prance,
Our heads went crosswise in the country-dance;
How soft, warm fingers, tipped like buds of balm,
Trembled within the squeezing of thy palm;
And how a cheek grew flushed and peachy-wise
At the frank lifting of thy cordial eyes?

There's wont to be, at conscious times like these,
An affectation of a bright-eyed ease,—
A crispy cheekiness, if so I dare
Describe the swaling of a jaunty air;
And thus, when swirling from the waltz's wheel,
You craved my hand to grace the next quadrille,
That smiling voice, although it made me start,
Boiled in the meek o'erlifting of my heart;
And, picking at my flowers, I said, with free
And usual tone, "O yes, sir, certainly!"

* * * *

But when the dance was o'er, and arm in arm
(The full heart beating 'gainst the elbow warm)
We passed into the great refreshment hall,
Where the heaped cheese-cakes and the comfits small
Lay, like a hive of sunbeams, brought to burn
Around the margin of the negus urn;
When my poor quivering hand you fingered twice,
And, with inquiring accents, whispered, "Ice,
Water, or cream?" I could no more dissemble,
But dropped upon the couch all in a tremble.
A swimming faintness misted o'er my brain,
The corks seemed starting from the brisk champagne,
The custards fell untouched upon the floor,
Thine eyes met mine. That night we danced no more.

There was an imitation of Leigh Hunt, entitled "A Nursery Ode," in *Warreniana* (London, 1824), but it had little merit as a parody, and is of no present interest.

Another short imitation was published, about forty years ago, in *The Puppet Showman's Album*, describing the author's sentiments on viewing that celebrated *danseuse*

CARLOTTA GRISI.

By the Author of "Niminy-Piminy," "A Pot of Treacle," &c.

SHE floated towards us from the wreathing crowd
Of peachey nymphs, and swam a breathing cloud,
Less with a regulated kind of motion,
Than like a bird scarring the breast of ocean.
I thought and said—"In roseate light she swims,
Guided, not lifted, by those slopy limbs,
And wants in air a sister sylph to meet,
While Earth heaves upward, sick to kiss her feet."

But when she ceased that sort of moveless gliding,
Her gauzy garments round her form subsiding,
And dashed through all that wonderful display
Which poet ne'er described, and never may—
The whirl—the twist—the turn—the start—the bound,
The step—the spring—the leap—the fling—the round;
The backward bending, and the bold gyration—
The leg for ages in one situation.

The sparkling, glittering, dazzling, flickering feats
Which made us jump, delighted, in our seats,
And then came down, and in child-dalliance pouted,
While you, and I and everybody shouted,
And hurled our flowers with vigour almost rude
(One felt that flowers were such a creature's food).
I gave up simile—it wasn't easy—
All I could say was "*That's* CARLOTTA GRISI!"

———:o:———

SONG OF OCTOBER.

(After Leigh Hunt.)

OCTOBER, month of bird and song,
And ivy on old walls,
Trailing some dreary pile along,
From which hard mortar falls.

Come hither, spider, you and I
Have long been friends together;
Approach, old brute, and tell me why
You love October weather;

Perchance, old spinster of the grove,
You come in autumn days,
To spin your yarn, as if to prove
Life is a webby maze.

Punch's Almanac. 1846.

———:o:———

MANNERS AND CIVILITY.

LET Laws and Commerce, Arts and Science die,
But leave us still our old Nobility!

LORD JOHN MANNERS (now Duke of Rutland).

The New Age thus describes the august writer of that couplet:—

"THE wreck of a beau, of a bard, of a spouter,
The seed of a Duke, he was bound by all rule
To furnish Disraeli, that scorner and flouter,
Of noble-born failures, with friend, foil, and tool.

Had chances galore and some gifts; took to throw 'em
Away to the winds 63 years or more;
Two laughable lines in an imbecile poem
Will probably furnish his posthumous store."

MR. RITCHIE'S SPEECH.

(In which he proposed to disestablish everybody, *except* the Drinksellers.)

"Let Boards and Benches, Lords and Squires die,
But leave us still our old Debauchery."

The Star. March 21, 1888.

Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay,

Born October 25, 1800, *Died December* 28, 1859.

ALTHOUGH Lord Macaulay's literary fame rests principally upon his prose writings, yet his "*Lays of Ancient Rome,*" "*Ivry,*" and "*The Armada,*" are widely popular, and have been frequently parodied.

"*The Armada,*" (which is but a short fragment) was first published in 1832, it possesses exceptional interest at present, as the tercentenary Commemoration of the defeat of the Spanish Armada is to be held in Plymouth this year. Although the natives of Devonshire have most cause to be proud of the brave deeds of their ancestors, it must not be forgotten that every Englishman is now enjoying that religious and political liberty for which they then fought, the celebration ought therefore to be a thoroughly National one.

Those who love English Ballad Poetry will often have regretted that Lord Macaulay should have left unfinished his story of the Armada.

His fragment consists of seventy-four lines, bringing the narrative no further than the night alarm of the approach of the Spanish fleet. Dr. W. C. Bennett has written a conclusion of a little over two hundred lines, which can be found in his "*Contributions to a Ballad History of England,*" (London, Chatto and Windus), whilst another continuation (in the same metre as the original,) by the Reverend H. C. Leonard, which originally appeared in *The Boy's Own Paper*, has since been published, in pamphlet form, by J. W. Arrowsmith of Bristol.

By the kind permission of the author, Mr. Leonard's imitation is inserted here immediately following Lord Macaulay's fragment.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

ATTEND, all ye who list, to hear our noble England's praise ;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore, in vain,
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay ;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace,
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall ;
Many a light fishing-boat put out, to pry along the coast,
And, with loose rein and bloody spur, rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes ;
Behind him march the halberdiers ; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace ;
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As, slow upon the labouring wind, the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And, underneath his deadly paw, treads the gay lillies down !
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield.
So glared he when, at Agincourt, in wrath he turned to bay,
And, crushed and torn beneath his claws, the princely hunters lay.
Ho ! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight : ho ! scatter flowers, fair maids :
Ho ! gunners, fire a loud salute : ho ! gallants draw your blades :
Thou sun, shine on her joyously ; ye breezes, waft her wide ;
Our glorious royal battle-flag, the banner of our pride.
  The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold ;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold ;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be !
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day ;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone : it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves :
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves ;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherd of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And, ere the day, three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw, o'erhanging Richmond Hill, the streak of blood red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar, the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once, on all her stately gates, arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear,
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer :
And, from the furthest wards, was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street ;
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As, fast from every village round, the horse came spurring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused, in many an ancient hall, the gallant squires of Kent ;
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still :
All night, from town to town, they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwins rocky dales ;
Till, like volcanoes, flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales ;
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely Height ;
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light ;
Till, broad and fierce, the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms, o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on, o'er the wild vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle ;

(End of Lord Macaulay.)

Till, from the peaks of Cheviot, the wonder-telling flames
Passed on the news from Berwick bounds to subjects of King James.

O well it was for Englishmen that, as the tidings spread,
No panic seized their stalwart hearts, no fear or craven dread.
O well it was for England then that, on her trial day,
Her sailors and her soldiers brave were ready, ready aye!
And Catholics and Protestants with equal zeal were seen
Vying who best could England serve, who best could serve the Queen.
Lord Effingham had chief command in Plymouth Sound that day,
Hawkins and Drake and Frobisher like hounds in leashes lay;
Drake and his men were playing bowls that eve, on Plymouth Hoe,
Said he, "My mates, we'll end our game and then we'll end the foe!"
When scarce the morning light had broke on land and sea around
The English fleet, of forty sail, put out from Plymouth Sound;
The flagship was the Raleigh Ark; beside her sailed the Bear,
The Dreadnought and the Victory had foremost places there;
And soon they saw the Spanish ships, with every sail outspread,
Come up from the Atlantic main, by the tall Pinta led;
Full six-score gallant ships sailed up, the south-west wind before,
And, like a crescent moon, they stretched for seven good miles or more,
And on their decks and in their hulls were thirty thousand men.
Such fleet was never seen before, nor shall be seen again!
Up channel now they set their helms, King Philip ordered so,
To join the Duke of Parma's men, ere up the Thames they go!
For he, the greatest general that Spain or Europe knew,
In Flanders long had waited them, and now impatient grew.
But well the little English ships hung on their rear that day,
And many a shot and shell flew east, to speed the Spaniard's way!
See hindermost, with towering poop, a galleon of Biscay
Laden with gold of Mexico, full thirty weeks of pay;
And next a frigate huge sails up, with port-holes open wide,
From Andalusia is she come with piles of arms inside.
But well for England fought that day the flame and south-west wind!
The devil takes, the proverb says, the one that comes behind!
The Andalusian lost her mast, the treasure barque took fire,
While, in their wake, the English ships pressed ever nigh and nigher,
And ere had paled, that summer night, the sunset's ruddy glow
These two, with all the spoil, were towed right up to Plymouth Hoe.
Brave Drake it was that took the gold, but not a coin kept he;
Full fifty thousand to his men he dealt, with jovial glee!
Beyond the Tamar Raleigh lay, the Lizard Head to guard,
But, when he saw the Spaniards pass, said he, "I count it hard
That I who came to lead the van thus in the rear should lag!"
He left his men, took horse and rode, and joined the Admiral's flag!
And now from every western port the ships came more and more,
From Bristol and from Barnstaple, from all along the shore;
From Dartmouth and from Bridport town, from Weymouth, Poole, and Lyme,
And every ship spread all her sail, in haste to be in time.
'Twas off the point of Portland Bill the first great fight took place;
The year was fifteen-eighty-eight, of our Redeemer's grace,
Throughout a glorious summer day, July the twenty-third,
A cannonade both fierce and loud on either coast was heard.
The hulking Spanish galleons then were sorely put about,
The English ships sailed out and in, sailed briskly in and out.
As when a mighty baited bull the valiant dogs surround,
And all his bulk and all his strength of little use are found,
So many a great three-decker then threw wide her shot and shell;
The balls flew o'er the English masts, and in the billows fell!
But now the light and gunpowder alike were spent and gone,
And, in the night, the Spanish fleet their eastward way went on.
In Calais roads the foemen next their anchors huge let fall,
And to the Duke of Parma then they sent an urgent call:
"Send out your pinnaces in haste, your boats with all dispatch;
To fight these English devils thus is not an equal match!"
But to this plan the Hollanders, old England's staunch Ally,
Refused consent, and would not let the pinnaces pass by.
At length the Spaniards spread their sails and took their onward way
Till off the Flemish coast, becalmed, the great Armada lay;
And still the gallant English ships kept up with their advance
Till six-score sail around them lay, and waited for their chance.
Meanwhile on land, Her Grace's troops, as active as the fleet,
Prepared themselves with urgent haste the foreign foe to meet.
Ten thousand Londoners in arms rallied around the Queen,
A hundred thousand, hastening up from every shire, were seen;
And as they came they leapt and danced and sang, with cheerfull face,
As nimble runners gird their loins, with joy to run a race.
At Tilbury Fort Elizabeth reviewed the bright array:
O long did loyal English hearts recall that famous day!
And long shall grateful Englishmen, that know her faults no less,
Revere the gallant memory of England's Good Queen Bess;
For, riding on her war-horse white, the serried ranks between,
A noble sight it was to see Old England's Virgin Queen!
A helmet crowned her golden hair, and they that saw it tell
No coronet of diamonds became Her Grace so well;
A coat of mail of burnished steel the Royal Maiden wore,
And, in her fair white hand, aloft a truncheon-sceptre bore;
Then up she spoke, and reined her steed before the troops to stand,
And all could hear her accents clear beside the Essex strand:
"My loving friends, my courtiers say I run a risk this morn,
That treason lurks in martial throngs! Their cautious speech I scorn!
For rather than distrust you all, from life I'd sooner part:
Let tyrants fear! Next to my God I trust my people's heart:
So come I in your midst to-day, the Spaniards to defy,
And for my God, and for my lands, with you to live or die.
But well I know my frame is weak; what can a woman do?
Yet mine's the spirit of a king, a king of England too!

Full scorn I think that any King, or any prince on earth,
Should dare to set his foot within the land that gave us birth !
So I will be your general, and mark each gallant deed,
And to the victors in the fight give each their fitting meed
So o'er the enemies of my God, and of this nation free,
The valour of your arms shall win a famous victory !"
But now my Lord of Effingham had made his cautious plan,
And in the night, off Dunkirk coast, a fearful fight began ;
At close of day uprose the tide, uprose a gale of wind,
And, on its wings, eight fire-ships flew the Spanish fleet behind ;
With sulphur and with rosin filled, their hulls were all aflame,
And right upon the foemen's ships, the fiery terror came ;
The Spaniards then their anchors weighed, and some their cables threw,
In aimless course before the wind the ponderous galleons flew.
The morrow morn the English took full many a splendid prize,
While some, hard hit, by shot and shell, went down before eyes.
Some foul of one another fell, in Flemish shallows lost ;
The rest flew north before the gale, to round the Scottish coast.
Ah ! better had they yielded then, or waited for their time,
Till change of wind might speed their course back to their southern clime ;
For, up beyond the Orkney Isles, a furious tempest roared,
And many a gallant ship was lost with every soul on board.
And, on the iron northern coast, vast hosts of valiant men
Were wrecked, or drowned, or butchered there, and never saw again
The southern sun, the orange groves, the smiling Spanish shore,
Which, full of pride and hope, they left but three short months before ;
And only sixty ships came back, into Santander bay,
Of all the host that once had sailed to take their northern way.
And, ah ! how changed the gallant fleet, how changed the ragged forms
Alike of ships and men, sore marred by cruel seas and storms !
All splintered were the masts and yards, the bowsprits shot away,
The sails to ribbons torn, the men all fevered, gaunt and gray !
But in old England swells the sound of mirth and joy and praise,
By day triumphal banners wave, by night the bonfires blaze,
The church-bells' merry carillon, the cannon's harmless roar,
Are echoed loud from shire to shire, resound from shore to shore.
At Whitehall now the Virgin Queen, on the appointed day,
In grand procession takes her place amidst the crowded way.
See, on her right, great Cecil rides : a wiser man than he
Ne'er led our glorious country on to meet his destiny :
And, on her left, in manhood's prime, is Raleigh proud and brave,
Back from Virginia lately come, across the Atlantic Wave.
Lords Effingham and Seymour next move onward side by side,
Hawkins and Drake and Frobisher but just behind them ride ;
Lord Oxford and Lord Cumberland, and Vavasor and Blount,
And more of England's chiefest men, too numerous to recount.
From every window beauty smiles, in faces young and old,
And all the streets and all the roofs are wondrous to behold:
Like bees they swarm ! From every nook and corner of the land
They haste to render thanks to God for His delivering hand.
In all the way the densest throng at Ludgate Hill is seen,
For there the player-men have wrought a wondrous arch of green ;
With them a youth of forehead high and eyes that pierce like flame ;
Mark well his face, ye passers-by, for Shakespeare is his name !
So to Saint Paul's they come, and when they reach the western door
Her grace the stately chariot leaves, and kneels upon the floor.
And, as a solemn silence falls upon the surging crowd,
Her queenly voice gives thanks for all, in accents clear and loud.
Three hundred years have passed since then, and many a change is seen ;
But, God save England ! still we cry, and God save England's Queen !

H. C. LEONARD.

THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

(Being the original of Macaulay's "Armada.")

ATTEND, all ye who wish to hear our noble London's praise,
I sing of that great Tuesday night that saw her in a blaze,
When the Archbishop's benison had linked, in bridal chain,
Young Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and our sweet bright-eyed Dane.

It was about the chilly close of a half-foggy day,
When London's myriads all came out to see the grand display ;
From sleepy Hammersmith, and from the Dog's amphibious Isle,
The east and west they poured along for many a muddy mile.

The aristocracy for once the pageant deigned to grace,
(Except a few who fled from town, and joined the sylvan chace).
Each wide-awake and travelling cap was taken from the wall,
Each wrap and bearskin was brought down and ready in the hall,
Many a gay visitor came up from province and from coast,
And on that night Sir Rowland Hill he stopped the local post.

See, mounted on his charger tall, the proud Inspector comes,
For sterner work than aiding swells to get to balls and drums,
His constables essay to clear in every street a space,
And shout his orders with much more of Henergy than grace ;

And haughtily the dandies sneer, and slightly scream the belles,
As round the crested carriage the plebeian torrent swells,
See how the Lion of the Park attempts with half-a-crown,
To bribe his way from streets his coach should never have gone down.

* * * *

The rain is done, each carriage ope, and each umbrella fold,
And now to see how London shines as bright as molten gold.
Night sinks upon that multitude, that roaring surging sea,
Night that in London never was and ne'er again shall be.
From Westminster to Islington, from Lord's to Ratcliffe Way,
That time of slumber is as bright and busy as the day:

For swift to East and swift to West the glaring joy-flame spread.
High on Victoria tower it shone, on the New River Head,
In pleasant Kent, in Essex dull, and each surrounding shire
The semi-bumpkins gaped and grinned to mark each point of fire.

* * * *

The huge sea-lanterns dimly showed on Wren's cathedral height,
But Science rather made a mull with her electric light,
The Templars, for their brother Prince, lit up their dingy fane,
And you could see their Lamb and Flag made out uncommon plain.
Rich was the glare that Mappin's house (the cab pervader) sent,
Fierce glowed the Store that sells the beer from Burton-upon-Trent.
And many a hundred grease-pots did their best for Barry's pile,
But that is an Immensity—what say you, Tom Carlyle?

SHIRLEY BROOKS. 1863.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

First Prize.

HEARKEN, all ye who care to hear my panoramic lay;
I sing of that resplendent Show I saw last Lord Mayor's Day,
When forth from "famous London town" to grace their chosen lord
Came shields and banners of each Guild, and men of every Ward.

It was about the gloomy noon of a dull November day,
When from the stately Guildhall's court set out this pageant gay;
The crowds, who long had waited, cheered to see it slowly file
Down King-street and across Cheapside come winding near a mile.
Forthwith the bells of every church chimed all the "bobs" they knew,
While mounted "bobbies" led the way that they might clear it too.
Next these appear the Fire Brigade, with engines fully manned,
For here behoved that they should march 'twixt men of sea and land—
'Twixt sailor and 'twixt soldier placed, as though between two fires,
Whose ardent spirits they might quench if aught should rouse their ires;
So Guards and Rifles in their front played stirring tunes of war,
While merrily behind them marched full many a youthful tar.
And next on prancing palfreys borne, with plume and nodding crest,
Four gallant knights with lances come, in silver armour drest;
Look how their war-steeds gracefully lift up their well-trained feet,
While underneath their iron hoofs resounds the stony street;
So stamp they when at Sanger's Cirque, in Bosworth's mimic fight,
They Richmond or brave Surrey bear, or some great mail-clad knight.
How can one human pen suffice to paint this varying Show,
Where Watermen with standards gay in long procession flow?
Where Lancers, true to Bacchus, the monarch of the vine,
Escort the mighty Vintners with band and strains divine;
Where proudly the "Swan-hoppers" bear the banners of the Guild,
With master and with wardens comes many a carriage filled;
While onwards without ceasing stream more banners, knights, and bands,
And louder still the people cheer, still louder clap their hands.
Ho, guildsmen, all your banners wave! ho, gaily ring, ye bells!
Ho, trumpets, sound a flourish! ho, urchins, shriek your yells!
Thou coachman, drive on furiously; ye horses swiftly stride;
Speed on that glorious coach which bears our Lord Mayor in his pride.

No sun shone on those panels decked with classic subjects old;
The mists of damp November dimmed its hammercloth of gold;
Still boys at its great Jehu stared, and their tears began to flow,
To think such coach they ne'er would see until next Lord Mayor's Show.
From the Guildhall to Westminster, whene'er that pageant passed,
The tide of business there was slow, as on a day of fast;
Girls rushed to doors and windows, men climbed on gates and walls,
Right loud and clear the bells all day rang out from great St. Paul's;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate looked neither left nor right,

But as he looked straight to his front he must have seen the sight.
At Westminster it paused, and then down Thames Embankment wound,
While thicker still became the throng, and louder still the sound,
Till, Guildhall reached, it halted, while the Mayor in state descends
To greet and feast great Beaconsfield, to banquet with his friends.
As grand as was the Show this year, so may it next year be;
Heaven send us such another sight, and take me there to see.

SPHINX (*Captain J. A. Barlow*, 96th Reg.)

Second Prize.

COME hither, children, for you love your grandsires tales, I know—
I'll tell you of the Lord Mayor's Show I saw long years ago;
What time the gallant 'prentice band came forth with gibe and jeer
To flout the civic monarch whom they had been used to cheer.

It was a fine November day, the year of the Zulu war,
Hot-foot a little ragged boy came flying to Temple Bar;
He said he'd seen the brave array advancing to the Strand,
Preceded by the minstrelsy of all the Life Guards band;
He'd dodged beneath a horse, and 'scaped by dint of nimble feet,
Though a peeler tall, B 99, had chased him down the street.
Straightway each clerk and office boy his walnuts ceased to crack,
Forth from its hiding place was brought a hideous doll dyed black;
The dirty little boys ran out the soldiers to espy,
While in the crowd the pickpockets were faking many a cly.

* * * * *

From Westminster and Whitechapel, from Shoreditch and Vauxhall,
The idle vagrants had turned out with laughter and cat-call;
From east to west the show moved on, and still the hooting spread,
It thundered through Trafalgar-square where Nelson rears his head;
From Whitehall's topmost story the Treasury clerk might hear
Street after street re-echoing the oft-repeated jeer;
The coster left his barrow-load, careless of urchin raids;
The dapper waiters hurried forth from restaurants and shades.
All down the street of Parliament th' assembled loafers bawl,
And rouse the warders of Millbank, the Judges in their Hall;
Right merrily with eager pen the specials took it down,
And forty counties learned next day the humours of the town.

QUANTOX (*S. H. Woodhouse.*)

The World Parody Competition. November 26, 1879.

ON MR. GLADSTONE'S MIDLOTHIAN SPEECHES.

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble Gladstone's praise.
I tell of the thrice famous speech he made in his old days,
When that great lord of flouts and jeers against him led in vain
The peers and those few working men that honied lies could gain.
With his white hair unbonneted the stout old chieftain comes;
No picnic in a park gives he—he bribes no local drums;
For shrewd men in the Corn Exchange have filled each vacant space.
"Now, hark!" he says, "I grant the peers till autumn's session grace."
And haughtily, in trumpet tones, he then the story tells,
And though he tries to calm the storm, behold you, how it swells!
Look how the hero of the fight lifts up his honoured head,
And with his magic, wingèd words strikes Tory falsehoods dead!
So spoke he when he put to shame, on that same Scottish field,
The Government that tried by fraud the Turkish crimes to shield.
So glared he when the Tory host he sternly brought to bay,
And crushed and shamed beneath his glance the wretched Jingoes lay.

GEORGE MALLINSON.

The Weekly Despatch. September 14, 1884.

—:o:—

Foremost amongst Lord Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," is *Horatius*, the popularity of which is duly attested by the number of parodies and imitations it has given rise to.

Some of the most striking verses of the original are given below, for the convenience of comparison with the parodies.

HORATIUS.

I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium
  By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
  Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
  Is on the march for Rome.

(The Tuscan Army arrives before the River-Gate of the Tiber, the Roman Fathers deliberate how to save the city.)

XIX.

THEY held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Outspake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town."

XXVI.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

XXVII.

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Then facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods.

XXIX.

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

XXXI.

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then the lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

(Horatius and his companions slay several of the bravest Tuscan chiefs who advance towards the bridge.)

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the fathers all.
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall."

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone;
They would have crossed once more.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

* * * *

But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

LIX.

"Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom ;
Now on dry earth he stands ;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands ;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night ;
And they made a molten image,
And set it upon high,
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ;
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

LXX.

When the goodman mends his armour,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

T. B. Macaulay

The Fight of the Crescent.

A Lay of Modern Cambridge.

The sturdy undergraduates
Are pouring in amain,
Up thro' the fair Rose Crescent,
The Market-place to gain—
From many a wild wine-party,
From many a sober tea,
From the distant halls of Downing,
And the Courts of Trinity.

From lowly Queen's Quadrangle,
Where muffins are the go ;
From Magd'lene, famed for fast men,
From Cath'rine, famed for slow ;
From Caius, where anxious proctors
To keep the gates shut try ;
From Clare, where Dons chivalrous
Unlock them on the sly.

There be twenty chosen gownsmen,
The foremost of the band,
Pupils of Sambo Sutton,
To keep the Crescent stand :
They can't run if they wish'd it ;
Perforce they bear the brunt,
For the gownsmen in the rear-rank
Push the gownsmen in the front.

And all within the Market-place,
And Market-Hill along,
The townsmen, far as words can go,
Come it uncommon strong,
But as yet no nose is bleeding,
As yet no man is down ;
For the gownsmen funk the townsmen,
And the townsmen funk the gown.

When, lo ! a cad comes brimful
Of bravery and beer—
"To arms ! to arms ! The Borough
Police will soon be here ! "
Thro' Market Street to eastward,
Each townsman turn'd his eye,
And saw the hats and truncheons
Rise fast along the sky.

And plainly and more plainly,
Now may each gownsman know,
By form and face, by port and pace,
Each big blue-coated foe.
There, in the front, fierce Freestone,
Be-whisker'd may be seen,
And stalwart Sergeant Seabrook,
With buttons bright and sheen ;

And Buggins, of the mutton fist ;
And Muggins, with the fearful twist ;
And Hobbs, famed for his waving curls ;
And Dobbs, adored by servant girls,
And gruff Inspector Greene !

Then out spake a fellow-commoner,
In voice both sad and low,
And darkly look'd he on his friends,
And darkly on his foe :
"They'll be too many for us ;
Ten to one against the gown :
Unless we get to Trinity
We'll be wollop'd by the town."

Then out spake brave Fitz-Wiggins,
Though a small college man :
"To keep the Crescent 'gainst the cads,
I'll do the best I can !

And if none will stand beside me,
Alone I'll face the snobs,
Despite fierce FREESTONE'S truncheon
And the staves of HOBBS or DOBBS!"

Then out spake SIR TOM NODDY,
A son of Trinity,
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And the Crescent keep with thee."
And out spake MERRYPEBBLES—
A Johnian was he—
"I will abide at thy left side,
And the Crescent keep with thee."

A great shout of defiance
From all the snobs arose,
But the three stand calm and silent—
A thumb to every nose!
And forth three Peelers rushing,
Attempt to storm the Pass;
Truncheons are thick, but fists are quick,
And down they go to grass!

FITZ-WIGGINS floor'd fierce FREESTONE,
TOM NODDY levell'd HOBBS,
And cheerful MERRYPEBBLES
Black'd both the eyes of DOBBS;
And the aggravated townsmen
Stand all appall'd to see
On the flags the unconscious Peelers—
In the Pass the dauntless Three!
And on the leaguer'd Crescent
Was none would brave attack;
But those behind cried "Forward!"
And those in front cried "Back!"

Meanwhile their legs the gownsmen
Right manfully have plied;
And now they've got to Trinity,
And the gates are open'd wide.
"Come back, come back, FITZ-WIGGINS,"
Loud cried they from the gate
"Back NODDY, MERRYPEBBLES,
Back, or you'll be too late!"

But the police are on them,
And their truncheons fierce they ply;
Now the fates save brave FITZ-WIGGINS—
What a terrible black eye!—
Though MERRYPEBBLES' head be
The thickest in the ring,
It scarce can 'scape unbroken;
Such staves must make it sing.

Alone stood SIR TOM NODDY,
But constant still in mind,
Policemen pitching in before
And Trinity behind.
"Down with him!" cried false SEABROOK,
As he mopped his bloody face;
"Now yield thee," cried the Inspector,
"Now yield thee, to our grace!"

But brave TOM NODDY never deigned
An answer; no not he;
But he floor'd the Inspector neatly
As a man could wish to see:
And through the storming townsmen
And the irate police,
He fights his passage manfully,
And he wins the gate in peace.

And now, his gown in ribbands,
In the crowded court he stands,
And "to call upon him the next day,"
Receives the Dean's commands.
And then with shouts and clapping,
And hip, hip, hurrah, loud,
He passes on unto his rooms,
Borne by the admiring crowd.

But he was rusticated
By the Dons that very night;
And when he show'd them his black eye,
They said, "It served him right."
But long at our wine-parties,
We'll remember how, like bricks,
Stout NODDY kept the Crescent,
In Eighteen-forty-six!

Punch. April 11, 1846.

MARCUS CURTIUS, THE HONEST LAWYER.

(A Lay of Ancient Rome.)

WILT hear how Marcus Curtius, that lawyer true and bold,
Did bravely for his country in the brave days of old?
How by Justinian's Institutes and his green baize bag he swore,
That the only honest lawyer could live in Rome no more?
Oh, none could be more honest in life and death, than he
Who cheated but the sexton, and saved the burial fee.

The lawyers in the Forum are squabbling loud and long,
To the wonder of their clients, confounding right and wrong;
Begowned, bewigged, bewildered, each judge the clamour hears,
And Justice, blind already, would fain have stopped her ears.

As now the wordy contest grew hotter still and hotter,
The desks, the books, the benches, began to quake and totter;
And they heard a sound like thunder, a horrid, dreary sound,
As though all the powers of evil danced the polka underground.

The lawyers through their spectacles looked with a stony glare,
And the crier stammered out, "O Yes," and whispered through a prayer:
Some of the judges fainted, and there for dead they lay;
And the jury snatched their solidi, and fleetly ran away.

And now—O, sight of wonder!—with a stifling smell of sulph-
Er, in the Middle Forum, there gaped a hideous gulf:
A gulf as black as midnight, or "best Japan," I trow;
And a voice came howling, hissing up, like a thousand whirlwinds now:

"This gulf will close—no, never! till in Rome the rarest thing,
The rarest and most wondrous, a sacrifice you bring."

O ! great was the lamenting, when these fearful facts were known,
The mothers weep and wring their hands, the grandames groan "Ochone ;"
And the little boys no longer their flying hoops pursue,
Nor chaunt of "Ole Virginny," as they were wont to do.
And the men in moody silence pace slowly to and fro,
With pallid lip, and frowning brow, and countenance of woe ;
And the Fathers of the City—the Aldermen and Mayor—
Are met in solemn council, with a grave and puzzled air.

Then uprises Lucius Cimber, a grocer proud was he,
Who traded first with China, in Twankay and Bohea ;
And in accents slow and solemn, thus the meeting he advised :—
"Let's try and fill the hole up with stones macadamised."

And they listened to his counsel, and with shovel and with spade,
They adjourned unto the Forum, and aside their togas laid.
And then all in their shirt sleeves they worked with might and main,
Patrician and Plebeian, alike they worked in vain.
For though a thousand cart-loads into the gulf they threw,
Instead of getting shallower it deep and deeper grew.

And now a frenzied client who had lost his all that day,
Seized "Selwyn's Nisi Prius" from the bookshelf where it lay,
And in the hole he dashed it, with a howl of maniac glee,
And wished all law and lawyers at the bottom of the sea.
And, fired by his example, the crowd seized, one by one,
On "Chitty," and on "Starkey," and on "Coke and Lyttleton"
On Bacon's Whole Abridgement, with tooth and nail they fell,
But where they wished those authors, 'twere not polite to tell.

In vain the poor librarian, while tears ran down his cheek,
Strove to bend them from their purpose—not a word they'd hear him speak.
And the venerable Chief Justice, like Lord Mansfield at the fire,
Not caring to remonstrate, thought it prudent to retire.
So they rifled all the library of every book they saw,
Yet the gulf but yawned the wider for all that dose of law.

Then from that mixed assembly a seedy-looking gent
(He pays not much for mending who cannot pay his *rent*),
With an old coat all in tatters, and a hat without a brim,
Stalked proudly from the multitude, who, curious, gazed on him.

"My name is Marcus Curtius ! a Roman knight am I,—
And eke a learned counsellor, but, alas ! I cannot lie !
I've gone upon the Circuit,—there came no briefs to me ;
I ne'er addressed a jury, ne'er pocketed a fee.
Alas ! mistaken parents, to bind me to the law !
I have no natural cunning to make or find a flaw.
He who'd sit upon a woolsack must be ne'er with conscience cursed,
And, for *wool* to fill the cushion, he must take to *fleecing* first.
Then behold in me, O Romans ! what the oracle demands,
The thing in Rome that's rarest, a lawyer with clean hands.
A truly honest lawyer, with a feeling, tender soul,
Which, witness this my garment—a tongue's in ev'ry hole.
For the good of thee, my country, I die a true-blue Tory,
For *Dulce et decorum, est pro patria mori !*"

He said, and on the lawyers he turned a kindling eye,
As away on all sides slinking, no one dared make reply.
Then smiling sad but calmly, he cried "Good Charon, hark !
I'm too poor to pay the obolus for crossing in your bark,
But I know that you will trust me ; so now, my friends, good bye,
I'll trouble not the coroner, a natural death I die :
A natural death for Curtius, who might have been so rich,
But he was an *honest* lawyer, so he perished in a ditch."

He said, and threw a summersault into that dreary vat—
Head foremost, like a thunder-bolt down went the brimless hat ;
Down went the brimless beaver, full many a fathom deep,
And the women took hysterics, and the men began to weep.
When they dashed away the tear drops, and looked ahead again,
Where that gulf had late been yawning, there lay a level plain.

And they reared a marble tombstone on the spot where he had died,
And in letters carved and gilded, was inscribed on either side

Here Marcus Curtius lyes,
Ye onlye honeste lawyere, hee
Who neverre pocketedde a fee.
Anno aetatis XXXIII.
Hee felle withe muche philosophie,
Forre Rome a sacrifice.

And with weeping and lamenting still is the story told,
How Curtius kicked the bucket in the brave old days of old.

EDGAR ALLEN.

This parody originally appeared in a United States newspaper, the *Salem Herald*, about forty years ago.

———:o:———

GUSTAVUS.*

A Lay of Drury Lane.

GREAT Smithius of Drury Lane,
By cape and truncheon swore,
That Bold Gustavus Brookius
Should *perdu* lie no more.
By staff and cape he swore it,
And named his opening night,
And sent his messengers abroad,
Each with a pile of orders stored,
To summon all they might.

---

* G. V. Brooke, the tragedian herein referred to, was lost in the ill-fated steamer *London* which foundered in the Bay of Biscay in January, 1866.

East and west, and south and north,
The messengers repair ;
Some hie them to the Regal Oak,
Some to the Arms of Eyre.
Shame on the false theatrical
Who would refuse to come,
When bold Gustavus Brookius
Enters the "Drama's Home!"

The gallery-boys and pittites
Are pouring in amain,
And struggling in a turbid mass,
The theatre doors they gain.
From many a noisome alley,
From many a crowded court,
Great G. V. B's supporters
Have hastened to the sport.

From Kingsland's leafy quarters,
From Camden's noble town,
From where Belgravia's daughters
On humble men look down ;
From Islington the merry,
From Kensington the slow,
To meet the great Gustavus
The many-headed go.

The patrons of the Surrey,
Who e'er in shirt sleeves sit,
While the refreshing foaming stout
Is handed round the pit,
Yield up their old allegiance,
And join the swelling train,
Crossing the Bridge of Waterloo,
To meet at Drury Lane.

Ho! fiddlers, scrape your catgut!
Ho! drummers, use your strength!
HE comes, whose name on every wall
Measures six feet in length!
Who, though perchance he cannot
With Shakespeare move your souls,
Will gain your heartiest plaudits
By gifts of soup and coals!

Come, Phelps, come crouch unto him ;
Come, Kean, and do the same ;
You, famous by your own good deeds,
You, by your father's name!
Crouch to the great Gustavus,
Who has become the rage,
And proved himself, by feats of alms,
King of the British Stage.

EDMUND H. YATES.

From *Mirth and Metre.* G. Routledge and Co. 1855.

This little volume was written by Mr. E. H. Yates in conjunction with Frank E. Smedley, and in 1856 a similar, but far more amusing work was published by Messrs. Routledge and Co., entitled "*Our Miscellany*" (which ought to have come out, but didn't,) edited by E. H. Yates and R. B. Brough. This contains parodies and imitations of Harrison Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, T. B. Macaulay, Alfred Tennyson, Albert Smith, Martin Tupper, Charles Dickens, Edgar Poe, Samuel Warren, H. W. Longfellow, J. G. Lockhart, Mrs. Browning, Douglas Jerrold, and other popular authors of the day. Many of these imitations are in prose.

In conveying his permission for the insertion of the following in *Parodies*, Mr. Edmund Yates courteously added the information that the parodies in "Our Miscellany" which were written by Mr. Brough were signed B, the others being by Mr. Yates. The latter are not only the most numerous, but by far the most humorous and clever.

JOHNSON.

(A Lay of Modern London.)

By Thomas Blabbington Macawley.

STOUT Johnson, of Saint Thomas,
By George and Jingo swore
That the street door of Watkins
Should hold its own no more,
By George and Jingo swore he,
And named a trysting day,
For all his trusty friends on town
To meet to tear the knocker down,
And bear the bell away.

From East-end and from West-end,
His missives prompt entreat,
Assistance (at his rooms resolv'd
On making both ends meet),
Shame on the craven spirit
Who sends a poor excuse,
And smokes his pipe at home or strolls
Ignobly on the loose!

The staunch allies in clusters
Are dropping in apace,
From many a lofty "chambers,"
From many a lowly "place,"
From "cribs," and "dens," and "quarters,"
And vague mysterious "rooms,"
Whose whereabouts to specify,
No daring mind presumes.

From Guy's across the water,
From Strand adjacent Kings',
From Charing (which a shadow o'er
The mourn'd Casino flings!)
From Bartlemy's in Smithfield,
Of accidents bereft!
And Middlesex, whose course we trace
From Oxford Street up Rathbone Place,
By turning to the left.

From wall-encircled Temple,
Shut out from London's noise.
Where apron'd porters guard the way,
And keep in awe the boys ;
From Gray's and dingy Clement's
(Where rents so mod'rate run!)
And Lincoln's Inn, where stands, alas!
Th' Insolvent Court,—besides a mass
Of others of a noisome class
(Requiring far more nerve to pass),
Where *no* whitewashing's done.

Rich are the chops whose gravy
Exudes o'er Rhodes's* bars ;

---

* This and subsequent allusions to the Valentino, the *Poses Plastiques*, Brixton Treadmill, and other familiar objects of our youth, since swept away by the broom of Time, would fix the authorship of this ballad at a date anterior to the present generation. For instance, in stanza xiv., the students are described as singing now obsolete melodies of Ethiopian origin. In the present day the chosen chorus under similar circumstances would have been the "Ratcatcher's Daughter," or possibly, "Villikins." The allusion to Cowell in stanza viii., reads like an interpolation.—Ed. "O.M."

And sweet, at Evans's, the notes
That issue from the singers' throats
  In spite of the cigars.
Beyond all bands the waltzer
  Loves Laurent's (when in tune);
Best of all grounds the bowler loves
  The American Saloon.

But now no chop or kidney
  Emits its soft perfume;
No voice is heard suggesting that
  "The waiter's in the room."
In vain the sylphs at Laurent's
  Their palms in kid have dressed;
The bowls may wait, and Rhodes's grate
  Enjoy a few bars rest.

The comic songs of Cowell,
  To-night old men shall hear,—
To-night young boys and greenhorns
  Shall have the Argyle clear;
And parsons from the country,
  To-night sole audience be,
To hear Sam Hall or Baldwin's call,
  "Attention for a glee!"

A score of chosen spirits
  In Johnson's rooms are met,
And Johnson sees his birdseye
  Diminish with regret;
And from the round stone bottles
  Too fast the liquids flow;—
He sees (and feels) his spirits sink,
And inwardly begins to think—
  'Tis time for them to go.

"Ho! friends and fellow students,
  'Tis fit we should prepare
For action (Fibbetson, you brute,
  Don't interrupt the Chair!)
The enterprise before us
  Must fraught with danger be;
Will you go in through thick and thin
  To win the spoil with me?

"For Watkins the plebeian,
  Whose door we go to spoil
(By past unskilled attempts enraged)
A private watchman has engaged,
  Our cherished schemes to foil.
Therefore let no man join us
  Who fears to break the peace
And go the undivided hog,
E'en to (should they our footsteps dog)
  Assaulting the police."

Then up spake Robert Simpson,
  Of Middlesex was he:
"Lo! I'll go in through thick and thin,
  To win the spoil with thee!"
And up spake Brown of Charing,
  (Plucked but last week was he):
"No man am I for saying die—
  Lul-liet-iet-y!

"That accidents will happen,
  It stands a fact confest,
In families which, by their heads,
  Are regulated best;
And if to-night's adventures
  Result in fines and quods,
So long as you are happy,
  Inform me where's the odds?"

And now the dauntless phalanx
  Stand 'neath the gas-light's glare,
And many a pipe and ancient hat
Hurl'd at a scared and flying cat,
  Goes whizzing through the air.
With Ethiopia's music
  They rend the welkin now,
Telling of Blane and Tucker's fate,
Till stern policeman "Twenty-eight"
Steps forward to expostulate
  'Gainst such a jolly row.

The restless Strand behind them
  They leave, and quickly gain
The corner where Saint Martin's Church
  Frowns grandly up his lane.
Through danger-fraught Cranbournia
  Unscath'd they make their way
(Protected by the evening's shade,
For syrens in the bonnet trade
That spell-bound district long have made
  Unsafe to pass by day).

Up through the Court of Ryder!
  Nor idly pause to sigh
O'er the crush'd Valentino's fate,
Nor Wharton's bills investigate
  Above the lamps hard by.
On! through the Cretan mazes
  Of Newport Market go.
They're past, and now the warlike train
A yell of joy can scarce restrain
As bursts in sight the proud domain
  Of Watkins of Soho!

"Back, Simpson! back, Carruthers!
  Back, Blatherwick!—be cool;
Be quiet Brown; keep Davis down;
  And Jones!—don't be a fool.
Wait till the private watchman
  Shall round the corner wind;
He will directly, to inspect
  The premises behind.

"There, now, you see,—I told you;
  He's hidden by the wall,
Haste, Jones!—engage him in a chat,—
Insult his capes, or chaff his hat,
Or treat him to some coffee at
  The early breakfast stall:
Anything to engage him
  For minutes two or three,
By which time he, I dare be bound,
  Shall see what he shall see."

Like telegraphic message
  Jones on his errand flies;
And Blatherwick and Simpson
  Go with him as allies.
(And, of those last-named heroes
  'Tis whisper'd since on town,
They thought the watchman-chaffing game
A less precarious road to fame
  Than pulling knockers down).

But Johnson of St. Thomas,
  No craven droopings knew;
Up to the frowning knocker,
  With tiger spring he flew;
And mirthful e'en in danger,
  Said, with a joyous grin,
"Walk up!—the exhibition's just
  A-going to begin!"

Then thrust he through the knocker
His stick of British oak ;
But Brown of Charing, from the throng,
Quoting a Social Progress song,
Thus, with a purpose, spoke :
"Just wait a little longer,
There's work for me as well ;
You from its clamps the knocker tear—
I from the door, your fame to share,
Will please to wring the bell."

But of that gang the stoutest
Felt their hearts sink to see
In progress what, in planning,
Had merely seem'd a "spree ;"
And from the dread adventure,
So rashly underta'en,
All shrank, like boys who, ere they strip,
Intend to plunge o'er head and hip
In Father Thames, but when they dip
In his cold flood a toe-nail's tip,
Scared—dress themselves again.

But meanwhile Jones and Simpson,
And Blatherwick have tried,
In vain, to keep the watchman
Round on the other side.
"Run, Davis ! run, Carruthers !"
Loud cried the students all ;
"Slope ! and to him who hindmost lags,
The usual fate befal !"

Back darted Brown of Charing,
Letting the bell-pull go,
With startling clang, and all the gang
Retreated from the foe ;
But when they saw brave Johnson
Still tugging at the door,
Under the very watchman's nose,
They would have turn'd once more.

But, with a crash like thunder
(Such thunder as one hears
At minor theatres, when the ghost
Or maniac appears),
Round on its well-used pivot
The watchman's rattle sprung ;
The band set up a frighten'd cry,
And (Jones in front) began to fly,
E'en Brown, averse to saying die,
Scorn'd not to cut and run.

Yet, like himself in practice
("Teeth drawn for half-a-crown,"
Stands graven on his bus'ness card),
The furious Johnson struggled hard
To wrench the knocker down.
And with Herculean prowess,
At length perform'd the feat ;
And oaken splint, and nut and screw,
With bits of paint and dried-up glue,
Flew scatter'd o'er the street.

With one huge stride he bounded
Adown the steps in glee,
Waving his hard-earned prize on high,
But stopp'd—he was compell'd to—by
Policeman "Twenty-three."
"Off with him !" cried the watchman,
With a smile on his pale face ;
"Now blow me !" "Twenty-three" exclaimed ;
"This here's a Brixton case."

Round turn'd he somewhat stagger'd,
These myrmidons to see,
But he took the watchman's measure,
And the weight of "Twenty-three."
And ere "Robinson" you'd summon
He had laid the former low,
By tripping up his heels, and dealt
To "Twenty-three" (above the belt)
A firm left handed blow.

Bereft of speech and breathing,
Awhile was "Twenty-three,"
(For, thanks to kitchen maidens fair,
Who bought his love with viands rare,
Of habit full was he) ;
And Johnson, by his valour
Freed from judicial grab,
In safety gain'd the neighb'ring stand,
And with the knocker in his hand,
Plung'd headlong in a cab !

Never, I ween, did driver
With such a style of horse,
Urge o'er the stones at such a rate,
To save a patron from the hate
And fury of the Force.
But his sympathies went greatly
With the large heart within,
Who half-a-crown beyond his fare
Had promis'd—and some gin.

An' now they near his chambers,
Where, waiting his return,
Stand his false-hearted comrades
Joy'd his escape to learn ;
Whom, for their craven conduct,
As from the cab he leaps,
The high-soul'd Johnson scruples not
To stigmatize as "sweeps."

And now they press around him,
And now they soap him down ;
And with emollient sawder
His just reproaches drown ;
Now on the back they slap him,
Thumbs in his ribs they stick,
And now they dub him "Trojan,"
And now proclaim him "Brick."

They gave him songs and speeches,
They drank his health with glee,
And (heedless of the lodgers)
It was done with three times three.
And they took the rifled knocker,
And hung it up on high,
And there it stands in Johnson's rooms,
To witness if I lie.

And in the nights of winter,
When things are rather slow,
And men (the gardens being shut)
Uncertain where to go ;
To Johnson's humble chambers,
In little knots drop in,
To smoke his soothing birdseye,
And quaff his cheering gin !

When the bottled stout is opened,
And the meerschaum pipe is lit,
And the guests on trunks and tables
(Chairs at a premium) sit,

When flags the conversation,
Revert they to the "go,"
How Johnson tore the knocker down
Of Watkins of Soho.

SIBTHORPIUS.

A Lay of Modern London, made in the year 1848.

BY T. BLABBINGTON MACSQUALLY.

I.

O'CONNOR of York Castle
By the Six Points he swore,
That the great English rabble
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Six Points he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And made his underlings go forth,
In third-class trains, from south to north,
To summon his array.

II.

The pickpockets and Chartists
Come pouring in amain,
From many a dirty market-place,
From many a half-choked drain ;
From many a lonely alley,
Where, hid from Peeler's eyen,
In a magmen's nest—the neighbourhood's pest—
Grovel the human swine.

III.

There be some scores of delegates,
The noisiest of the land,
Who alway by O'Connor,
In John Street's building stand ;
With dirty hands the delegates
Have turned the papers o'er—
The leaders bright, in black and white,
Of journalistic lore.

IV.

And with one howl the delegates
This answer forth are slipping,
"Go forth, go forth, dear Feargus,
Go forth, go forth, our pippin !
Go, and return in glory,
To our fine John Street dome,
And hang the tickers of the rich
Round the bare walls of home !"

V.

And now hath every alley
Sent up its batch of men,
The foot are some ten thousand,
The horsemen scarcely ten,
Upon the plain of Kennington
Is met the great array—
A proud man was O'Connor
Upon the trysting day !

VI.

But in the Parks, and Pall Mall,
Was tumult and affright ;
And in the Carlton, men looked blue,
And those in Brookes's white ;
And Berkeley Square was shaky,
While some from Mayfair cut ;
And girls in pastrycooks were sad
And Quadrant shops were shut.

VIII.

Now, from a lofty lamp-post
Could the wan Peelers spy
The dust made by the marching mob,
Like a pall in the sky.
The Ministers in Downing Street
Were nervous all the day,
For every hour a horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

VIII.

They held a council standing
In Westminster Bridge Road ;
Surrounded by sad Specials,
Who evil days forbode ;
Out spake Lord Russell roundly,
"The bridge must straight go down,
For now that they're past the New Cut,
Nought else can save the town."

IX.

Then out spake brave Sibthorpius,
Up to the council riding,
"I'll keep the bridge—Chartists be hanged,
I'll give them a d——d hiding !
Hew down the bridge, Lord Russell !
I'll let the humbugs see—
What Honourable Member
Will keep the bridge with me ?"

X.

"Sibthorpius," said Lord Russell,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
He spoke ! two more came forward,
And forth then rushed the Three.
Meanwhile, the Specials round them,
Came each man with an axe,
And Russell gave a mighty blow,
And Morpeth pummelled with a crow
The bridge 'neath which the Thames doth flow,
Resounded with their whacks !

XI.

One Member smote proud Cuffey,
The second rushed at Jones,
Unmoved by Chartist yelling,
Undaunted by the stones.
Sibthorpius at Feargus
Darted one horrid thrust
And the plebian's puddle blood
Mix'd with Lambeth dust.

XII.

And now the Bridge of Westminster
Trembled 'neath Russell's blows,—
"Back, back," he cried, "brave comrades,
Back ere the old bridge goes."
Then quickly the two members
Ran to the other side—
Then turned and saw Sibthorpius
Alone in all his pride.

XIII.

Then with a crash like thunder,
The old bridge went to pot—
Its ruins down the foaming stream
Rushed hurriedly and hot.

Alone stood brave Sibthorpius,
  A moment sternly stood,
Then, with his armour on his back,
  He jumped into the flood.

* * * *

XIV.

And in the nights of winter,
  When the cold north winds blow,
And sweepers from the pavement
  Are shovelling the snow;
When the crusted port is opened,
  And the camphine lamp is lit,
When dessert is on the table,
  And around it bright guests sit.

XV.

When the gay and lively party
  Roar at the PUPPET-SHOW,
And claret, sparkling like its jokes,
  Right joyously doth flow.
When the good-man plays *écarté*,
  And the young lads make a noise;
When the girls are working crochet,
  And the children smashing toys.

XVI.

When the good-wife takes her workbox,
  And the grandame takes a nap.
When Radicals and Chartists
  Grow lively at the tap.
With weeping and with laughter,
  Still is the story told,
How well Sibthorpius kept the Bridge,
  And how the mob were sold.

From *The Puppet-Showman's Album.*

The six points demanded by the Chartists in 1848, were: *Universal Suffrage, Vote by Ballot, Annual Parliaments, Payment of the Members, the Abolition of the Property Qualification,* and *Equal Electoral Districts.*

Forty years ago these proposals were considered terribly revolutionary, and when the leaders of the movement—Ernest Jones, Fergus O'Connor, Vincent and Stephens—proposed to hold a mass meeting at Kennington, and march to Westminster, it was feared there would be a riot. Special constables were enrolled in large numbers, and strong measures were taken by the police, but little actual disturbance occurred. Colonel Sibthorp, a very eccentric M.P., was especially violent in his denunciations of the Chartists, but it need scarcely be said that the poem is entirely imaginary as to the fight at Westminster Bridge, and the part he took in it.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

(As told by an ancient Gladiator to his Great-Grandmother.)

BIG Heenan of Benicia,
  By ninety-nine gods he swore,
That the bright belt of England
  Should grace her sons no more.
By ninety-nine he swore it,
  And named the 'fisting' day—
'East and west and south and north,'
Said Richard Mayne, 'ride forth, ride forth,
  'And summon mine array.'

'Ride forth by heathy Hampshire,
  Of "chalk-stream-studded" dells,
And wake the beaks of Eversley
  Where gallant Kingsley dwells;
Spur fast thro' Berkshire spinneys,
  The broad Hog's Back bestride,
And if the White Horse is scour'd
  Mount up amain and ride:
Spur, spur, I say, thro' England!
  The word went flashing by.
Look out for Sayers and Heenan,
  Policemen—mind your eye!

Sir Richard's bold moss-troopers
  Looked out uncommon keen,
From park and plain and prairie,
  From heath and upland green;
From Essex fens and fallows,
  From Hampshire, dale and down,
From Sussex' hundred leagues of sand,
To Shropshire's fat and flowery land,
And Cheshire's wild and wasted strand,
  And Yorkshire's heather brown;—
And so, of course, the fight came off
  A dozen miles from Town.

Then first stept out big Heenan,
  Unmatched for breadth and length;
And in his chest it might be guessed;
  He had unpleasant strength.
And to him went the Sayers
  That looked both small and thin,
But well each practised eye could read
The 'lion and the bull-dog' breed,
And from each fearless stander-by
Rang out that genuine British cry,
  '*Go in, my boy,*—and win!'

And he went in—and smote him
  Through mouthpiece and through cheek;
And Heenan smote him back again
  Into the ensuing week:
Full seven days thence he smote him,
  With one prodigious crack,
And th' undaunted Champion straight
Discerned that he was five feet eight,
  When flat upon his back:—
Whilst a great shout of laughter
  Rose from the Yankee pack.

As from the flash the bullet,
  Out sprang the Sayers then,
And dealt the huge Benician
  A vast thump on the chin;
And thrice and four times sternly
  Drove in the shatt'ring blow;
And thrice and four times wavered
  The herculean foe;
And his great arms swung wildly,
  Like ship-masts two and fro.

And now no sound of laughter
  Was heard from either side,
Whilst feint, and draw, and rally,
  The cautious Bruisers tried;
And long they sparred and counter'd
  Till Heenan sped a thrust
So fierce and quick, it swept away
'Th opposing guard like sapling spray—,
And for the second time that day
  The Champion bit the dust.

Short time lay English Sayers
Upon the earth at length,
Short time his Yankee foeman
Might triumph in his strength!
Sheer from the ground he smote him
And his soul went with the blow—
Such blow no other hand could dash—
Such blow no other arm could smash—
The giant tottered low;
And for a space they sponged his face,
And thought the eye would go.

Time's up!—Again they battle;
Again the strokes fly free;
But Sayers' right arm—that arm of pride—
Now dangles pow'rless by his side,
Plain for all eyes to see;
And thro' that long and desperate shock—
Two mortal hours on the clock—
By sheer indomitable pluck
With his *left hand* fought he!

With his left hand he fought him,
Though he was sore in pain,—
Full twenty times hurled backward,
Still pressing on again!
With his left hand he fought him,
Till each could fight no more;
Till Sayers could scarcely strike a blow,
Till Heenan could not see his foe—
Such fighting England never knew
Upon her soil before!

They gave him of the standard
Gold coinage of the realm,
As much as one stout guardsman
Could carry in his helm;
They made him an ovation
On the Exchange hard by,—
And they may slap their pockets
In witness if I lie.

And every soul in England
Was glad, both high and low,
And books were voted snobbish,
And 'gloves' were all the go;
And each man told the story,
Whilst ladies' hearts would melt,
How Sayers, the British Champion,
Did battle for the belt.

Yet honour to the vanquished!
(If vanquished then he were)
Let the harp strike a bolder string
And the Bird of Freedom clap his wing
For the fight so free and fair.
And forge another girdle
That shall belt as brave a breast
As ever sailed to English shore
From the broad lands of the West.

And when some sterner battle
Shall shake along the line,
The Lion flag of Liberty
In Freedom's cause to shine,—
To fence its ancient honour,
And guard it safe from harms,
May *two* such Champions hand in hand—
Twin brethren of the Saxon land—
Be found together to withstand
A universe in arms.

H. Cholmondeley-Pennell.

This excellent parody has appeared in numerous editions of *Puck on Pegasus* (published by Chatto and Windus, London), it is here given by special permission, and with corrections and additions recently made by the author.

The desperate fight it describes took place at Farnborough on April 17, 1860. Tom Sayers, the Champion of England, stood only about 5 feet 8 inches high, whilst John Heenan, the "Benicia Boy" was upwards of 6 feet in height. Both men showed great courage and endurance, but Sayers displayed the most science, and had not the fight been interrupted, he would, in all probability, have been victorious, as Heenan's eyes were fast closing up from the punishment he had received. As the fight was a draw, a silver belt was afterwards presented to each of the men. *Punch* also had a very long parody on the subject, from which a few verses may be quoted.

The Fight of Sayerius and Heenanus.

A Lay of Ancient London.

(Supposed to be recounted to his Great Grand-Children, April 17th, A.D. *1920, by an Ancient Gladiator.)*

Close round my chair, my children,
And gather at my knee,
The while your mother poureth
The Old Tom in my tea;
The while your father quaffeth
His rot-gut Bordeaux wine,—
'Twas not on such potations
Were reared these thews o' mine.
Such drinks came in the very year
—Methinks I mind it well—
That the great fight of Heenanus
With Sayerius befell.
These knuckles then were iron;
This biceps like a cord;
This fist shot from the shoulder
A bullock would have floored.
Crawleius his Novice,
They used to call me then,
In the Domus Savilliana,
Among the sporting men.
There, on benefit occasions,
The gloves I oft put on,
Walking round to show my muscles
When the set-to was done;
While ringing in the arena
The showered denarii fell,
That told Crawleius, Novice
Had used his mauleys well.
'Tis but some sixty years since
The times whereof I speak,
And yet the words I'm using
Will sound to you like Greek.

What know ye, race of milksops,
Untaught of the P. R.,
What stopping, lunging, countering,
Fibbing, or rallying are?
What boots to use the *lingo*,
When you have not the *thing*?
How paint to *you* the glories
Of Belcher, Cribb, or Spring,—
To *you*, whose sire turns up his eyes
At mention of the Ring?

Yet, in despite of all the jaw
And gammon of the time,
That brands the art of self-defence
—Old England's art—as crime,
From off mine ancient memories
The rust of time I'll shake,
Your youthful bloods to quicken
And your British pluck to wake.
Then gather to your grandsire's knee,
The while his tale is told,
How Sayerius and Heenanus
Milled in the days of old.

* * * *

The stakes are pitched, the ropes are tied,
The men have ta'en their stand ;
Heenanus wins the toss for place,
And takes the eastward hand.
Cusiccius and Macdonaldus
Upon the Boy attend ;
Sayerius owns Bruntonus,
And Jim Welshius for friend.
And each upon the other now,
A curious eye may throw,
As from the seconds' final rub
In buff at length they show,
And from their corners to the scratch
Move stalwartly and slow.

Then each his hand stretched forth to grasp,
His foemen's fives in friendly clasp ;
Each felt his balance trim and true,—
Each up to square his mauleys threw ;
Each tried his best to draw his man—
The feint, the dodge, the opening plan,
Till left and right Sayerius tried ;
Heenanus' grin proclaimed him wide ;
He shook his nut, a lead essayed,
Nor reached Sayerius' watchful head.
At length each left is sudden flung,
We heard the ponderous thud,
And from each tongue the news was rung,
Sayerius hath "First blood !"
Adown Heenanus' Roman nose
Freely the tell-tale claret flows,
While stern Sayerius' forehead shows
That in the interchange of blows
Heenanus' aim was good !
Again each iron mauley swung,
And loud the counter-hitting rung,
Till breathless all and wild with blows,
Fiercely they grappled for a close ;
A moment in close hug they swing
Hither and thither, round the ring,
Then from Heenanus' clinch of brass
Sayerius, smiling, slips to grass !

I trow mine ancient breath would fail
To follow through the fight,
Each gallant round's still changing tale,
Each feat of left and right.
How nine times in that desperate Mill
Heenanus in his strength,
Knocked stout Sayerius off his pins,
And laid him all at length ;

But how in each succeeding round
Sayerius smiling came,
With head as cool, and wind as sound,
As his first moment on the ground,
Still confident, and game.
How from Heenanus' sledge-like fist,
Striving a smasher to resist,
Sayerius' stout right arm gave way,
Yet the maim'd hero still made play,
And when in-fighting threatened ill,
Was nimble in out-fighting still,
Did still his own maintain—
In mourning put Heenanus' glims,
Till blinded eyes and helpless limbs,
The chances squared again.
How blind Heenanus in despite
Of bleeding mug and waning sight
So gallantly kept up the fight,
That not a man could say
Which of the two 'twere wise to back,
Or on which side some random crack
Might not decide the day :
And leave us—whoso won the prize,—
Victor and vanquished, in all eyes,
An equal meed to pay.

Two hours and more the fight had sped,
Near unto ten it drew,
But still opposed—one-armed to blind,—
They stood, the dauntless two.
Ah, me, that I have lived to hear
Such men as ruffians scorned,
Such deeds of valour brutal called,
Canted, preached down and mourned !
Ah, that these old eyes ne'er again
A gallant Mill shall see !
No more behold the ropes and stakes,
With colours flying free !
But I forget the combat—
How shall I tell the close,
That left the Champion's Belt in doubt
Between those well-matched foes ?
Fain would I shroud the tale in night,—
The meddling blues that thrust in sight,—
The ring-keepers o'erthrown ;—
The broken ring,—the cumbered fight,—
Heenanus' sudden, blinded flight,—
Sayerius pausing, as he might,
Just when ten minutes used aright
Had made the fight his own !

Alas ! e'en in those brighter days
We still had Beaks and Blues,—
Still, canting rogues, their mud to fling
On self-defence and on the Ring,
And fistic arts abuse !
And 'twas such varmint had the power
The Champion's fight to stay,
And leave unsettled to this hour
The honours of the day !
But had those honours rested
Divided as was due,
Sayerius and Heenanus
Had cut the Belt in two.

Punch. April 28, 1860.

The Battle of the Bridge.

Great Lawrence, erst a builder,
By Gog and Magog swore
That he would rule the Livery

And be Lord Mayor once more.
By Gog and Magog swore it,
And named the polling day,
And bade the Liverymen go forth
To all the wards, East, West, and North,
To summon his array.

I see the long type galleys,
I see the molten lead,
I see the wondrous matrix—
The bright type leaves its bed.
He casts the grim black-letter,
For battle he is ripe,
Thus ever rides our Besley,
Lord of the Founts of Type.

Now hath each polling district
Sent up her tale of men,
And Besley counts by hundreds,
And Lawrence scarcely ten.
But a mighty boast he uttered
"Right soon the Queen shall ride
To Blackfriars Bridge, and where looks down
The viaduct o'er London town,
And Lawrence by her side."

The harvest of the title,
This year shall Lawrence reap;
This year the London urchins
At Queen Victoria peep.
This year the crowds shall gather
To London, like the foam
That gathers on the Tiber
That rolls beside old Rome.

And now the warfare's over,
And who shall say who's won,
Our Besley rules the Aldermen,
The civic fight is done.
But Lawrence, cool and cunning,
No shock of war would stand,
He yields the power, but wins the prize;
Henceforth, before the nation's eyes,
He wears the Bloody Hand!

And in the nights of winter
When many a bottle's floor'd,
And gormandizing aldermen
Gloat o'er the groaning board,
Between the punch and turtle,
The tale they still shall tell:
How Lawrence jockey'd Besley—
How Gladstone managed well.

The Period. 1869.

The new Blackfriars Bridge was opened by the Queen on November 6, 1869, during the mayoralty of Alderman James C. Lawrence, who wished to be twice Lord Mayor of London, but he was beaten by Mr. Robert Besley.

A LAY OF ANCIENT STOKE.

QUCEALY, the avenger,
By the nine points he swore
That the great Tichborne Claimant
Should suffer wrong no more:
By the nine points he swore it,
And ere the polling day
He straightway rose and gat him forth,
And taking tickets for the North,
He sped him on his way.

Full rapidly yet surely,
The Midland train runs fast,
Until the town of potteries
Is safely gained at last!
Woe to the vile traducer
Who treats it as a joke,
For Qucealy the avenger
Is on the march for Stoke.

There be many whom the franchise
Makes voters in the land,
Who always by the public house,
Both morn and evening stand.
Evening and morn they linger
About the open door;
While each man's little finger
Is lifted o'er and o'er.

And with one voice the voters
Have their glad answers given
"Go forth, go forth, Qucealy!
Go forth, beloved of Heaven."
Or, in the plain vernacular
Of these simple men of Stoke,
"We'll stick to you, Qucealy!
Go in and win, old bloke!"

I wis in all the Commons,
When came the Doctor's night,
There was not e'en a vacant seat
For none would miss the sight.
Forthwith uprose the Premier,
Uprose the Members all:
Full speedily they seized their hats,
And hied them to the hall.

The Doctor's brow is knit,
And the Doctor's speech is low,
And frequently is heard "Ha, ha!"
And now and then "Oh, oh!"
But he flings aside their taunts,
As when bounding o'er the plain,
The lion shakes the dewdrops
From off his tawny mane.

"Ye honorable members
Jeer on as best ye may;
But I with two to help me
Will keep you all at bay.
A Jesuitical device
May well be checked by three:
Now who will stand on either hand
To crush conspiracy?"

Then out spake valiant Whalley,
From Peterborough he,
"*Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,*
And give my voice with thee."
And outspake bould O'Gorman,
Of Celtic blood was he,
"*Whack philliloo! I'm wid you too.*
Acushla gra machree!"

The speeches now are ended,
And lo! the ranks divide,
And outsteps brave O'Gorman,
With elephantine stride.
And many fear what he may say,
And at the thought grow pale!
"*Is there any of yiz here would like*
To trid upon my tale?"

Never I ween did member
In any former case,
In solitary grandeur walk
Back to his 'customed place.
With a mighty cheer they greet him,
As he marches on alone,
And the tellers say the members be
Four hundred odd to one.

When the "ancient Tom" is opened,
And the farthing dip is lit:
When the elders whack the youngers,
And the kid howls when he's hit:
When old and young together
Around the quartern close:
When the girls are cracking cobnuts
And the lads are mixing "goes:"

When the goodwife rubs her elbow,
After contact with the broom:
When the goodman's "highlows" merrily
Are flying round the room!
Amid these gay distractions,
Still doth the story run,
How Qucealy lost his motion by
Four hundred odd to one.

The Figaro (London). July 7. 1875.

Dr. E. V. Kenealy, counsel for the Tichborne Claimant in the great trial, was afterwards elected M.P. for Stoke.

THE RETURN-MATCH BETWEEN DRYBURGH AND SLUDGEBOROUGH,

SIR V. O. Verandah of Sludgebro'
On his Tate racket swore
That the marshy town he dwelt in,
Should know defeat no more:
On his Tate racket swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers go forth,
To Dryburgh in the far off North,
And challenge it to play.

On bicycles to the far off North
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
And hill and vale are passed.
And continuous rotation
Of the never-wearied wheel
Brings them to where, near Dryburgh's hill,
Flows Pepperhanger's rapid rill;
To where the whilom victors dwell,
And play the game they love so well,
Foes worthy of their steel.

* * * *

From the towers of stately Ballchester
Drives in young Tennyslorne,
From Pleycyngbury comes the heir,
And the young de Vorley's horn
Is heard behind his spanking four
As he drives to the Pavilion door,
And nods to each a friendly greeting
Assembled for the special meeting,
Just called on Dryburgh's lawn.

They held a council standing
By the Pavilion gate;
There wasn't much necessity
For musing or debate.
And they read the Sludgebro' challenge
"That another match they'd play;"
And they all agreed on the Sludgeborough mead
To meet on the trysting day.

* * * *

Quick are the strokes as lightning
From Charley Pleycynge's racket,
And hot must be the game that makes
De Vorley doff his jacket;
And the two said, "We will play them
A return-match, if they will.
That they may regain on Sludgeboro' plain
What they lost on Dryburgh's hill."
But the maidens fair of Dryburgh
Must do without their beaux,
While young Pleycynge and de Vorley
Go forth to fight the foes;
To fight them where in Sludgeboro's lakes
The pike at their quarry dash,
And the silver moon on the deep lagoon
Sees the wild fowl dive and splash.
And now on the Sludgebro' tennis-lawn
Is met a surging crowd,
And "play" is called by the umpire skill'd.
In accents clear and loud:
And forth steps the great Verandah
With the warrior Biscoe bold,
Whose doughty feats upon these sheets
Could never enough be told.
And the Dryburgh pair so dauntless
Step forth on that humid lawn,
From which the lake-weed and the sedge
Have recently been shorn:
With their Tate-made rackets in their hands
And their dark blue flannel coats;
And the referee and the umpire skill'd
Lay to, hard by, in their boats.

Then the great Sir V. O. Verandah
Served his over-handed stroke,
And the crowd was hushed in silence,
And never a word was spoke:
But it came back down the side-lines,
And made the whitening fly,
And the warrior barely saw it,
As it swiftly whistled by.
Then all gazed on young de Vorley,
As he smashed with wondrous knack;
And some in front cried "Volley,"
And some said "play it back;"
But the Marshers looked despondent,
As the umpire called the score,
While all this time the rain poured down
As usual in Sludgeboro' town.

* * * *

At length a sound of triumph
From the Dryburgh players rose,
"Three sets to love, and Dryburgh wins
Once more against her foes."
And many a muttered curse was heard
From the Marshers in goloshes,
And folks in boats were heard to swear,

And the Sludgeboro' people tore their hair,
And their looks were those of grim despair,
As they clutched their mackintoshes.

But then a sullen murmur
Through the angry Marshers ran,
And the word was passed from mouth to mouth,
Till it reached from rear to van:
"Seize on those haughty Dryburghers,
And duck them in our lake,
And their jackets blue, and their rackets too,
From those proud ones let us take."

* * * *

Then forthwith Charley Pleycynge raised
Aloft his Tate-made racket;
Sternly his partner buttoned up
His dark blue Christ Church jacket;
And the surging crowd pressed forward,
And the shout of "Drown them!" rose,
But the two stood calm and silent,
And gazed upon their foes.

* * * *

Was none who would be foremost
To lead this fell attack?
No: those behind cried "forward!"
And those in front cried "back!"
And backward now and forward
Wavered the deep array,
Till, all at once, the warrior bold
And Kander, shepherd of the fold,
And the country correspondent too,
With fright all shivering cold and blue,
Turned tail and ran away.

And the great Sir V. O. Verandah,
With all his Sludgeboro' men,
Fled for their lives and safety
Through marsh and lake and fen;
Nor paused to look behind them,
All pale and white with fear,
Till they had reached the furthest shores
Of the gloomy Sludgeboro' mere.

* * *

And in future generations,
In Dryburgh's lofty town,
When we, and our great grandchildren
By time have been cut down,
In the freezing nights of winter,
When the blinding snow-storm falls,
And the boys are making tennis-nets,
And the girls are washing balls,

When the good man mends his racket,
And tightens up the strings,
When the good wife plies her needle,
And mends her winter things,
Will children gather round the fire,
And the story will be told,
How well their champions fought the fight
On Sludgeboro' marsh, on Dryburgh height
In the famous days of old.

From *Pastime.* September 28, 1883.

This parody was afterwards reprinted in *Tennis Cuts and Quips.* Field and Tuer. London.

THE BATTLE OF THE ASSES' BRIDGE.

TRIANGLE Equilateral
By Algebra he swore,
That his good friend, Isosceles,
Should suffer wrong no more.
By Algebra he swore it,
And named a fighting day,
And bade his angles hurry forth—
East and west and south and north—
To summon to the fray.

East and west, and north and south,
The angles hurry fast.
And problem old and Theorem
Have heard the trumpet blast.
Shame on the Point that has no parts
The Circle that would quake,
When Equilateral has sworn
The Asses' Bridge to take.

* * * *

And now they are assembled,
The tale of fighting men,
The Decimals in hundreds are,
The Units one to ten.
Equations all quadratical,
Drawn out in long array;
Oh, proud was Equilateral
Upon the fighting day!

But on the Bridge of Asses
Was tumult and affright,
For all the lines below the base
Were stricken at the sight.
They held a council standing,
Upon the narrow ridge,
Hard lines I wis in times like this
'Twould take to save the Bridge.

Then outspake gallant Alpha,
On the Apex full in view,
"A Dog they say shall have his day,
A Bridge must have it too;
And how can man die better,
When things come to this pass,
Than fighting as first letter
In the sacred name of ASS?"

"Know then, false Equilateral,
"No Bridge thou'lt take to-day;
I, with two more to help me,
Will keep ye all at bay.
In these five lines a thousand
May well be stopped by three;
Now who will stand on either hand
And keep the Bridge with me?

Then outspake gallant Beta,
Of Grecian blood was he,
"Lo! I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the Bridge with thee."
And spake a stout Centurion,
A Roman, surnamed C,
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the Bridge with thee."

The three stood calm and silent,
And watched the foeman's line,
As from its right stepped out to fight

Theta's well-known Co-sine.
And Vector the Quaternion—
Vector, whose fourfold power
Had puzzled many a weary head,
And kept it aching out of bed
Long past the midnight hour.

C went at once for Vector
And with a deadly blow,
Of his good blade he quickly laid
The great Quaternion low :
For in that hour had Vector's power
Been risen to the tenth.
Little cared C I ween for he
Had smote him to the Nth.

Next Beta marked how Theta
Advanced against his line,
So with his trusty tangent he
Bisected the Co-sine.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell tyrant!
No longer shalt thou mark
How Girton's gold-haired graduates sigh
With vain endeavours to descry
The variable length of Pi
In thine accursed Arc."

Then X on his Equation
Advanced, and all were mute,
For in his hand he waved his brand,
A knotty old cube root ;
Thrice round his head he waved it,
And then the weapon sprung
Like bolt from bow, a mighty blow,
On Alpha's crest it rung.

He reeled, and first on Beta
Leaned, for a breathing space,
Then dashed his Co-efficient
In the Equation's face :
And loud he cried, "No more thy pride
My inmost soul shall vex ;"
Then with a stroke, 'twould cleave an oak,
Eliminated X.

* * * *

They gave him out of Euclid
Ten cuts so erudite,
Not thrice ten senior wranglers
Could solve 'twixt morn and night ;
They gave a square, it still is there,
And every dunce derides,
With twice the double ratio
Of its homologous sides.

And on the square they raised him
A vast triangle high,
His name is on the Apex
To witness if I lie,
And underneath is written,
In letters all of brass,
How well brave Alpha held the Bridge,
That's sacred to the ASS.

J. M. Lowry.

This parody first appeared in "*The Keys at Home*," published about four years since by Field and Tuer, at the Leadenhall Press, London. It has since been included in an interesting collection of Poems, entitled "*A Book of Jousts*," edited by Mr. James M. Lowry, also published by Field and Tuer, of London.

HARCOURTIUS OF DERBIÆ.

Harcourtius of Derbiæ,
In Right's great name he swore
That the crass hordes of Bumble
Should hold Guildhall no more.
In Right's great name he swore it,
And with good heart and will
Made ready for the desperate fight—
That is to say, he named a night
For bringing in his Bill.
And when the night ('twas Tuesday)
In order due came round,
In serried ranks the Liberals
Were in their places found ;
And with a mighty shouting
Their gallant chief they cheered :
In sooth, those present on that day
Declare 'twas good to hear the way
They ardently "Hear-hear'd!"

But 'mongst the City Fathers
Was turmoil and affright,
For they had right good reason
To dread the coming fight ;
And as they filled the lobby,
And locomotion stopped,
An awesome thing it was to hear
The h's that they dropp'd !
For many a City Father,
With far-protruding vest,
And City Knight, who should have worn
A soup-tureen as crest ;
Vulgares Consiliarii—
In short, they all were there,
Who, having passed the bottle,
Soon hoped to "pass the Chair!"

They held a council standing
About the Lobby floor,
In groups to which fierce Auceps
In turns his presence bore ;
But, after hot discussion
Of this and that design,
They, to a man, agreed their plan
Should be to go and dine !

* * * * *

Then out spoke brave Harcourtius,
Commencing the debate,
"To every Government on earth
Defeat comes soon or late,
And how can one fall better
Than fighting Bumbles' swarm,
For the sake of London's future
And Municipal Reform?
For the sake of every citizen,
Be he or high or low,
And dwelleth he at Kensington,
Or Bermondsey, or Bow,
For the sake of every citizen
Who payeth heavy rates,
And to save them from the jobbery
That Bumble's rule creates.

"I'm ready, Mr. Speaker,
With all the haste I may,
To pass the sweeping measure
That I bring in to-day.
Too long has Gog been fancied

Invincible to be;
Now, who will stand on either hand
And back this Bill with me?"
Then out spake Gee-O-Emius,
A Grand Old Man was he,
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand
And back this Bill with thee!"
And out spake Chelsæ Firthius,
A legal "friend" was he,
"I will, with pride, by thee abide,
And fight the Bill with thee!"

Meanwhile the Civic forces,
Despite their recent meal,
Are, in their hearts, so much afraid,
That all the blatant noise they made
Could not their fear conceal.
In vain did Magnus Blockus
His snuff-box pass around,
In vain did Auceps try to cheer
His followers, or far or near,
By his loud "Yah, Yah's" sound.
And far above the arena,
More City Fathers sat;
Smug, dense, and dull and vulgar,
Crass, fatuous, and fat.
And full of dread foreboding
Lest, if the Bill were past,
Of civic jobs and shuffles
They'd seen the very last.

For none was for the City,
Though all "managed" its estates;
And the Liveries robbed the poor man,
And the Council jobbed the rates.
Most trusts were misdirected,
And endowments misapplied,
When Harcourtius and Firthius
Stood out boldly side by side.
Stout Firthius sprang on Auceps,
And in a moment's space
He hurled, with crushing ardour,
A Blue-book in his face,
He saw, too, McArturus,
With soup-nerved vengeance burn,
And with one shot upset him,
Fired from a new "Return."

Then Cardenus of Barum,
On Gee-o-Emius rushed;
Cardenus, who, neath cab or 'bus
So frequently is crushed;
And Gee-O-Emius met his dash
With a compelling frown,
Then, with a force like Pickford's van,
Bore his assailant down.
'Twas Firthius smote down Luskus,
Statistics laid him low;
And to Cottoniensis' heart
Harcourtius sent a blow;
Owdenus muttered curses,
And 'midst the rising din
Was heard the voice of him who sits
For Farringdon Within.

But hark, they cry, "Randolphus!"
And 'midst a deep'ning roar
The spry "Quaternian" leader
Sprang out upon the floor.
He smiled at those before him,
A smile serenely sly;
He eyed the Bumbles near him,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "In my existence
I never yet did know
So very just a measure,
So very mean a foe,
The City Corporation!
Bah! tell me what is that?
A mass of vulgar ignorance,
Of fussiness and fat!"

Then, snatching up a Blue-book,
He turned him left and right,
And hurled most damning extracts
With all his well-known might!
'Twas vain for poor Northcotus
To shrewishly protest;
In vain for Sclater-Boothius
To beat his massive chest.
And when the perky Crossius
To Bumble brought his aid,
'Twas fun to see how quickly he
Upon his back was laid.

Meantime, the "whips" their office
Persistently had plied,
And all the air was vocal
With cries of "'vide,' 'vide,' 'vide!'"
With one more bound Harcourtius
At Auceps sternly leapt,
Then like a stream that bursts its banks,
In currents twain the rival ranks.
On to the lobbies swept.

* * * *

No sound of joy or sorrow
Rose from the crowded floor,
But friends and foes in mute surmise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing at the door,
And when, from 'mongst the members
That surged about the Bar,
They saw the Liberal Whips appear,
There rose a most stupendous cheer,
Repeated near and far.

The stricken City Fathers,
Disgusted, slink away,
But round great Gee-O-Emius
The jocund victors stay,
Until, midst shouts and laughter,
And cheering long and loud,
He passes from the Forum,
Hailed by the joyous crowd.
They gave him and Harcourtius
A banquet straightaway,
And passed of votes of thanks, at least,
A score or so a day.
And they made a graven image
Of both these statesmen good,
And set them up where hitherto
The Civic Griffin stood.

And still their names are music
Wherever they are heard;
Still by the daring deeds they did,
The City's pulse is stirred.
And its wives still pray for offspring

With hearts and will as bold
As those who passed the Bill so well,
And stormed bold Bumble's hold.
And in the nights of winter,
When from Turnham-Green to Bow,
And from Camberwell to Hackney
The Cits all homeward go ;
When round their cosy firesides
The happy households draw,
No longer dreading Bumble,
Nor Vestry-muddled law ;

When the evening print is opened,
And electric-lamps are lit,
And, their rates no longer dreading,
The serene breadwinners sit ;
When the young and old in circle
Around their parents close ;
When the girls make high-art doyleys,
And the boys make classic *mots ;*
When Papa writes to the paper
To Civic ways commend,
And London's central government
To London's weal doth tend ;
Then, with many a burst of laughter,
Shall the story still be told
How brave Harcourtius passed his Bill
In the bad days of old !

Truth, April 10, 1884.

The Right Hon. Sir William V. Harcourt, M.P. for Derby, introduced his Bill for the Reform of the London Municipality, and it was read a first time on April 8, 1884. The other Members of Parliament here referred to are Lord Mayor Fowler, Joseph F. B. Firth (Chelsea), C. N. Warton, the Blocker ("Magnus Blockus"), Alderman A. McArthur, Alderman Sir Robert Carden, Sir Andrew Lusk, Alderman Cotton, Alderman Owden, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir Stafford Northcote, G. Sclater-Booth, and the Right Hon. Sir Richard Cross.

THE BATTLE OF THE INSTITUTE.[*]

A Lay sung on the Feast of St. Guy, about the ides of November, 1875.

CHARLES COCHRANE of the Institute,
By the heathen gods he swore
That that great swell, Lothian Bell,
Should Cocci Walkus be no more.
By all the gods he swore it,
And Marshall[†] named a day,
And circulars were posted forth
East and west, and south and north,
Calling members to the fray.

Charles Cochrane there, whose yellow hair
Waves o'er his manly brow
He built a mighty furnace, the cause of all the Row.
This furnace was more wide and big
Than any other known,
And, Cochrane said, t'would make more pig
As could be clearly shown.
And then he quoted figures, which were an awful bore,
And of the members some did yawn, some shuffled on the floor.
Bell shook his head, and then he said
The figures were all wrong.
The blast put in was much *too weak*
The facts were all *too strong* !
And in his pleasant, genial way
He "hoped the Chair would let him say
That Cochrane was a fool !"
Then Cowper great, from Storey's Gate,
He raised his voice on high
And swore an oath, a mighty oath,
He swore that Bell should die !
Each chieftain hastened to the brawl
In vain did Bramwell "Order" call.
Cried Marshall "What will Europe think ?
When Cochrane hurled a pot of Ink
Full in the face of Bell !

Now Williams to the rescue ! oh !
What man alive could tell
The laughter that arose all round
When they saw the face of Bell ?
But Bell he rushed at Cochrane
And smote him fearful blows;
He gave him *one* between the eyes,
And *two* upon the nose !
They rose, they fell, with gasp, and yell
And angry oath and roar ;
Whilst Ink and Blood, one horrid flood
Did cover all the floor !
Then, Carbutt, Mighty Hammer, and Bramwell in the Chair
And Siemens of the Telegraph, did wish they were not there.
Whilst all the other members thought
It was a funny way.
To settle scientific points
In that far distant day.
But high above the mighty din, was Hawksley heard to say
"Ho ! Gentlemen, Ho ! Gentlemen, let's stop this horrid fray !"
So they sent out for the Serjeants, the Serjeants of Police,
The Constables of Manchester, in the interests of Peace.
They bade them pick those members up,
And wipe the blood away,
Whilst others washed each inky stain
From off the floor that day.

But when they picked the foemen up
No man alive could tell
Which of the two was Cochrane,
Nor which of them was Bell !
But Bell survived the combat, all in the North Contree
And for his gifts and money, they made him an M.P.
Whilst Cochrane for his valour
Got glory and renown,
As much as could be measured
Ere the sun went down.

---

[*] At a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers held in Manchester, on November 5, 1875, Mr. Charles Cochrane, of Stourbridge, read a paper entitled "On the Ultimate Capacity of Blast Furnaces" (for making pig iron.) As was appropriate to such a burning question, the discussion was somewhat heated, although, as need hardly be said, the parodist has availed himself largely of poetical *lie-sense* in his account of the proceedings. Mr. C. Cochrane asserted that he had effected a great saving in fuel by the construction of his large furnace, in conjunction with Cowper's patent stoves for heating the blast. The most eminent engineers of the day spoke in the discussion, Messrs. I. L. Bell (now Sir I. L. Bell, M.P.), E. A. Cowper, Sir Charles W. Siemens, E. H. Carbutt, Sir Frederick Bramwell, and others.

[†] Mr. W. P. Marshall, Secretary of the Institution.

And in each drawing office, when the argand lamp is lit,
And the draughtsman cuts his pencil, and points his ready wit.
When the pupil spoils the tracing, and breaks his Archbutt scale
With laughter and with merriment then shall they tell the tale.
Whilst the pupil rubs his Indian ink
And the draughtsman wipes his pen
They still recount with wonder
The valour of those men.
And still we hear the story—told with mirth and glee,
In any West end office, where merry draughtsmen be.

FRAGMENT FROM A LAY OF MODERN ENGLAND.

(Picked up somewhere between Downing Street and Khartoum.)

* * * * *

BUT the statesman's brow was dark,
And fear was in his eye,
For he saw the wild storm rising
Across his summer sky.
"The Mahdi, he will water
His steeds at Cairo's gate ;—
No Caucus, and no Chamberlain,
Can save us from our fate !"
Then out spoke gallant Gordon,—
All fearless was his speech,—
"What could a man ask better,
Than to stand in the fiery breach ;
To go at England's bidding
And rend the sordid chain,
That binds the desert peoples,
For the sake of a Pasha's gain ;
To build up out of ruin
Order and peace once more ;
To burn the thongs for scourging,
To break the prison door?"

* * * *

Alone stood our brave hero,
But constant still in mind,
In front, foes thick as desert sand,
And sneaking friends behind.
"Now curse it," quoth Lord Hartington,[*]
"Blood-guiltiness I fear ;
The sun beats strong, the way is long,
And English gold is dear !"
"Aye ! curse it," quoth smooth Granville,
"Yet will I speak him fair ;
"And show in my despatches
"A Minister's wise care,
"To save him from the bad Zebehr,
"And from the Mahdi too ;
"And praise him, while we leave him
"To sink with all his crew !"
"Aye ! curse it," quoth Spectator,
"Why raise a hand to save
"The friends he's gathered round him ;
"Let each man dig his grave,
"Or join the coming Mahdi,
"Or take himself to flight ;
"We'll rally round the Government,
"And have a faction fight."

Round turned he as not deigning,
Those craven ranks to see,
Nought spake he to Lord Hartington,
To Granville nought spake he ;
But he turned to the English people
And spoke to the English heart,
That ever has throbbed the higher
When called to choose its part.

"I came here at your bidding,
"I came to try and save ;
"I spoke of that far England,
"Away beyond the wave,
"Whose hand could reach the helpless,
"Whose shield could bar the way,
"And would not leave to perish
"One life, that owned her sway.
"And now, forsooth, I'm bidden
"To save myself in flight."

* * * *

AUBERON HERBERT.

Pall Mall Gazette. May, 1884.

——:o:——

There are many other parodies of *Horatius* possessing less general interest than those already quoted.

As most of them are very long, only a few verses of each will be given, sufficient to indicate the subject, and style of treatment. As the source from whence each is derived will be named, the complete parodies can easily be obtained.

It will be noticed that the last four or five verses of *Horatius* have been especially favoured by the parodists.

LARS PORSENNA.

This amusing parody originally appeared in *College Rhymes*, 1855, but has since been issued in pamphlet form (price sixpence), by Messrs. T. Shrimpton and Son, Oxford, and has had a large sale.

ADOLPHUS SMALLS, of Boniface,
By all the powers he swore,
That though he had been plucked three times
He would be plucked no more.
By all the powers he swore it,
And put on "Coaches" three,
And many a livelong night he read,
With sported oak, and towell'd head,
To get him his "degree."

* * * *

They gave him his "Testamur,"
That was a Passman's right—
He was more than three Examiners
Could "plough" from morn to night.

And in each Oxford College,
In the dark November days,
When Undergraduates fresh from hall
Are gathering round the blaze :
When the crusted port is opened
And the Palmer's lamp is lit,

---

[*] Lord Hartington, then Secretary of State for War, was responsible for the measures taken for the relief of General Gordon.

When the weed glows in the freshman's mouth,
  And makes him turn to spit:
When "goes" unlimited are forced
  On some unhappy gull,
When victims, doomed to mull their pass,
  Unconscious pass the mull:
With chaffing and with laughing,
  They still the tale renew,
How Smalls, of Boniface, went in,
  And, actually got through.

ANONYMOUS.

Several imitations of *Horatius* occur in early volumes of *Punch*, one as far back as December 4, 1847, entitled the "Mustering of the Hobbies, a Lay of Modern Babylon," refers to politicians many of whom are dead, and to events most of which are now forgotten. Another, dated January 26, 1856, "The Sibylline Books, a Lay of Ancient Rome for the consideration of modern Russia," is also quite out of date. It contained certain advice which *Mr. Punch* considered advisable to address to the Emperor of Russia.

When Macaulay was created a baron, it was practically a life peerage, as he was unmarried and unlikely to marry, *Punch* had some verses congratulating him on the event, and referring to Mr. Baron Parke, who, in 1856, had been raised to the peerage as Lord Wensleydale, with the usual succession to his heirs male, who did not exist, and never came into being.

HOW TITUS MANLIUS MACAULEIUS WAS MADE A PATRICIAN.

THE Consul Palmerstonius
  Hath ta'en down his DEBRETT,
And o'er its storied pages
  His anxious brow is set.
Those are not age's wrinkles
  The Consul's cheek that plough,
It is not time that sprinkles
  That snow upon his brow.

The Consul closed the volume—
  He closed it with a bang!
And he seized his slate and pencil
  From the wall where they did hang;
And straight he set to ciphering,
  And out a sum he brought;
And his sum was of six figures,
  And it ended with a nought.

So the united ages
  Of the Patricians stood,
When Consul Palmerstonius
  Vowed they must have new blood.
What though your *novi homines*
  Do not always wax in wit;
Oft *Patricius*, like *Poeta*,
  Proves "*nascitur non fit.*"

"Besides, as after physic
  The matron gives her child
A crust of blandest honey,
  To make the bitter mild;
So I, for the Patricians,
  A pleasant peer must find,
To take away the savour
  Wens'dalius left behind.

"*Patres majorum gentium,*
  Patres minorum, too,
Your seats upon those benches
  To sources strange are due:
The fruit of royal bye-blows,
  The growths of courtier-slime
The brawny sons of rapine,
  The heirs of reckless crime.

"The sword hath dibbled often
  Holes for patrician seed;
And many a lawyer's tongue hath licked
  All shoes, and oft unfee'd,
No stooping found too lowly,
  No crawling thought too mean,
If but a Conscript Father
  He might at last be seen.

"'I'll raise to the Patricians,
  One who ne'er wore steel, nor lied,
Whose weapon was his goose-quill,
  Whose pleadings were world-wide;
Whose foes were Falsehood, Prejudice,
  Fraud, Sophistry, and Wrong—
With which he held wit-combat,
  Wit-combat, brave and long!

"So, when that Palmerstonius
  Hath gone where all must go—
E'en those whose brains glow fiery
  'Neath coronals of snow:
Write by the Appian way-side,
  On the tomb where he is laid,
'Of Manlius Macauleius
  He a Patrician made.'"

(Four verses omitted.)

Punch. September 19, 1857.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE GLENLIVIT.

By the Author of "The Lays of Ancient Rum."

IT was a song of sorrow,
  Blent with a solemn vow,
Floated across the lovely lake,
  And up the mountain's brow.
Glenlivit! O, Glenlivit!
  No wonder that we grieve;
Glenlivit! O, Glenlivit!
  Why should we ever leave?

No, we will never leave it,
  By oaths let us avouch,
As long as mountain dew exists,
  And plack is in the pouch.
Ye Parliament oppressors,
  Who Scotia ne'er could quell,
Our fathers fought ye stoutly,—
  Their sons can fight as well!

The poet then recounts the fight between the lovers of Whiskey, and the Temperance party, led on by Forbes Mackenzie, in which, after a tremendous struggle, Whiskey is triumphant:—

Glenlivit's joyous victors
  With cheers the welkin rent.

And home was Forbes Mackenzie
  Upon a shutter sent.

Now you who hear this story,
  Don't doubt it, if you please ;
Have I not told you things before
  As wonderful as these ?
Why should you doubt a legend
  Because 'tis nearer home ?
Or can no fables please you
  But those that come from Rome ?

This parody, which consists of 25 verses, is to be found in *Rival Rhymes in Honour of Burns*, by Ben Trovato. London. Routledge and Co. 1857.

This book is generally ascribed to Samuel Lover, the novelist.

Lay of Modern England.

Augustus Smith, of Scilly,
  By Piper's Hole he swore
That the proud Lord of Brownlow
  Should keep the waste no more.
By Piper's Hole he swore it,
  And named a trysting night,
And bade his myrmidons ride forth,
By special train from London's north,
  To venge the Common Right.

Where on the street of Drummond
  Four Doric columns frown,
Where the gigantic Stephenson
  On his own line looks down,
The stalwart navvies gathered,
  From lodgings far and near ;
Strong were the crowbars in their hands,
Stronger their hope for beer.

Loured the foul London gaslights,
  And made the gloom more deep,
The million-peopled city's sons
  Were in their early sleep,
When from the Euston Station
  Glided the special train
That bore the force that went to win
  Berkhampstead's waste again.

On, the steam-demon bore them,
  Nor flagged upon the wing,
Until he lighted with his load
  At Baptist-chapelled Tring.

They marched three miles in silence,
  The road was dark and drear,
One thought upheld the navvy's heart
  The pleasant thought of beer.
They reached Berkhampstead Common
  Or that which had been one,
Until by Ashridge's proud Lord
  The feudal deed was done.

There, miles of iron railing
  Scowled grimly in the dark,
Making what once was Common,
  The Lord of Brownlow's Park :
His rights that Lord asserted,
  Rights which they hold a myth,
The bold Berkhampstead Commoner ,
  Led by Augustus Smith.

Spoke out the nameless Leader,
  "That Railing must go down"
Then firmer grasped the crowbar
  Those hands so strong and brown,
They march against the railing,
  They lay the crowbars low,
And down and down for many a yard
  The costly railings go.

So down went Brownlow's railings,
  And down went Hazell's beer,
And from the gathering crowd upgoes
  One loud and lusty cheer.
For carriage, gig, and dog-cart
  Come rushing on the scene,
And all Berkhampstead hastes to see,
  Where Brownlow's rails had been.

And husbands, wives, and children,
  Went strolling through the gorse,
And cried, "We've got our own again,
  Thanks to your friendly force."
They cut green little morsels
  As memories of the Band,
Whose lusty arms and iron bars
  Had freed the Common land.

Bold was the deed and English
  The Commoners have done,
Let's hope the law of England, too,
  Will smile upon their fun.
For our few remaining Commons
  Must not be seized or sold,
Nor Lords forget they do not live
  In the bad days of old.

(Seven verses omitted.)

Punch, March 24, 1866.

The Book of Ballads, edited by Bon Gaultier (William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh), contains a poem by the late Professor W. E. Aytoun, entitled *The Lay of Mr. Colt.* The story it recounts is repulsive, Colt, being condemned to death for murder, was lying in prison in New York, but on the morning of the execution he committed suicide under peculiar circumstances. The poem itself is not a parody, but it concludes with the following imitation of the closing lines of *Horatius* :—

And when the lamp is lighted
  In the long November days,
And lads and lasses mingle
  At the shucking of the maize ;
When pies of smoking pumpkin
  Upon the table stand,
And bowls of black molasses
  Go round from hand to hand ;
When slap jacks, maple sugared,
  Are hissing in the pan,
And cider with a dash of gin,
  Foams in the social can ;
When the goodman wets his whistle,
  And the goodwife scolds the child,
And the girls exclaim convulsively,
  "Have done, or I'll be riled !"
When the loafer sitting next them
  Attempts a sly caress,
And whispers, "Oh ! you 'possum,

You've fixed my heart I guess!"
With laughter and with weeping,
Then shall they tell the tale,
How Colt his foeman quartered,
And died within the jail.

THE GREAT DURBAR.

JAN LARRENS[*] of Calcutta,
Chief Knight of India's Star,
Has sworn by all the Hindoo gods
He'll hold a Grand Durbar.
By Gunga's stream he swore it
And named at once the day,
Then bade his Aides-de-camp go forth,
East, and west, and south, and north,
To summon the array.

(The description of the Durbar which here follows, occupies about five hundred lines, many of which are scarcely intelligible to those who have not resided in India.)

And through the heat of summer,
Warm night and sultry day,
While Brahmins teach the girls to love
And Hindu youths to pray;
When, through the Rajah's palace,
Or in the poor man's hut,
Against the winds of winter
The doors are closely shut;
When in his close Zenana
The Indian swell reclines,
And smokes the bubbling hookah
And quaffs forbidden wines;
And when in dufter-khanah
Lall-puggree counts the gains
He made from swarthy chieftains
On Agra's sun-burnt plains;
When the ryot drives the bullock,
And twists his broken tail;
When Hindo maidens seek their loves,
And old crones fiercely rail;
When the woman cooks the curry,
And piles it on the rice,
And the baboo and the labourer
Alike count up their pice,
In every home in Agra,
In many a place afar,
They'll tell the tale of that day when
Jan Larrens held Durbar.

From *Lyrics and Lays.* By Pips. Calcutta, Wyman 1867.

BEFORE THE COMITIA.

(The Two Aruspices.)

IN Rome, ere the Comitia
To business could be set,
The Augurs and Aruspices
In solemn conclave met;
The peckings, pipings, hoppings
Of the sacred fowls to try,
And in the victim's entrails
For signs of fate to pry.

* * * *

There's Dizzius Aruspex
Wears a sardonic grin,
Though sterner Merrypebblius
Such laughter holds a sin;
But, for all he looks so solemn,
No less he twigs the fun,
E'en while his brow on Dizzius
Appears to frown "Ha' done!"

"Leaders should not be laughers,"
(He holds) "whate'er their case;
If in 'tis too triumphant;
If out, 'tis not in place.
Or, if a laugh be needful"—
Which he does not believe—
"The Arùspic's laugh should never
Extend beyond his sleeve.

(Thirteen verses omitted.)

Punch. February 8, 1873.

THE DAUNTLESS THREE.

This is the title of a parody, issued in pamphlet form by Messrs. J. Hall and Son, Cambridge. Second edition 1874, price sixpence, and said to be by A. de L. H. It would certainly be of literary interest to know the author's name of this humorous, and scholarly parody of Macaulay's *Horatius*, as the same initials are prefixed to another parody, of a similar character, entitled "*The Battle of Lake Mort,*" which will be more fully described when dealing with parodies of Macaulay's "*Battle of the Lake Regillus.*"

"*The Dauntless Three,*" consists of forty two verses, with a number of burlesque latin notes. The subject of the parody is the well worn theme of the "Town and Gown" rows.

THE Citizens of Cambridge
By Jonas Webb they swore,
That the gownsmen for the future
Should hold their own no more.
By Jonas Webb they swore it,
And named Guy Fawkes his day,
And to their quarters all sent forth,
East and West and South and North,
To summon their array.

* * * *

I wis 'midst all the Leaders
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the Captain,
Up rose the Leaders all,
In haste they tore away their gowns,
And shied them at the wall.

They held a Council standing
Beside the Royal Gate,
No time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate,
Outspake the Leader roundly,
Picked men must straight go down.
For if Rose Crescent once is lost,
What hope to save the Gown?

* * * *

Then out spoke Brown the brave one—
The Captain of the eight—

---

[*] Sir John Lawrence, Governor-General of India, 1863 to 1868

"To every man this fight will bring
A struggle soon or late.
And how can a man fight better,
Then facing fearful odds,
For the honour of his College,
And his oft invokèd gods. [*]

"To the Crescent, then, Sir Leader,
With all the speed ye may;
I and two more to help me
Will hold the foe in play.
In that strait path a hundred
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the lane with me?"

Then out spake brave Mackenzie,
A Scotchman proud was he,
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the lane with thee."
And out spake strong O'Grady,
Hibernian blood had he—
"I will abide at thy left side,
And keep the lane with thee."

* * * *

And so they won Rose Crescent,
And beat the Townsmen back—
But they owed it to the Valiant Three
Who bore the first attack—
That Dauntless Three who stood there,
And kept in check the foes,
And who so bravely held their post,
In the Crescent of the Rose.

And in the nights of winter
When the cold north winds blow—
And the "hallooing" of the cads
Is heard amidst the snow;
When round the well-built college
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the black gems from collieries
Roar louder yet within;

When the choicest cup is ready,
And the largest lamp is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the edibles are fit,
When all the men in circle
Around the fireplace close,
When some are smoking placidly
And some on sofas doze;

When the host prepares the potables,
And makes all snug his room,
And the cheers of all his comrades
Far in the court-yard boom—
With shouting and with laughter—
Still is the story told
How well those three men kept the path,
In the brave days of old.

In 1875, Messrs Metcalfe of Cambridge, published another, "Town and Gown" parody, entitled "*Thanatos*: A Poem by the ghost of Macaulay." This was written by Mr. Kerr, a nephew of Lord Tennyson.

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Up rose the silver moonlight
Over the rustling trees,
And fast the hum of angry men
Was wafted on the breeze.

From many a dirty pot-house,
And hole without a name,
From many a low and filthy haunt
The mob of blackguards came;
From populous St. Aldates,
Swarming with noisy brats;
St. Aldates on whose house tops we
Have often heard with ecstasy
The sweet nocturnal melody
Of melancholy cats.

Here follows a long and detailed description of a "Town and Gown" row; the sudden appearance of the "Proctor," with the policemen, the hasty flight of the undergraduates, and their safe arrival home.

And now no living thing is seen
In the deserted streets,
Save Oxford's useless bobbies,
Who perambulate the High,
From Carfax to where Magdalen tower
Stands tall and grim at midnight hour
Against the moonlit sky.

And oft on winter evenings,
In the cold Christmas vac.,
When home from school and college
The youngsters have come back,
Around the blazing fireside,
Still is the story told,
How well the gownsmen thrashed the town
In the good days of old.

From *Lays of Modern Oxford*, by Adon. Originally published by Chapman and Hall, London, 1874, in a small quarto form, but since re-issued in a cheaper form by Thomas Shrimpton and Son, Oxford.

CH. CH. BESIEGED!

An anonymous parody of *Horatius*, published in 1877 in pamphlet form (price sixpence), by T. Shrimpton and Son, Oxford. It is a short poem describing a practical joke very similar to that known as the "Berners Street Hoax," perpetrated by Theodore Hook, in 1809.

This consisted in writing to a large number of trades-people and others, asking them to call, on various pretexts, at a certain house, at a fixed hour. In Theodore Hook's case the hoax was pure mischief without any malicious intent; but in *Christ Church Besieged*, the joke is described as having been planned to annoy a certain Mr. M———s.

A certain set of Christ Church,
One common oath they swore,
That the great M———s of Christ Church
Should suffer yet once more,
And to the Oxford tradesmen
They named a trysting day
And made the messenger go forth
East and West and South and North,
To summon the array.

* * * *

But Mr. M———s's brow was sad,
He said their speech was low

---

[*] Jovis. Bacchi. Veneris.

And if they did not shut it up,
He'd to the censor go.
"These vans that come upon us,
These tradesmen here that wait,
I have not ordered,—Porter!
I wish you'd keep the gate."

* * * *

Still in the nights of winter
When the moon shines clear and bright
And o'er the quad rise loud and wild
The voices of the night.
When the "36" is opened
And the gleaming lamp is lit,
And all around the embers
A jovial party sit;
When fresh and senior circle
Around the firebrands bright,
And the redolent virginian weed
Gives mingled cloud and light;
When the connoisseur, with practised eye,
Rejoicing at the sight,
Holds up his glass of ruddy port
Athwart the streaming light,
With screams and tears of laughter
Still is the story told
Of how the porter kept the gate
In the brave days of old.

The Lay of the Last Commemoration Dinner.

(By a Disappointed Guest.)

The Seniors of Trinity
By Newton's bones they swore,
That the proud Undergraduate
Should share the feast no more;
By Newton's bones they swore it,
And named their Feasting day,
And sent no invitations round
To hungry Scholars humblier gowned,
Or prizemen in the May.

* * * *

(In revenge for this slight the Undergraduates introduce gunpowder below the room in which the Dons hold their banquet; at a given signal, one Tomkins applies a match, and the whole party is blown up.)

A hand they found of Tomkins,
Some sixteen miles away,
And in its cold clenched fingers
A box—"Bryant and May";
And to this hour his praises
Are oft rehearsed in song,
As one who perished at his post,
And cheerfully gave up the ghost
To wipe away a wrong.

He standeth in the cloisters,
Beneath a roof of thatch,
Tomkins, the fiery freshman,
In act to strike a match;
And underneath is carven,
In letters plain to read,
A circumstantial narrative
Of his devoted deed.

Anonymous.

Published by W. P. Spalding, Sidney Street, Cambridge. 1880.

Obstruction Utilised.

King Mensa of Coomassie
By Mumbo Jumbo swore
His family umbrella
Should be detained no more;
By Jumbo did he swear it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers run forth,
South and west, and east and north,
To gather his array.

East and west, and south and north,
The messengers run fast;
And the fetish in each village
Has heard the conch-shell's blast:
Shame on the false Ashantee
Who will not join the host,
When Mensa of Coomassie
Is marching on Cape Coast!

* * * * *

But Gladstone's brow was sad,
And Gladstone's speech was trite:
"The Land League take King Mensa!
We do not want to fight."
He looked upon the telegram
They gave him, with a frown:
"I fear 't will send my Budget up,
And I want to keep it down."

Then spake Coercion Forster,
"O Gladstone, you're a goose!
For everything upon this earth
One, some day, finds a use.
Let's send Parnell against him,
With his Home Rule array!
I think he'll be the very man
To obstruct King Mensa's way!"

"Good Forster!" answered Gladstone,
"What thou sayest is very well."
So forth against King Mensa
They sent the great Parnell;
For England in her battles
Grudged not a Home Rule life,
To give the English Parliament,
And Ireland, rest from strife.

* * * * *

I wis in all Ashanteeland
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Down from his throne fell Mensa,
Down fell his council all,
Headlong they rolled upon the floor,
And loudly 'gan to squall.

They held a council, rolling
Upon the mud-hut floor;
No hope there was, you well may guess,
Of victory in such war.
Alas! they had no Speaker
To face such dire attack.
King Mensa cried, "We're diddled!"
And his council cried, "Alack!"
So they sued for peace right humbly,
And said they'd been in fun,
And sent five more umbrellas
To be kept at Kensington!

Judy. March 16, 1881.

HOW HORATIUS KEPT THE BRIDGE.

Such is the title of a burlesque account of the events described in Macaulay's poem, which appeared in "The Blue" a small magazine conducted by the scholars of Christ's Hospital, (the Blue-coat school) London. It was afterwards reprinted in *Gleanings from "The Blue,"* S. Austin and Sons, Hertford. 1881.

The burlesque is in prose, but a few parody verses are given in it to illustrate the narrative:

"When the face of Sextus
  Was seen among the foes,
No blackguard in the city
  But raised his Roman nose:
No lady on the housetops
  But snarl'd at him and spat,
No child but shriek'd out curses—
  (Immoral little brat!)"

* * * * *

"Then out spake Spurius Lartius,
  A noble swell was he:
'Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
  And take a chop with thee!
And out spake strong Herminius,
  Heaver of coals was *he*:
'I too will stay; and make them pay
  The wonted half pennie!"

* * * * *

Horatius thus addresses the river:—

"Oh, Tiber, mister Tiber—
  If thus I may address you—
If to yon shore you'll bear me o'er,
  All I can say is—Bless you!"

* * * * *

When boys and girls are romping,
  And the elders drain the flagon,
While the children burn their fingers

  At glorious snap-dragon;
Around the Christmas fire
  Still is the story told—
How well Horatius kept the bridge,
  In the brave days of old.

A LAY OF MODERN HAMMERSMITH.

THE great Sir James[*] of Charing Cross
  By the whole Board he swore
That carriage folk for Richmond
  Should risk their lives no more,
By the whole Board he swore it,
  And named a closing day,
And bade his engineers ride forth
  To stop all traffic with the North,
And block the right of way.

"To stop all traffic with the North,"
  The news it flies full fast,
And terrace, lodge and villa,
  Are staggered at the blast.
Shame on the slave of Mortlake
  Content for hours to roam,
Because Sir James of Charing Cross,
  By Putney sends him home.

(Five verses omitted.)

Time was, when after dining
  Beyond proud Notting's ridge,
A halfpenny would bring him
  Across the classic bridge:
For Hammersmith and Mortlake,
  Ere both of them were sold,
Were like suburban brothers
  In the brave days of old.

But meanwhile axe and lever
  Have ruthlessly been plied,
And soon the ancient structure
  Will have a new inside.
But louder grows the thunder
  About the route to town,—
And p'raps they'll get a wooden bridge
  A little lower down.

So in some night next Winter,
  When the cold Easters blow,
And the omnibus comes slipping
  Amid the frozen snow;
When round the lonely villa
  The fog wets to the skin.
And the cheap coals of Wallsend
  Chokes everyone within.

When the latest bill is opened,
  And the dimmest gas is lit,
And the curtains are drawn closer,
  O'er the windows that won't fit;
When the leaden pipe is bursting
  With the water it provides;
When the girls are reading novels,
  And the boys are making slides;

When the goodman scans his cheque book,
  With a fitting Christmas gloom;
And the goodwife's chatter sharply
  Goes snapping round the room;
With threats and imprecations,
  The tale may still be told
How great Sir James blocked up the bridge
  That served quite well of old.

Punch. September 30, 1882.

HOW GLADSTONE WON THE ELECTION.

I.

OUR Queen's Most Gracious Majesty,
  By the rich gems she wore,
Declared "Her faithful Commons"
  Should waste their time no more.
With her own tongue she said it,
  And would not brook delay,
But bade her officers ride forth,
East, and west, and south, and north,
  To scatter the array.

II.

East and west, and south and north,
  The officers went fast,
And cottage, town, and county
  Have heard the trumpet blast;
Shame on th' enfranchised Briton
  Who does not find his voice,

---

[*] Sir James Mc. G. Hogg, of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

When country, Queen, and duty,
Demand to know his choice.

III.

For though her "faithful Commons,"
The Queen must needs dissolve,
The gov'ning of the Empire
Requires her quick resolve,
To call another Parliament
Of loyal men and true,
Who shall devise laws good and wise,
And change old things to new.

* * * *

VII.

And now, most of the boroughs
Have sent their tale of men,
The Tories clear the hundred,
And claim the victory then.
In London's mighty city,
A Liberal scarce dare speak ;
A proud man was Lord Salisbury
As ended the first week.

VIII.

But 'mong the Liberal party
Was anger and dismay,
As some of their oldest strongholds
Yielded to Tory sway.
From all parts of the country
The messages came in,
Suggesting ideas, expressing fears,
Hoping 'gainst hope, to win.

XIV.

Then out spake William Gladstone,
A Grand Old Man was he,
"To every one upon this earth,
Must come obscurity ;
And how can man yield better,
Than falling in a fight,
Where the true, straightforward Liberal,
Meets Tory and Parnellite?

XV.

"Keep up your pluck, good comrades,
And hark to what I say ;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe at bay.
In Scotland's beauteous capital
I'll rally all the clans ;
Now who will stand on either hand,
And aid me in my plans?"

XVI.

Then out spake good Lord Hartington,
A comrade tried was he,
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And fight this fight with thee."
And out spake William Forster,
Of Irish fame was he,
"I will abide by thy left side,
Though weak and ill I be."

XVII.

"Brave leaders," quoth the Liberals,
"As speak ye, so let it be."
And straight against the great array
Forth went the valiant three.

For Liberals, in this conflict
Left not a chance untried,
To crush the combined forces
Which strangely were allied.

XVIII.

For none were for a Party,
But all were for the State ;
And the great men helped the poor,
And the poor men loved the great.
The lands they'd fairly portion,
In a way which they knew how,
And every man they'd have possess,
"Three acres and a cow."

XXX.

To Derbyshire, Lord Hartington,
Travelled to help a friend ;
While Forster's serious illness
Threatened his life to end.
But when they saw friend Gladstone
Commence renewed attack
On a Tory Welchman's stronghold
They wished to hurry back.

XXXIII.

"O voters, county voters,"
The old man's heard to say,
"A Liberal's life and policy
Do ye endorse to day."
So he spake, and, speaking, opened
His umbrella with his right,
And, with his left hand, seized his axe
And plunged into the fight.

XXXIV.

But fiercely raged the conflict,
Fed by each Party's gain,
And fast his strength was failing,
And heavy grew the strain ;
His voice grew weak and weaker,
As speeches multiplied,
And oft they thought him done for,
But he again revived.

XXXVI.

And now the strife is over,
In Flintshire as elsewhere,
The Liberal cause has conquered,
With lots of strength to spare.
Round Gladstone throng the leaders
From all parts of the land,
And each would be the foremost
To grasp his manly hand.

XXXIX.

And in the nights of winter
When the stars withhold their smiles,
And the sweet voices of the cats
Are heard upon the tiles ;
When round suburban villas
Roars the loud tempests' din,
And draughts and smoky chimneys
Cause loud complaints within—

XL.

When the oldest bottle's opened,
And the chandelier is lit,
When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
And the good wife sits to knit ;

When young and old in circle
  Around the fireside close,
When the boys go in for courting,
  And the girls caress their beaus ;

XLI.

When the Stanley club completeth
  Its year of jubilee,
And grey-haired members take with pride
  A grandchild on each knee ;
With ever growing interest
  The story will survive,
How William Gladstone gained the day
  In eighteen eighty-five.

F. W. S.

(Twenty-four verses omitted.)

From *The Hampstead and Highgate Express.* December 26, 1885.

GLADSTONIUS.

(Extract from a Classic Poem.)

BUT with a crash like thunder,
  Fell many a loosened "plank,"
And, with a dam,* the Grand Old Man,
  Made for the County Bank.

* * * *

" O Voter, Rural Voter,
  To whom we Liberals pray,
A Liberal's life and policy
  Take thou in charge this day ! "
So he spake, and speaking, fastened
  The well-worn mackintosh,
And, with Welsh flannel on his back,
  Plunged Hodgewards in the slosh.

* * * *

And when above the turmuts
  They see his drooping gills ;
From the Reform came loud applause,
And the *Times*' Leader-writers pause
  To trim their well-worn quills.

* * * *

But his limbs were borne up bravely
  By the brave heart within,
And the Good Rural Voter
  Bore bravely up his chin.
And now he feels the bottom,
  Now on dry earth he stands,
Now round him throng the Lib'rals,
  To press his muddy hands.

* * * *

They gave him an umbrella-stand
  In record of the fight,
And twelve stout stand-up collars
  To wear from morn till night.
They gave him gay gardenias
  For buttonholes, I vow,
And CHAMBERLAINUS promised him
  " Three Acres and a Cow ! "

Punch. December 12, 1885.

Now Joseph C. of Birmingham
  By his Three Points he swore,
The worthy folk of England
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By his Three Points he swore it,
  And eager for the fray,
He bade his messengers ride forth
East and West, and South and North,
  To summon his array.

This is the first verse of a political parody which is contained in *"Joseph and his Brethren,"* by W. A. S. P., a sixpenny pamphlet published in 1885, by Foulger and Co., London. The advanced Radical opinions then held by Mr. Joseph Chamberlain were strongly advocated in the poems and parodies in this pamphlet.

A LAY OF MODERN LONDON.

By the Shade of Lord Macaulay.

An anonymous parody of twenty verses, printed apparently about 1880, but having no printer's name, place, or date, commenced thus :

JON RUNCIUS of Hacne
  By the nine gods he swore
That the ninth seat at Stepne
  Should vacant be no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
  And he marked the Meeting Day,
And made his circulars go forth,
East and West, and South and North,
  To summon his array.

East and West, and South and North,
  The circulars go round,
And every Proprietor,
  A proxy-form hath found.
Shame on the weak Shareholder,
  Who chafes at being bored,
When Runcius of Hacne
  Is going for the Board !

The Last Verse.

When the goodman buys "Commercial,"
  When we near the half-year's end,
When the goodwife counts her holding,
  And scents her dividend,
With zest, but no ill-will or spite,
  Still be the story told,
How well *Bradshawvus* kept the Board,
  And somebody was sold !

VOLUMNIA.

JUST at the ides of April
  They were in marriage tied,
The noblest Roman of them all
  Unto the fairest bride ;
Volumnia her *nomen* was,
  And Lartius was her "spoon ;"
The twain went to Tarentum,
  To pass the honeymoon.

Yet, when the ides of August
  Had swiftly glided by,
For a new Autumnal bonnet
  The bride began to cry
He said : " My dear Volumnia
  I cannot give you that."
Yet still her cry was : " Lartius,
  I want a new style hat !"

---

* There is something like this in MACAULAY'S Lays :—
" And, like a dam, the mighty wreck," &c.

He was a speculator
  In stocks of every sort ;
But down, far down had fallen,
  The stocks which Lartius bought,
Had fallen down until his purse
  Was as a pancake flat.
Yet still her cry was : "Lartius,
  I want a novel hat !"

"Volumnia," said Lartius,
  "Now, really you must cease—
I cannot give you what you ask,
  So let me have some peace ;
I'm busted, used up, done for,
  And all that sort of thing,
If bonnets cost a sesterce
  I could not buy a string."

Yet still she kept on crying
  Aloud for a new hat.
He had it with his muffins,
  When he at breakfast sat ;
He had it with his roasted joint,
  When dinner was served hot ;
And still it came at supper
  With toast and the tea-pot.

Then Lartius donned his toga,
  And by the Gods he swore
That such an endless nagging
  He would endure no more.
"I'll to the Lictor," quoth he,
  And tell my tale straightway.
I'll tell to Consul and Tribune
How she does nag and importune
  And see what they will say."

"Wants a new hat !" quoth Consul
  And Lictor and Tribune.
"That must be stopped, or females,
  Will rule our country soon,
It's written in the Tables,
  And all the laws of Rome,
That when a woman's hat is old
  She ought to stay at home.

"And if she nags her husband
  Just when he's dreadful short,
And howls for a new bonnet,
  Why that's in law a tort :
And for all torts the laws provide
  A punishment complete :
For such a heinous crime as hers
  That she should die is meet."

The Romans stood no nonsense
  In those good days of old.
They quickly crushed a woman
  Whene'er she grew too bold.
They fired such without ado
  Off the Tarpeian height ;
And that happed to Volumnia,
  And served that female right.

Anonymous.

THE BATTLE OF THE LAKE REGILLUS.

A Lay sung at the Feast of Castor and Pollux.

Ho, trumpets, sound a war note !
  Ho, lictors, clear the way !
The Knights will ride, in all their pride,
  Along the streets to day.
To-day the doors and windows
  Are hung with garlands all,
From Castor in the Forum,
  To Mars without the wall.
Each Knight is robed in purple,
  With olive each is crowned ;
A gallant war-horse under each
  Paws haughtily the ground.
While flows the Yellow River,
  While stands the Sacred Hill,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
  Shall have such honour still.
Gay are the Martian Kalends ;
  December's Nones are gay :
But the proud Ides, when the squadron rides,
  Shall be Rome's whitest day.

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
  We keep this solemn feast.
Swift, swift, the Great Twin Brethren
  Came spurring from the East.
To where, by Lake Regillus,
  Under the Porcian height,
All in the lands of Tusculum,
  Was fought the glorious fight.

* * * * *

And Sergius the High Pontiff
  Alone found voice to speak :
"The gods who live for ever
  Have fought for Rome to day !
These be the Great Twin Brethren
  To whom the Dorians pray.
Here, hard by Vesta's temple,
  Build we a stately dome
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
  Who fought so well for Rome.
And when the months returning
  Bring back this day of fight,
The proud Ides of Quintilis
  Marked evermore with white.
Unto the Great Twin Brethren
  Let all the people throng,
With chaplets and with offerings,
  With music and with song ;
And let the doors and windows
  Be hung with garlands all,
And let the Knights be summoned
  To Mars without the wall :
Thence let them ride in purple
  With joyous trumpet sound,
Each mounted on his war-horse,
  And each with olive crowned ;
And pass in solemn order
  Before the sacred dome,
Where dwell the Great Twin Brethren
  Who fought so well for Rome !"

T. B. Macaulay.

THE CHISWICK FLOWER FETE.

For 1846.

Ho! members take your tickets,—
Ho! maidens, choose your shawls!
The son looks out his waistcoats,
The sire selects his smalls.
To-day is Flora's triumph,
To-day great sights you view,
So, cabmen, drive your cattle,
And drive your bargains too.

Green are the squares of London,
And some few lanes are green,
And trees of city foliage
Shade walks of stone between,
And green are certain gala days,
With places known to fame—
The inner circle of the park
That bears the Regent's name.

And green are those great glasses
That hold Germania's wine,
That they tell you suit the vintage
Of the clear Moselle and Rhine:
And green are those young freshmen,
Who, to earn a gentle name,
Take credit of a tailor,
Or give it to a dame.

But greener far than any
Is Chiswick's shaven sward,
And gayer than all gala-days
Are the groups that swarm abroad.
See how they muster onwards,—
The car, the cab, the team;
My dearest friends in carriages,
My dearer self by steam.

Bright is the first fresh show of Spring,
When cucumbers are rare;
And bright the show of hot July,
When Autumn's fruits are there:
Autumn that's forced beforehand,
As children oversage,
When all forestalls its season,
Like minds before their age.

But the brightest day among them,
The grandest show of three,
Is that which brings the roses,
And draws down you and me.
So 'mid the great Triumvirs
Did greater Cæsar sway;
So 'mid the days of Epsom
Stands out the Derby day.

(Ten verses omitted.)

THE TRAVELLING BACHELOR.

This imitation of Lord Macaulay first appeared in Bentley's Miscellany, and was afterwards included in *The Bentley Ballads* (R. Bentley, London. 1869.)

THE BATTLE OF THE VESTRIES.

Ho, guardians! sound the cornet,
Ho, beadle! clear the way,
The parish pride to-day hath hied
To see the mud-pumps play.
The legates of the Vestries
Have gained the river boat.
The legates of the Vestries
Are all in state afloat.
The legates of the Vestries
Defying aqueous ills,
Have reached the land by Stratford's strand,
Where stand the Abbey Mills.

Fair are the bowers of Stratford,
Its coppices and clumps,
And fair the Pumping Station
Which Tamesian sewage pumps,
And fairer yet by long chalks
That cold collation is,
Which Vestrymen have brought in train,
Of ham and beef and fowl amain,
And ale and stout and cheap champagne:
The Vestries term it "fiz."

They saw the Abbey Mill Pumps
Work grandly up and down,
Which save the mud and garbage
Infecting London town;
And when they had inspected,
With noses satisfied,
Down sat they to a banquet sprent
O'er a white table in the tent
Pitched over Stratford side.
But ere they sat to dine there
On fowl and beef and tongue,
They, on the steamboat fore and aft,
The wine and bitter beer had quaffed,
Till, in the language of their craft,
Each Vestryman was "sprung."

Now dinner barely over,
With more drink doled to each,
Higgins the noble shopkeeper,
Arose to make a speech—
Higgins who all the noblemen
Of Clerkenwell supplies;
And near him sat brave Podger, who
The letter H defies,
But Higgins when in liquor
Of speech is somewhat thick,
Yet dealeth he in chaff which is
Extremely apt to stick.
At Higgins' muddled periods
Stout Podger hurled a sneer,
And Higgins answered with an oath
Meet for a Vestry's ear.

Now by the crest of Mary,
Mary surnamed Le Bone,
The ire of Podger swiftly rose
To hear the scoffer's tone.
An empty bottle wielding
He aimed it at his crown,
And with unerring fleetness
Tumbled his foeman down.
Then flamed the wrath of Vestries,
And blows and curses sped,
And fowl-bones flew, and H's dropped,
But still undaunted Podger whopped,
With champagne bottles that had popped,
Prone Higgins's bare head.

The battle now grew general;
Boggle at Hunks let fly!
Hunks aimed a blow at Boggle
That caught him in the eye;
While Grigg and Globb and Blenkinsop
Around dealt broken pates;
Still Podger's stick dealt many a blow,
Till mastered by the numerous foe
That hurled him far and laid him low
Among the knives and plates.

The Ilford beaks look sternly
Upon a Guardian's fault;
The Ilford beaks fined Podger
Five pounds for each assault,
Still let us sing in triumph
With all a minstrel's powers,
How Vestrymen behave themselves
In the brave days of ours.

The Tomahawk. September 19, 1868.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.

New-laid in Modern London.

Ho, Bugler, give a tootle!
Ho, Peeler, keep the way;
For the Mayor will ride in all his pride
To Temple Bar to-day:
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with banners all,
From Buckingham's famed Palace,
To the Churchyard of St. Paul.

And forth ride Mayor and Sheriffs,
All duly chained and gowned;
A well-trained charger under each,
Treads gingerly the ground.
While stands the old Cathedral,
And, till the Law Courts rise,
So great a sight shall not delight
Again our wondering eyes.
Sweet is the First of April—
November's Ninth is gay;
But they may not compare a jot
With this Thanksgiving Day.

Fast from the Hill of Ludgate,
Where Benson's watches are,
The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs
Rode on to Temple Bar.
On the right hand trotted Truscott,
Of Dowgate Ward the pride;
And on the left spurred Bennett,
The Bennett of Cheapside.

I wis in all the City
There was no man so cold,
But loud he roared, and long he cheered,
The pageant to behold.
The Fathers of the City
They sat their horses well,
Though by their side did footmen stride
To catch them if they fell.

And now 'mid cheers and laughter,
They halt at Temple Bar,
And glad are they, so I should say,
To find that there they are.

And lo, the Queen arriving,
The City's keys has ta'en:—
But look you how, with gracious bow,
She gives them back again.

And now the Mayor and Sheriffs
Remount at Temple Bar,
And down the street of ancient Fleet
Precede the Royal Car.

And now the ascent of Ludgate
'Mid shouting is begun:
They pass the Cheese of Hudson,
They pass the Books of Dunn,
And where McCarthy's groves of Hats
A pleasant shadow cast,
They draw the rein, for it is plain
They're at St. Paul's at last.

(Five verses omitted.)

Fun. March 2, 1872.

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

Between the Whartonites and Beaconites, which ended in the defeat of the latter. Played November 21st. on the school ground.

(A Parody on passages from the Battle of Lake Regillus.)

Ho! Captains sound the war note;
Præposters, clear the way;
The Whartonites and Beaconites
Will soon begin to play.
See, many a tree and paling
Is hung with caps and coats,
From Mug's shed to the Hundred
The fence in finery gloats.
Each youth is striped with colours,
With light blue each is crowned,
Right gallantly and proudly each
Advances up the ground.
The Captain,* brave Valerius,
Is bringing up the ball,
A shout of schoolboy merriment
And mirth proceeds from all.

The half-backs were stout Aulus
Of herculean size
And Brutus strapped and tied and wrapped
In wondrous football guise
The full back was Horatius
Who near the goal posts stood
In shorts and stockings gay, arrayed
Capped with a Brewer's hood.

See, now the ball is started;
See now they run apace;
How pluckily the little chaps
Those Beacon giants face!
And in the gutters thickest
Were given hacks and blows
And from the gutters loudest
The cry of "Play up" rose,
And louder still and louder
Rose from the muddy field

---

* Of the Whartonites.

The shouts and yells of Captains both
"Shove up and do not yield."
The panting forwards dashing
Like madmen, o'er the plain,
Mid joyous shouts of triumph
And screeching yells of pain,
For underneath a gutter
Flaccus of Sevenoaks lay:
Better had he been learning
Greek grammar all that day.
Mamilias saw him struggling
And tossed his blue black crest
And toward the brave Valerius
Through the thick battle pressed.

Valerius smote Mamilias
So fiercely on the head
That the great Lord of Sevenoaks
Rolled over well nigh dead.
Mamilias smote Lars Porsena
With a good aim and true
Just where the neck and shoulder join
And made him black and blue,
Here brave Amutius Elva
Fell swooning to the ground,
And a thick wall of players
Encompassed him around.

Sempronius Atratinus
Would fain have cleared a space
But deaf'ning yells and shrieks and shouts
Were levelled at his face.
While some stood round and shouted
"Brave Sextus don't give in,"
As many others roared as loud
"By Jove, my man will win."
Then out spake good Valerius,
The Captain of the team,
"To all that stand upon this field
"This must rare plucky seem,
"But how can a man die better
"(If he's to die at all)
"Than battered in and bashed and squashed
"And flattened in a maul?"
Sempronius Atratinus
And Decius Mus were hoarse
With yelling "Boys get off the ball
"It's Sextus's of course."
And oh! the thundering clamour
When Sextus faintly rose,
Black in the face and panting fast
Must bring this to a close.

Gay are the Cricket Kalends,
The Racing Nones are gay,
But the Football Ides, of all the pride,
Shall be the whitest day,
While flows our Medway river,
While stands our One Tree Hill,
The Ides of proud November
Shall have such honour still.

The Tonbridgian. December, 1878.

A PROPHECY OF CAPERS.

(A Lay of an Ancient Roamer.)

Ho! grooms, fling forth the sawdust
Ho! shed it on the tan,
For round the show
The *troupe* must to
In glittering caravan;
In long and grand procession
Parading, one and all
Belonging to the Circus
At the Agricultural Hall.

Gay are Reform Processions,
The Lord Mayor's Show is gay,
But the Circus-ride
All else beside
Surpasses in that way,
Where piglings, born in litters,
Did late attention crave,
And implements of husbandry
The reaping hook to save;
Where (shows of mules and hosses
Are likewise in its line),
We've had of late
A gathering great
Of fatted sheep and kine.
But nobler now the show is,
And brighter the array—
A pageant, gay and glorious,
A quite unique display
Of horsemanship
That none may whip
Is opened there this day.

Tall are the iron siphons
That rise in Pentonville,
And lofty is the viaduct
You see at Holborn Hill,
Thwaites, at the Thames Embankment,
Has worked for many a year,
Beneath our highways Fowler drove
An Underground career.

But now no water-workmen
Are found at Pentonville,
No navvies poise the girders huge
For spanning Holborn Hill,
Unheeded on th' Embankment
Rings out the cry of "Beer!"
Unwatched the populace may urge
Their Underground career!

The harvests at Refreshment bars
Just now young men may reap;
Just now the banks of Lombard
The unfledged clerks may keep;
And in the vats of Romford
Just now the brewing's done
By 'prentice hands, for all the world
Has gone to Islington.

Ho! bandsmen, toot your bugle!
Ho! grooms, there, clear the course.
For Mademoiselle
Will cut a swell
Upon her high-trained horse,
And here is Jones of Putney,
Who rides the bare-backed steed;
And here is Brown of Camberwell,
Who clears six hoops at speed;
And here is Peckham's Perkins,
The foremost in the land,
With tinsel fillet, smiling lip,

And cracking whip, and loud Ya-hip,
Who drives eighteen-in-hand.
Make way for the procession—
Make way there, great and small—
It comes,—the *troupe* of Sanger,
Of the Agricultural Hall!

Fun.

THE BATTLE OF LAKE MORT.

A Lay sung at a Feast of Bacchus, about the Kalends of Aprilis, in the year of grace MDCCCLXX.

With Latin notes by Canis.

I.

Ho, undergrads, be merry!
Ho, all men, shout away!
The Crew will ride, in all their pride
Along the streets to day.
To-day the doors and windows
Are hung with "colours" all,
From hand-bills in the street way,
To posters on the wall.
Each man is clothed in "blazer,"
With light blue each is crowned;
And each preserves a well made oar
No more to rowlock bound.
While flows our turbid river,
While stands our Market hill,
The Kalends of Aprilis
Shall have such honour still.
Gay are the Ides of Maia:
December's Nones are gay:
But the Kalends which April sends,
Shall be our proudest day.

II.

Unto the Great Sea Ruler,
With Bacchus, is this feast.
Swift, swift, the Great Sea Ruler
Ran till the race had ceased,
He came from depths Atlantic,
Where tossing waves abound,
With countless laughter rippling,
And music in their sound,
He came to see his well-loved,
Our Thames, where glory rings,
He came to lordly London,
The city of our kings[*];
To where by far-famed Lake Mort,
Now Mortlake long time hight—
All in the Thames' fair waters,
Was fought the glorious fight.

III.

Now on the place of battle
Are boats and barges seen,
And rows of tugs, and lines of ships,
And boatmen far from clean;
The screws of the big steamers
Crush the small waves beneath,
And others with their paddles
Make all the waters seethe;
The fisher baits his angle,
The mudlark goes his round,
Little they think on those strong limbs
That battled near that ground;
Little they think how sternly
That day the coxwains cried,
How boat and boatmen felt the rush,
Of that dark eddying tide;
How some men came with rumours
Which others called a hoax;
How some laid bets on captains,
And others named the strokes;
How thick the crowd was gathered
Upon the bridges height;
How all along the towing path
Swayed the wild stream of flight;
And how the far-famed Lake Mort
Bubbled with unclean foam,
What time the ancient Isis
Against the Cam did come.

X.

Up rose the golden morning
Over the Pauline[*] height.
The Kalends of Aprilis,
Marked evermore with white.
Not without secret trouble
Our bravest saw the foes,
For held by sixteen manly hands
The eight good oars arose.
From each picked boating college
That boasts the Oxford name
Fore doomed to be defeated
That gallant army came.

* * * *

And in the Cantab army
Were men of wondrous might,
Who came from Johnian portals,
And girt them for the fight,
From Trinity came others,
As part of that array;
From Sidney and from Jesus—
Athletic men were they.

XV.

Now to each boat the starter
Gave signal for the charge;
And in each boat the oarsmen
Rowed on past tub and barge;
And in each boat the oarsman
Struck the water with his oar;
And near each boat the steamers
Steamed on with mighty roar,
And under that great turmoil
The waves with mud were dark,
And like the London fog at morn
The steam hung o'er each bark.
And louder still and louder
Rose from the crowded bank
The cheering and the war cries,[†]
With hopes that rose and sank.
And onward rowed the rivals
And neither seemed to wane,
They scudded o'er the waters
Like whirlwinds o'er the plain.

---

[*] Sic appellata, principio "lucus a non," quod nostri reges rarissime viuunt illic.

[*] Templum Sancti Pauli quod est unus leonum in Londino.

[†] Ut "Ite id, Cantabrigia" aut "Strenue! Fusci Coerulei" aut "Bene remigatum."

XVII

The Cantabs took the lead at once ;
At the Creek they were away.
"Now hie ye on ! " the coxwains cried,
And see ye win the day."
But when they reached the Crab Tree
'Twixt the two light was seen ;
And halfway to the Soapworks,
There was a length between.
But now the Oxford strokesman
Laboured with labour strong,
And spurted up amidst the cheers
Of the delighted throng.
And closer still and closer
Did Darbishire draw near,
Till by the Soapworks Cambridge men
Began to feel some fear.
But Goldie now worked harder.
And passed the Ship a-head
When Darbishire put on a spurt,
But his men were nearly dead.
"Cam to the charge ! " cried Gordon,
The foe begins to yield ;
For now the Great Sea Ruler
Hath gained for us the field.
And passing under Barnes Bridge
Cam was a length away,
And rowing on to Lake Mort
Most bravely won the day.

XX.

"The god who lives for ever
Hath fought for Cam to-day
He is the Great Sea Ruler.
To whom the oarsmen pray,
Back comes the Chief in triumph
Who in the hour of fight
Was helped by the Great Ruler,
Who gave him what was right.
Safe comes the ship to haven
Through billows and through gales
If once the great Sea Ruler
Sits perched upon the sails.
Here in the Union building,
Hoist we the telegram,
Which says the Great Sea Ruler
Hath fought so well for Cam.
And when the months returning
Bring back this day of fight—
The proud day of the boat-race
Marked evermore with white—
Unto the Union building
Let Undergrads all throng,
And pass into the Union
To read the telegram,
Which says " The Great Sea Ruler,
Hath fought so well for Cam ! "

These extracts are from " *The Battle of Lake Mort,*" a long parody by the author of *The Dauntless Three* (already referred to on page 172). Cambridge, J. Hall and Son. 1875. Price 6*d.*

:o:

Punch, September 6, 1884, contained an imitation entitled " The Dioscuri in Egypt." It referred to the mission to Egypt undertaken by Lords Wolseley and Northbrook, which failed so dismally. The following extracts are from a parody, which also appeared in *Punch,* February 11, 1888, describing the opening of Parliament.

IN THE ARENA.

The " Parade " before the Conflict.

Ho! trumpets blare forth bravely, ho, banners proudly flout !
Cool critics loll expectant, spectators swarm and shout !
For lo ! short truce is over, and lately sundered foes,
Once more in the arena will counter, clash, and close.
The echoes of the battle when last they trod the sand,
The tramp of eager horsemen, the clang of biting brand,
Seem scarcely to have left us, and now, before the Spring
Has come with burst of blossom, has filled with flush of wing,
Ere Valentine the Vernal hath trod the ancient tracks,
His burthens laid on lovers, and eke on postmen's backs,
Ere snow hath left the branches, ere green hath lit the boughs,
We may look out for ructions, and we must list to rows.
Yet in this huge arena heroic figures shine ;
Such sure is thine, Gladstonius ; Cæcilius, such is thine !
Achilles and great Hector might well have flushed with joy
To counter foes so worthy afar by windy Troy.
Cæcilius on his war-horse full proudly pranceth round—
He doth not show like shrinking, nor look like giving ground ;
And at his back all brawny, and stolid, and serene
(An armour-bearer stouter hath been right seldom seen),
Comes low-lipped Hartingtonius, ready with shield, or crest,
Or sword, or spear, or javelin, as may be in request.
These eyeing stern and steady, as fighters foemen eye,
Comes wintry-lock'd Gladstonius, game still the lists to try
Against whatever comer, erect, and gaunt of limb,
With glance exceeding fiery, and jaw exceeding grim ;
His armour-bearer, also, is ready at his heel,
With breadth of bossy buckler, and length of shining steel ;
Parnellius the Placid, with pallid cheek and cold,
With calm eye ever watchful, and chill front ever bold.
When these anon encounter in full and fiery tilt,
Be sure that steel shall splinter, and ruddy blood be spilt.
" Who—who in the aforetime had ever thought to see
These heroes *so* attended, museth the herald, *P*,
And other chiefs of valour though lower in their grade,
Array in the arena, and prance in the parade.
Comes Smithius the smug-faced, him of the settled smirk,
Balfourius " the brave," too, one never known to shirk
Sword-thrust, or spare his foeman though prostrate and disarmed,
Goschenius, erst henchman of Gladstonius, till charmed
From him the white-lock'd Wonder, but now his fiercest foe,
Save Chamberlanius, better beknown as Brummijo,
Who beards his ancient Chieftain with even more of ire,
And backs his ancient foeman with yet more zealous fire.
Not so the stout Harcourtius, him of the triple chin,
He backs the " Grand Old Manlius," as one who's bound to win,
Old Manlius Gladstonius, when others shy or sulk,
And loads the ancient war-horse with big complacent bulk.
And others follow after him of the snowy crest,
Morleius the mordant, bravest amongst the best,
Gallant Spencerius Rufus, the loyallest of hearts,
And—but the clarion brayeth, the martial pageant starts.

HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are !
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre !
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn fields green, and sunny vines, oh, pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

T. B. Macaulay.

The War of the Normas.

Now glory to La Diva who still reigns the Queen of Song,
And glory, too, to Costa, may he wield the bâton long.
Now let the distant sound of song, and echo of the band,
Be heard through Covent Garden, and Long Acre, and the Strand.
And thou, too, *Morning Chronicle*, bold partisan of Beale,
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our weal.
For ill-advised was Jenny, when she thought to reach the throne
Of that unrivalled songstress who had made the part her own.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the first night proved she had essayed too much ;
Hurrah ! hurrah for Grisi, and the *Norma* none can touch !

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when a week before the day,
We saw proud Lumley posting up his bills in long array ;
There stood the name of grand Lablache, of mighty voice and limb;
And there too, was Fraschini, but we did not care for him.
And we cried unto our *Norma*, that she might be underlined,
To combat for her own great name, and leave the Lind behind.

* * * *

Ho ! partisans of Lumley, don habiliments of woe !
Weep, rend your hair, to hear *the truth :* your *Norma* was "*no go.*"
Ho ! Verdi, bring for charity thy opera to their aid,
That Jenny Lind may sing and no comparison be made.
Ho ! bold Bond-street librarians find the public still is true
Unto their long-tried favourite, to whom all praise be due.
For Grisi still hath proved herself the best of all the bunch,
Hath mocked the critic of the *Post*, and box-bought praise of *Punch.*

Then glory to La Diva who yet reigns the Queen of Song,
And glory, too, to Costa—may he wield the baton long !

From *The Man in the Moon.* Edited by Albert Smith and Angus B. Reach. Vol II.

Jenny Lind made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, in May, 1847 (when it was under the management of Mr. Lumley), with great success. She was much admired in every part she undertook, but in *Norma* she had to stand comparison with Madame Grisi, who had long been identified with it, and opinions widely differed as to the superiority of these famous singers in this, now almost forgotten, opera.

The Lord Mayor's Show.

Now, ye blue-blooded dustmen, leave your cart's unsav'ry tail,
And you, ye "supes" of noble birth, come don your coats of mail ;
For Harcourt and his legions and Firth, that recreant knight,
Have dared the valiant Griffin and the Turtle to the fight !
Now Fowler wipes his reeking brow, while smiles relax his face,
For have they not already flinched before his mighty mace ?
And noble Nottage waves his lens, and seeks the thickest strife,
And woe to those who stand to him—he'll "take 'em from the life" !

* * * *

But why this shadow o'er the board, this phantom at the feast ?
The day is won, the foe has fled, his fierce assaults have ceased.
Yet still the hollow laugh is forced, as though each heard the cry :
"Let's eat and drink and merry be—to-morrow we must die !"
In vain the jewelled cup is passed, the speech and song go round ;
Each song seems but a requiem, each speech a ghostly sound,
While o'er the Master's anxious face a cloud hangs like a pall ;
Alas ! Belshazzar-Nottage sees—"the writing on the wall !"

J. T. Wright.

The Weekly Dispatch. November 9, 1884.

Ireland, 1890.

Now, glory to the Lord Parnell, from whom all glories are !
And feathers for his enemies, and ignominious tar !
Now let Tay Pay blow off his steam, and Joseph Gillies prance,
And suffer bold O'Brien (Ireland's lion) to advance !
And thou, Old Man, our Grand Old Man, who Erin's acres bought us,
With coin filched from the Sassenach, and confiscation taught us ;
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For impotent or dumb are they who wrought our bills annoy.
Whiroo ! whiroo ! Rip up the bond before it be too late,
The watchword of New Erin—rip ! rip ! REPUDIATE !

* * * *

Ho ! Morley of the mealy mouth ; ho ! Green and Grand Old Man ;
Weep, weep, and rend what hair you have for downfall of your plan.
Ho ! Rothschild lend (or Roseberrie) vast shekels (or pistoles)

To lure the Liberal and Rad from ratting at the polls.
Oh, loyal members of the League, kneel at his feet and pray
For him who with a royal hand hath squared the deal to-day.
For the King hath crushed the tyrant bond, the King hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the just, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to the dodgy one who crowned New Erin's Fate,
And raised the cry, "Don't pay your debts, but rip—REPUDIATE!"

Charles S. is come to marshal us, in all his livery drest,
And he has stuck a landlord's scalp upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his creatures with a wary winking eye,
And then upon the Sassenach, and cried, "How's this for high?"
Right knowingly he leered on us, as rolled from street to street
The shout, "The honest Pat's played out; make ready for the cheat!
And if the Yankee dollars fail, as fail full well they may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a costly day.
Press where ye see the landlord's scalp upon my hybrid pate,
And be your oriflamme, my boys, rip! rip! REPUDIATE!"

The Topical Times. March 20, 1886.

THE GREAT RENT CASE.

(*A Lay of the High Court in the year* 1865.)

Ho! Nazirs, sound your tom-toms!
  Ho! Sheriff, clear the way!
The Judges ride, in all their pride,—
  To the High Court to-day.
Shout! gallant little Crier!
  Your eye-glass tightly fit,
Arrange your splendid Forum
  So every Judge may sit.
Each Judge is robed in sable,
  His gills flow long and wide,
Like Bull-frog in the fable,
  He swells with conscious pride.

These are the opening lines of a long parody describing a trial in India, contained in "*Lyrics and Lays,*" by Pips, published in Calcutta, by Wyman Bros., 1867. The parody consists of more than 450 lines, and is both unintelligible and uninteresting to all but persons accustomed to Indian life and character.

:o:

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

(And considerably after "Ivry.")

A Song for the Sanguine.

Now luck unto the Liberal Host, to whom good luck should be!
And luck unto our Leader Old, undaunted William G.!
Now let the merry music sound a resolute advance,
Come, Hartington, why bite thy beard? Come, Joe, why look askance?
And Spencer, loyal Spencer gaze across the Irish water!
It is not rapture lights the eyes of those who schemed thy slaughter.
As thou wert constant in our ills, joy in our coming joy,
For glum, and mum, and dumb are they who wrought thy rule annoy.
Hurrah! How oft a single charge hath made the Tory flee,
Hurrah! Hurrah! for victory, and valiant William G.

Oh! how all hearts are beating, on this our opening day,
We see the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-praised patriots, and all its rebels red,
And Biggar's beauteous body, and Tim Healy's handsome head.
There sit the brood of anarchy, the troublers of the land;
And dark Parnell is in their midst, and holds them well in hand.
And as we look on them, we think of treason in full flood,
And good Lord Frederick's manly breast bedabbled with his blood;
And we cry unto fair Fortune from their toils to set us free,
To fight for loyal liberty and valiant William G.

He comes once more to marshal us, in simple broadcloth drest;
As glorious are his scant white locks as any knightly crest.
He looked upon his Homer, and he heaved a scholar's sigh;
He looks upon the Tory, and his glance is stern and high.
Right genially he smiles on *us*, as rolls from wing to wing
Down all our line the ready cheer. We've heard his voice outring:
"And if our flag should seem to droop, as seem sometime it may,
"For never saw I promise yet of such a fierce affray,
"Press where you see my banner wave, in battle's front 'twill be,
"For whosoe'er fall to the rear, it won't be W. G."

Hurrah! The foe are stirring. Expect the mingled shindy,
Of Biggar tart and turbulent, and Bartlett wild and windy.
The Uncrowned King will cut us out some most unpleasant work,
With all his hireling patriots from Kerry and from Cork.
Now by the golden lips we love, *unitedly* advance!
Charge Radical with Liberal!—don't give the foe a chance!
A hundred times we've beaten them, now comes a crowning test,
A hundred times we've phalanxed close behind that snow white crest.
If now we mean to break their ranks, and beat them, it must be
All of one mind, charging behind our valiant William G.

Methinks the day may yet be ours. Carnarvon hath turned rein;
Hicks-Beach in vain hath paltered, Lord Randolph glozed in vain.
Their ranks are gaping; there be clouds upon each visage pale;
Their Irish pact won't somehow act; it was foredoomed to fail.
It makes us dream of vengeance; and all along our van,
"Remember their Kilmainham charge!" is passed from man to man.
But what says generous William? "No Irishman's my foe;
"Down, down with every thought of hate! For justice let us go!"
Was ever so magnanimous, so fair a foe as he—
Our much maligned old champion, our gallant William G.?

Right well each man will have to fight who fights with us to-day,
And many a party pennon will fall earthward in the fray.
And we whose watchword's "Unity!" must bear us well in fight;
For never yet was it more hard to follow simple right.
But when our standard-bearer the old, old flag hath ta'en,
Blazoned "Be just, and fear not!" flag that never flew in vain;

Up with it high, unfurl it wide, that all the host may know
Though with the League we won't intrigue, to Ireland we're no foe.
Then rally round whilst trumpets sound their challenge far and free ;
Broad let it wave, a banner brave, for gallant William G.

Ho ! Ladies of the Primrose, whose hearts for victory yearn,
Weep, weep for the majority you struggled to return.
Ho ! Cecil, twist to Tory sense the verdict of the polls,
And do your best to lure the Whigs and scare all timid souls.
Ho ! swollen cohort of the League, think not our hearts to fright.
Ho ! followers of the Liberal Flag, keep clear your sense of right.
To foil Hibernia's tyrant, yet to raise Hibernia's slave,
Will tax the counsel of the wise, the valour of the brave.
Yet here's for having at the task, how stiff soe'er it be !
And here's to him who'll lead us on, our dauntless William G. !

House of Commons, Wednesday, January 20.

The Daily News. January 21, 1886.

A number of parodies of Lord Macaulay are scattered about in the back numbers of comic papers. It will suffice to give a verse or two from the most important.

LAY OF THE AMPHITHEATRE (ROYAL).

The Combat.

As they entered the arena,
Their step was firm and brave ;
Though of one or of the other,
They knew it was the grave.

Each took a little porter,
To nerve him for the scene ;
They entered the arena,
So calm and so serene !

A thousand eyes were on them,
All eager for the fight ;
The footlights flared before them —
The combat was by night.

And now they bare their falchions,
And foot to foot they stand,
Each sternly eyes the other
With look composed and grand.

Yet one is honest-hearted,
And true, as well as brave—
The other is a ruffian,
A sanguinary knave.

By turns their weapons clashing,
Right equal seems the game ;
While "One, Two, Three," says Simpson,
Smith doth repeat the same.

Sword upon sword descending,
While fiddle and trombone,
In time to that dread music,
Play slowly "Bobbing Joan."

Yet not *in time* exactly—
This night it may not be ;
Yon churl who plays the fiddle,
Exceeding drunk is he !

Now Smith doth wicked Simpson
Into a corner urge ;
Now Simpson drives him back upon
The stage's utmost verge.

At length a blow so swashing
From gallant Smith's claymore,
On that of Simpson thunders —
He totters—falls—'tis o'er !

* * * *

And then—to show no malice
Fester'd his soul within—
The wicked corpse of Simpson,
He treated to some gin.

Now be each scheming villain
Like yonder Simpson floored ;
And every gallant spirit meet
With gallant Smith's reward !

(*Eight verses omitted.*)

Punch. 1845.

A LAY OF MODERN ENGLAND.

Or, Ibrahim Pacha at Vauxhall.

GREAT IBRAHIM of Egypt has promised the Lessee
The Masquerade at Vauxhall he'll go in state to see ;
To Allah he has vowed it—to Allah and the Clown,
That in his royal glass-coach he will in state go down.

This is the first of twenty-three verses of a not particularly good parody, which appeared in George Cruikshank's *Comic Almanack for* 1847.

The Month. By Albert Smith and John Leech. In the number for December 1851, of this scarce little magazine, there was a long imitation of Macaulay, entitled

THE INAUGURATION OF THE MAYOR.

UP ! Citizens of Cripplegate—come Billingsgate, begin !
Rise ye of ancient Candlewick—up Farringdon Within,
Now Castle Baynard, show your strength—now Aldgate, lead the van,
Ye City wards which ne'er were picked, since history began.

'Tis London's ancient Festival, another Mayor to-day,
Begins the civic sceptre of the Mansion House to sway ;
Blythe the self congratulation—sad the wail of discontent,
As the one gets into office, and the other out is sent.

From the plains of fair Belgravia, from Tyburnia and the north,
Troops of ruddy servant maidens on their holiday come forth,
Each with snowy kerchiefs laden, which they never will unfold,
Going wildly in directions just wherever they are told.

* * * * *

Twenty-two verses follow here, describing the Lord Mayor's procession and banquet, topics which do not suggest any novelty to the poet, who concludes thus :—

Let us hope that in the waking from the darkness to the light,

The coming day may realise the visions of the night,
That the civic corporation may its funds so well bestow,
That a nation's commendation may attend the Lord Mayor's
"Show."

Ainsi soit il.

THE CITY TOURNAMENT.

Ho! Policemen! get before them!
Ho! Serjeants! clear the way!
The Sheriffs ride in state and pride,
To the Guildhall to-day!
To the Guildhall they're coming,
Spite of the wind or rain;
To preside at Civic Tourney,
That makes a Chamberlain.

This is the first verse of a long, and uninteresting, parody which appeared in *Diogenes*, June 18, 1853, describing the contest between Sir John Key and Mr. Benjamin Scott, for the office of City Chamberlain (London). Sir John Key was then successful, but in 1858 Mr. Scott obtained the office.

A Bowl of Punch, by Albert Smith, 1848, contains "A Lay of Ancient Rome," describing the brave deeds of Marcus Curtius, in burlesque verses, but it is not exactly a parody of Macaulay's style.

BURLINGTON.

(*A Lay of Regent's Park College.*)

THE Senate of the London University they swore,
That the great house of Regent's Park
Should pass its men no more.
By their M.A.'s they swore it,
And fixed the fatal day,
And bade all their Professors pen
Such questions as should keep the men
From taking their B.A.

There be an awful Senate;
The wisest in the land,
Who by the dread Examiners
Both morn and evening stand,
And with one voice the Senate,
Like mean and stingy brutes,
Have said, "Go forth, Examiners,
And pluck them like old boots."

Messrs. Bailey, Sale, and Edwards are sent up for Examination, the terrors of which are described at length, but they manage to pass.

Out came they, as not deigning
Those other men to see;
Naught spake they to the Porter,
Although he asked a fee;
But mentally in Regent's Park
They saw the "House" appear;
And they hailed a Hansom cabman
Who happened to be near.

"Oh, Cabby! gentle Cabby!
To whom the students pay,
Three students' lives, three students' limbs,
Take thou in charge this day."

So they spake, and, speaking, told
The cabman where to ride,
And with their books beneath their arms,
Plunged recklessly inside.

And now they gain the entrance;
Now on the steps they stand,
And round them flock the students,
To shake each by the hand;
And now, with shouts and laughter,
To the tune of the College Song,
They enter into the Common Hall,
Borne by the joyous throng.

They gave them of the buttered bread,
That was of public right,
As much as three big students
Could eat from morn to night;
They got the printed Class List,
And set it up on high—
And it exists until this day
To witness if I lie.

(*Twenty-five verses omitted.*)

JOHN D. PARLEY. 1872.

From *Rambles in Rhymeland.*

———:o:———

ROUTH'S REVENGE.

A Lay of the Tripos.

IT was a future Wrangler, Smith,
And gallantly he swore,
"By blood and bones, by goose and groans,
I'll coach with Routh no more!
I hate his problem papers,
His quills I do detest;
Revision too, and manuscripts
With horror fill my breast.
My mind is fixed, I'll up at once
And give him the straight tip."
And so he did; but Routh was out,
So he gave it to his gyp;
Then Routh he smole a horrid smile,
And grinned a ghastly grin;
"He wants to take it out of me,
He'll be himself took in,
He'll lose his place, alas, alas—
And I shall lose his 'tin.'"

* * * *

The Day is come, the list is read,
And Routh is there to see—
The list is read which gives to all
A high or low degree,
Name after name, till Smith
Came out a *Junior Optime.*

From *Light Green.* Cambridge, W. Metcalfe and Son, 1882.

———:o:———

THE NEW NASEBY.

By Obadiah Bind-the-Priests-in-Chains-and-the-Paddies-with-Links-of-Iron, Officer in the Unionist Regiment.

OH! wherefore went you forth as in triumph to the North,
With your speech at every station, which the Tories raging read?

And wherefore did your rout send forth a joyous shout?
And where be the gapers that your northward journey sped?

Oh, triumphant was your route, but bitter is its fruit,
And mistaken was the line of your Manifesto odd,
Where you railed against the throng of the wealthy and the strong,
And swore the People's voice was the very voice of God.

It was about the noon of a sunny day of June,
That we saw their banners dance in Midlothian fair and fine;
And the Grand Old man was there, with his scant and snowy hair,
And Cowan, and Lord Rosebery, and Liberal hosts in line.

And the Chief by Scots adored raised his head and bared his sword,
And harangued his motley legions to form them to the fight;
And many a cheer and shout from their listening ranks brake out,
As the aged Sophist glosed upon justice, love, and right.

And hark! like the roar of the surf upon the shore,
The cry of battle rises along our loyal line!
For Union! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Salisbury the Splendid, and for Joseph the Divine!

(*Nine verses omitted*)

Punch. July 24, 1886.

There was also a political parody in *Punch*, February 12, 1887, comparing Lord Randolph Churchill to *Quintus Curtius*, and another on May 26, 1888, entitled "A Ballad of a late occurrence" addressed to Lord Wolseley, and written in imitation of Macaulay's *The Armada.*

LANDBILLIA.

(*Fragments of a Lay sung in the Via Celera the week after the great Battle between the proud Patrician Furius Cecilius Salburius, and the Tribune Billius Gladstonius, great Champion of the Commons, and framer of Agrarian Laws.*)

YE good men of the Commons, with sturdy souls and true,
Who stood by brave Gladstonius, as he had stood by you,
Come make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what the Plebs have dared, and yet again may dare.

* * * *

Of all the Upper Ten whose brows the Strawberry Leaves have prest,
Cecilius af the acrid tongue was proudest, haughtiest,
He stalked about the Senate like King Tarquin in his pride,
And most of the Patrician host were marshalled on his side.
And the Plebs eyed askance with doubt, which well he hoped was fear,
That swarthy brow, that curling mouth, that ever seemed to sneer.
That brow of black, that mouth of scorn, *looked* signs of iron will,
And none believed Cecilius wished the Commons aught but ill.

* * * * *

Up from the Commons briskly the fair Landbillia came,
Offspring of great Gladstonius, that Plebs-loved son of fame.
And up the Senate stairs she passed, and, as she danced along,
Gladstonius warbled cheerily words of the good old song,
"She will return, I know her well!" thus the fond Sire outsang,
And through the Senate's portals his mellow accents rang.

* * * *

So passed the fair Landbillia to those high halls above,
Where proud Patricians bowed to her they something less than loved.
So triumphed great Gladstonius, who rather grimly smiled,
As sour Cecilius once more led forth his cherished child,
Uninjured from the ordeal stern; but, smiling, dropt his blade,
And those two doughty champions, so late for fight arrayed,
Like Boxus and like Coxus, each on other's shoulder fell,
What time the Commons chuckled, and the Plebs cried, "All is well!"

* * * *

Punch. August 27, 1881.

HIBERNIA.

(*Fragments of a Lay sung on the day when the Patriot Singer (and Lord Mayor) Sullivan was released from durance vile, to "The Harp that once in Tullamore the soul of music shed," in strains af mingled patriotism and parody.*)

YE good men of the Commons, with loyal hearts and true,
Who stand by us bold Irish, who now will stand by you,
Come, light your weeds around me, and mark my tale with care,
Of what poor Ireland oft hath borne, and yet may have to bear.

* * * *

Of all the wicked Tories still the names are held accursed,
And of all the wicked Tories black Balfour was the worst,
He stalked about the Chamber like a Bunthorne in his pride,
Or sprawled with lank and languid legs entangled or spread wide.
The Irish eyed with anger, not all unmixed with fear,
His lifted chin, his curling mouth that always seemed to sneer:
That brow of brass, that mouth of scorn, mark all the species still,
For never was there Tory yet but wished the Irish ill.
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for ever at his heels
That most notorious renegade, his Sub., King-Harman, steals,
His written answer ready, be the question what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek for aught his Chief may say.

* * * *

"Now, by your children's cradles, now, by your father's graves,
Be men to-day, ye Liberals, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Cromwell give us laws? For this did Hampden bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought, upon the Stuart's seed?
Shall a cat's snarl alarm the race who braved the lion's roar?

Shall we, who beat great Beaconsfield, crouch to the bland Balfour?
Oh, for that ancient spirit that curbed the nobles' will!
Oh, for the men of Thirty-two, who passed the famous Bill!
In those brave days our Liberals stood firmly side by side,
They faced the Tory fury, they tamed the Tory pride;
Shall what their care bequeathed to us, our madness fling away?
Is the ripe fruit of three-score years all blighted in a day?
O crier, to the polling summon the eager throng!
O tribunes, breathe the word of might that guards the weak from wrong!
No, by the earth beneath us, and by the sky above,
We will not yield to Balfour's hate, Hibernia, whom we love.
No, let the Maiden's Home be free, its Rule be hers, with pride
She who now loathes ye—as a slave—will love ye—as a bride.
Spare her the inexpiable wrongs, the unutterable shame
Of being shackled and coerced to suit your Party game:
Lest, when her latest hope is fled, her friends are in despair.
Ye learn by proof in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare!"

Punch. March 10, 1888.

SONG OF DECEMBER.

THE Saturnalia now prevail;
The white and classic foam
Soars high above the porter pots
Of proud and ancient Rome:
Upon the Capitol at night,
There is the cry of "beer,"
As the pot-boy, in his toga,
Salutes the vulgar ear,

And from the seven hills of Rome
There is a festive shout
Of youths who ask each other, "If
Their mothers know they're out."
Then hail the Saturnalia,
The toast, the ale, the flip,
For many a nose, a Roman nose,
In many a jug will dip.

• In *The Book of Ballads* edited by "Bon Gaultier," there are six burlesque poems supposed to have been written by competitors for the post of *Poet Laureate*, when, owing to the death of Robert Southey, that office was vacant. These are in imitation of Macaulay, Tom Moore, Tennyson, Lytton, and Montgomery. The imitation of Macaulay is entitled *The Laureate's Tourney*, it is by no means striking in its resemblance, whilst it is utterly destitute of humour, except for the introduction of one line of vulgar slang, in the midst of what would otherwise pass for a fairly mellifluous second-rate ballad. The comic element in nearly every ballad in that collection is obtained by the same trick in composition, which is laughable enough when it is novel and unexpected, but becomes tedious on frequent repetition.

The numerous parodies of Lord Macaulay's prose writings will be given in a volume of this collection to be especially devoted to prose parodies, and imitations.

◆

THE DEVIL'S PROGRESS ON EARTH.

FRIAR Bacon walks again,
And Doctor Faustus too;
Proserpine and Pluto,
And many a goblin crew.
With that, a merry devil
To make the airing vowed;
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laughed aloud.

Why think you that he laughed?
Forsooth he came from Court;
And there amongst the gallants
Had spied such pretty sport;
There was such cunning juggling,
And ladies gone so proud;
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laughed aloud.

With that into the city
Away the Devil went;
To view the merchants' dealings
It was his full intent!
And there along the brave Exchange
He crept into the crowd,
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laughed aloud.

He went into the city,
To see all there was well,
Their scales were false, their weights were light,
Their conscience fit for Hell;
And Pandars chose magistrates,
And Puritans allowed.
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laughed aloud.

With that unto the country
Away the Devil goeth;
For there is all plain dealing,
For that the Devil knoweth.
But the rich man reaps the gains
For which the poor man ploughed.
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The Devil laughed aloud.

With that the Devil in haste
Took post away to Hell,
And called his fellow furies,
And told them all on earth was well:
That falsehood there did flourish,
Plain dealing was in a cloud.
Huggle Duggle, Ha! ha! ha!
The Devils laughed aloud.

ANONYMOUS.

This very odd, old poem doubtless gave the hint for the modern "Devil's Walk," of which several different versions exist, and the authorship of which has been variously ascribed to Professor Porson, to Robert Southey, and to Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

———o:———

The generally accepted account of the origin of "The Devil's Walk" is that one evening, at the house of the late

Dr. Vincent, Professor Porson, being *cut out* at a whist table was about to take his leave. Mrs. Vincent pressed him to stay, saying: "I know you will not stay if you are doing nothing; but the rubber will soon be over, when you may go in, and, in the meantime, take a pen and ink at another table and write us some verses." Dr. Vincent, in the midst of the game, seconded this request, and added, "I will give you a subject."

"You shall suppose that the Devil is come up among us to see what we are doing, and you shall tell us what observations he makes." Porson obeyed these injunctions, sat down to write, and carried on his composition till his cruel proscription from the cards was at an end. Sitting down to the new rubber he put the manuscript into his pocket.

At supper he was asked to read it, and, as he commonly resisted every application for copies of his productions of this kind, a lady, with her pencil, beneath the table, wrote down what he read. Afterwards, with suitable apologies, she told him what she had done, and intreated him to revise her writing. Porson complied with her request, and the following is printed from the copy corrected by himself.

As usual, under such circumstances, there are other M.S. copies with material variations. The lines are coloured by the party feelings of the author, and several of the topics introduced serve to mark the date of the composition.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

From his brimstone-bed at break of day,
The Devil's a walking gone;
To visit his snug little farm on the earth,
And see how his stock there goes on;
And over the hill, and over the dale,
He rambled, and over the plain—
And backwards and forwards he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

And pray, now, how was the Devil drest?
Oh, he was in his Sunday best;
His coat it was red, and his breeches blue,
With a hole behind, which his tail went through.
He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
On a dunghill by his own stable;
And the Devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Cain and his brother Abel.

He saw an apothecary on a white horse,
Ride by on his avocations.
The Devil he smiled, for it put him in mind
Of Death in the Revelations.
He stept into a rich bookseller's shop,
Said he, "We are both of one college,
For I myself sat, like a cormorant,* once,
Hard by the tree of knowledge."

He saw school-boys acting prayers at morn,
And naughty plays at night.
And "Oho, Mr. Dean!" he shouted, "I ween,
My own good trade goes right."
He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin,
Is pride that apes humility,
Down the river did glide, with wind and tide,
A pig with vast celerity;
And the Devil grinned, for he saw all the while
How it cut its own throat, and he thought with a smile
Of England's commercial prosperity.
As he passed through Coldbath Fields, he saw
A solitary cell;
And the Devil he paused, for it gave him a hint
For improving his prisons in hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
Fetter a troublesome jade;
"Nimbly," quoth he, "do the fingers move,
If a man be but used to his trade."
He saw the same turnkey unfetter a man,
With but little expedition;
Which put him in mind of the long debates
On the slave trade abolition.

He saw a certain minister
(A minister to his mind),
Go up into a certain house,
With a majority behind;
The Devil quoted Genesis,
Like a very learned clerk,
How "Noah and all his creeping things
Went up into the Ark."

Sir Nicholas grinned and switched his tail
With joy and admiration;
For he thought of his daughter Victory,
And his darling babe Taxation.
He saw General Gascoigne's burning face,
Which put him in consternation:
So he hied to his lake, for, by a slight mistake
He thought 'twas a general conflagration.

A very similar version is included in the poetical works of S. T. Coleridge, with a note stating that several of the stanzas were written by Robert Southey. This version is dated September 1799, and it is stated that it was first printed in the Morning Post. Several slight verbal alterations occur in it, as well as the three following very inferior stanzas which do not occur in the version ascribed to Professor Porson:—

He saw an old acquaintance
As he passed by a methodist meeting;—
She holds a consecrated key,
And the Devil nods her a greeting.
She turned up her nose, and said,
"Avaunt! my name's Religion,"
And she looked to Mr.——
And leered like a love sick pigeon.

He took from the poor,
And he gave to the rich,
And he shook hands with a Scotchman,
For he was not afraid of the itch.

In the edition of Southey's works, collected by himself, Vol. III., the "Devil's Walk," is included, with a rather lengthy "Advertisement," in which Southey states that, although the poem was the joint composition of Coleridge and himself, it had been claimed for Professor Porson. "Professor Porson," he says, "never had any part in these verses as a writer, and it is for the first time that he now appears in them as the subject of two or three stanzas written some few years ago, when the fabricated story of his having composed them . . . was revived." The stanzas in question are more explicit than complimentary to Porson, or to any other claimant of the authorship. This edition of the poem contains a somewhat detailed account of the manner in which Southey and Coleridge composed it between them—

---

* So clomb this first grand thief——
Thence up he flew, and on the tree of life
Sat like a cormorant.
Paradise Lost, iv.

"While the one was shaving
Would he the song begin;
And the other when he heard it at breakfast,
In ready accord join in," &c.

In 1830 an Edition of *The Devil's Walk*, was published in London, with numerous illustrations by Robert Cruikshank with a memoir of Porson by H. W. Montagu, and long and somewhat superfluous foot notes.

Following close upon this were two inferior imitations, both illustrated by Robert Cruikshank, "*The Devil's Visit*; a poem, with notes by a Barrister," London, W. Kidd 1830, and "*The Real Devil's Walk*, NOT by Professor Porson," London W. Kidd, 1831.

"Of the '*Devil's Walk*' there's been much talk,
And folks seem mighty curious;
Now this is the '*Real* Devil's Walk,'
And all the rest are *spurious*."

This poem consists of sixty stanzas, many of which are directed against leading politicians of the day, and generally it is out of date and uninteresting. Another long political imitation, entitled "*Satan Reformer*, by Montgomery the Third," appeared in Blackwood for April 1832, this was in seven parts, and was a strong protest against the Reform Agitation, the great political question of the day. It is too long to quote in full, but the first part will give an idea of its tone, although not nearly so strong in its language as the others:

SATAN REFORMER.

Part I.

SATAN laugh'd loud, when he heard that peace
Was sign'd by the Ruling Powers:
He was sipping his coffee with Talleyrand,
And he put down his cup, and he slapp'd his hand,
And cried, Now then the field is ours!

He pack'd his portmanteau—for England, ho!—
Reach'd Calais—and sailing over
Look'd back upon France; for he sympathized
With a nation so thoroughly Satanized—
Till he landed him safe at Dover.

He had sported his tail and his horns in a land
Of blasphemy, vice, and treason,
The vast admiration of Monsieur Frog;
But in England, quoth he, I must travel incog.
At least till the "Age of Reason."

So his tail he tuck'd into his pantaloons,
With a Brutus, all stivering and hairy,
He hid his pared horns, or rather the roots;
And he look'd, with his hoofs in Wellington boots,
Like a Minister's Secretary.

As he travell'd to London, he star'd about,
And it caused him some vexation
To see matters looking so very well,
But he went the first night to a noted Hell,
And it gave him consolation.

The Whigs left their cards as a matter of course,
For he'd letters of introduction;
And a very learned Gentleman Devil was he,
In Political Whig-Economy,
And gave them the best instruction.

They feasted him often at Holland House;
But he found so little to teach 'em,
They were such adepts in the art of misrule,
That he left them to lecture the Radical School,
Lest the Whigs should overreach 'em.

For that, quoth Satan, yet must not be,
And I hold it my chiefest glory,
If I make Whig and Radical coalesce—
And thus bring affairs to a damnable mess—
Then adieu to the reign of Tory.

* * * *

THE DEVIL'S DRIVE;

An Unfinished Rhapsody.

THE Devil returned to hell by two,
And he stay'd at home till five;
When he dined on some homicides done in *ragout*,
And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,
And sausages made of a self-slain Jew—
And bethought himself what next to do,
"And," quoth he, "I'll take a drive.
I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to night;
In darkness my children take most delight,
And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

"And what shall I ride in?" quoth Lucifer, then—
"If I followed my taste, indeed,
I should mount in a waggon of wounded men,
And smile to see them bleed.
But these will be furnish'd again and again,
And at present my purpose is speed;
To see my manor as much as I may,
And watch that no souls shall be poach'd away.

"I have a state-coach at Carlton House,*
A chariot in Seymour Place;
But they're lent to two friends, who make me amends,
By driving my favourite pace:
And they handle their reins with such a grace.
I have something for both at the end of their race.

"So now for the earth to take my chance:"
Then up to the earth sprung he;
And making a jump from Moscow to France,
He stepped across the sea,
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,
No very great way from a bishop's abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say
That he hover'd a moment upon his way,
To look upon Leipsic plain;
And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ear was the cry of despair,
That he perched on a mountain of slain;
And he gazed with delight from its growing height,
Nor often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Nor his work done half as well:
For the field ran so red with the blood of the dead,
That it blushed liked the waves of hell!
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd he:
"Methinks they have here little need of *me*!"

* * * *

But the softest note that soothed his ear
Was the sound of a widow sighing;

---

*Then the residence of George, Prince Regent, his present address is rather doubtful.

And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear
Of a maid by her lover lying—
As round her fell her long fair hair;
And she looked to heaven with that frenzied air,
Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruined hut,
With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,
A child of famine dying:
And the carnage begun, when resistance is done
And the fall of the vainly flying.

But the Devil has reached our cliffs so white,
And what did he there, I pray?
If his eyes were good, he but saw by night
What we see every day:
But he made a tour, and kept a journal
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,
And he sold it in shares to the *Men* of the *Row*,[*]
Who bid pretty well—but they *cheated* him though!
The Devil first saw, as he thought, the *Mail*,
Its coachman and his coat;
So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,
And seized him by the throat:
"Aha!" quoth he, "what have we here?
'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient peer."

So he sat him on his box again,
And bade him have no fear,
But be true to his club, and staunch to his rein,
His brothel, and his beer;
"Next to seeing a lord at the council board,
I would rather see him here."

* * * *

The Devil gat next to Westminster,
And he turn'd to "the room" of the Commons;
But he heard as he purposed to enter in there,
That "the Lords" had received a summons;
And he thought as a "*quondam* aristocrat"
He might peep at the peers, though to hear them were flat;
And he walk'd up the house so like one of our own,
That they say that he stood pretty near the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool[*] seemingly wise,
The Lord Westmoreland certainly silly,
And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some size—
And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's eyes,
Because the Catholics would *not* rise,
In spite of his prayers and his prophecies;
And he heard, which set Satan himself a staring—
A certain Chief Justice say something like *swearing*.
And the Devil was shock'd—and quoth he, "I must go,
For I find we have much better manners below:
If thus he harangues, when he passes my border,
I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him to order."

LORD BYRON.

DEATH'S WALK.

DEATH rose from off his tombstone bed,
With joy and agitation,
For he had had Malthusian dreams
Of an overcharged population.

And first he 'gan to don his clothes,
His bony ribs to hide;
Of a couple of palls he made his smalls,
For his shanks they were somewhat wide.

For a kerchief around his neck he tied
A winding sheet in a noose,
And he slipt his feet in the coffins of twins,
Which made him a pair of shoes.

From fifty coffins the cloth he tore,
(The owners were dead as mutton)
And a gay coat made—for on it he wore,
A death plate for every button.

As to what he had to cover his skull
I really cannot speak poz,
But he made of his dart a walking stick,
And went forth *like a Plague* as he was.

First he called on a brewer of high renown,
And begged of him to taste his own swig,
But scarce had he time to twig the hop
Ere Death made him *hop the twig*.

He saw a parson, like many there are,
Much fonder of taking than giving,
So Death for once played the Bishop's part,
And deprived him of his *living*.

He made a lawyer (who was first in the law)
And disclaimed all interference
With the courts on earth—on those below,
Soon *enter his appearance*.

He caught a thief with purse in hand—
The halter stopped his breath—
For, as if by the sudden tidings killed,
The *noose* it was his death.

A bellows maker at his work
Death saw, and seeing, grinned,
And he who made the bellows blow,
Right soon did *slip the wind*.

Unto a cobbler in his stall
No better fate befell,
Death quickly made him leave *his awl*,
And bid his *last* farewell.

A gardener—one of old Adam's trade—
Who rose before Aurora,
Death saw and straight his power displayed
By proving the florist's *Floorer*.

But Death at last met with his match,
An annuitant eighty and eight,
Death knew that his life would be death to a score,
(For nought kills like envy and hate),
So, because he should thereby get victims galore,
He bade the old gentleman wait.

ANONYMOUS.

From *The Original*, No. III. March 17, 1832. A weekly magazine, published by G. Cowie, Strand, London.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL'S WORK.

To Printing-house Square at close of day
The young Printer's Devil is bound
To set up the Paper that *circulates* most,
Or the paper that most *turns round*.

---

[*] *i.e.* Paternoster Row. A Publisher. "Now Barabbas was a—*publisher*."

[†] The Earl of Liverpool, who was premier from 1812 to 1820.

And over the leader, and over the news
He skimm'd, and over the speeches ;
And the lines in the leader stood wide apart,
Like W——l's waistcoat and breeches.

And pray what did the Devil do ?
Oh ! he was expert at the art ;
At first just to keep his hand in play,
In a "Horrible Murder" took part.

But the Devil he very soon finish'd the job,
And came to a regular stand ;
When, for the want of some better employment
In a " Robbery " he had a hand.

He set up a joke by W——l ;
But, thinking it couldn't be meant,
The Devil smil'd, for he headed it
"A Serious Accident."

A speech of the Marquis of L——'s came next
But it was beyond endurance ;
So the Devil took pity and headed it
" A Melancholy Occurence.

But then the young Devil bethought himself,
He might in an error fall ;
For a speech such as that, he clearly saw,
Requir'd no *head* at all.

He then had a speech of H——t's to do,
Where, *mirabile dictu !* a word or
Two of his Latin Mr. H. recollected ;
And he called that a "Horrible Murder."

A Joke, too, by C——r, came into his hands,
But it was too witty a brevity
To be C——r's own ; so he headed it
"Extraordinary Longevity."

However, he thought at a heading like that,
Some persons might kick up a bobbery ;
And, as the joke was a decided Joe Miller,
He called it a "Daring Robbery."

He set up a leading article on
The advantage 'twould be to the nation—
If Lord Grey would but make a new batch of peers,
Which he called " Beauties of the Creation."

A speech on Reform, too, by W——l, he did
So full of disjointed inelegance,
And so far from the purpose, he headed it
With the title of "Foreign Intelligence."

The debate on Pluralities next he compos'd ;
But, finding the incomes so large
And the duty so little, he headed it
" Extraordinary Charge."

An extract from Satan Montgomery's poems
Is the next thing the Devil commences ;
But he sees that it's humbug, and, when it's composed
He puts it among the "Offences."

A speech of St. P——l was his next job ;
But it was too much for the elf.
And he was unable to set up the speech,
For he could'nt set up himself.

So into a corner the Devil sneaks,
O'ercome by so prosy a sample,
Composes himself, and leaves the *Times*
To follow his example,

This originally appeared in *The Comic Magazine*, 1832. It was afterwards included in "*Songs of the Press, and other Poems relating to Printing*," collected by C. H. Timperley. London. Fisher, Son & Co. 1845.

THE DEVIL'S DREAM.

THE Devil, one day, lay down to sleep,
Though the fact improbable seem :
(Mankind is so used to his whip and rein,
He knew he could trust his team !)
And straightway, having a quiet mind,
The Devil began to dream.

And as dreams recall what best is known
To men in their waking hours,
The Devil, of course, could do no less
Than dream of this world of ours,
Where, though the *Tomahawk* is deceased,
His potent effigy towers.

He first imagined himself in France ;
But his stay had been so long
Therein, with the godly Emperor-King
And the Communistic throng,
That he flew hap-hazard over the seas,
With an execration strong.

He lit him down on a chalky shore,
That a mist perpetual cools ;
And he knew at once he was in the land
That an absent Sovereign rules ;
For had he mistaken England's fogs,
He had recognized her fools !

And hereabout, he wandered at will,
'Mid sights that gladdened his heart ;
For his friends seemed many in every place,—
The church, the camp, and the mart ;
And the foes of himself and Ignorance,
Were few and weary at heart,

He heard in his dream a curate preach
The horrible sin of doubt,
The duty of mental cecity,
And of SOME-ONE always about ;
And the Devil smiled ; for he knew such men
Were certain to find *that* out.

He saw a person, who wrote burlesques,
In the act of forcing puns,
And thought he must be a man of weight ;
For he knew, though such things he shuns,
That the heads of persons who write burlesques
Weigh ever so many tons.

He dreamed of a Minister who told
His electors all his mind,
And he smiled in his dream, remembering
That the blind conducting the blind
Shall both be housed in the well-known ditch
For all such unions designed.

He dreamed that he smelt a corpse-like smell,
And flying, by instinct, o'er to it,
Discovered a Small-Pox Hospital,
And, in high good humour, swore to it,—

"If not the abode itself of Death,
  You certainly are next door to it!"

A knot of persons exceeding wise
  Were trying a sailor brave
Who, sent to sea, in a rotten ship,
  His crew had contrived to save;
And the devil bowed,—respecting the man
  Who had beaten both him, and the wave.

(Six verses omitted.)

The Hornet. November, 22, 1871.

THE DEVIL'S POLITICS.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
  The devil a walking is gone,
To visit his snug little farm, the earth,
  And see how his stock goes on.

At St. James's Hall, like a prophet of good
  He commences humanity's work—
"Unsheathe holy Russia, thy sanctified sword,
  Nor spare the 'unspeakable Turk.'"

With a twist and a twirl, and a sulphurous smell,
  He departs with applause at his *hoof;*
And glancing at Bennet's, he winds up his tail,
  And to Constantinople spins off.

At Berlin he stops for a minute to breathe
  And to tell the good news to his cousin:
"The doting 'old woman' to *me* you may leave,
  But, dear BIZ, *you* must rub up the Russian."

He passed by Vienna, Count Andrassy saw him,
  And asked him to stop for a chat;
But the Devil replied, "You may keep on see-sawing,
  I'll call on you when I come back."

Arriving in Turkey, but changing his dress,
  He repaired to the Russian Headquarters,
And gave in his card—"*A gentleman of the press—
  Instructed to write up Bulgarian slaughters.*"

ANONYMOUS.

January 1, 1878.

Of the three following imitations only short extracts are given, with the dates on which they appeared, the complete poems can easily be obtained at *Punch* office, Fleet Street, London.

THE FORESTALLER'S WALK.

(After Southey—and after a bad night.)

FROM his restless bed at break of day
  The Forestaller walking has gone,
To visit the half-ruined farms for his mirth,
  And see how the crops get on.

And over the hills, and through the wet fields
  He walked, and over the plain,
And outward or homeward he heard the long tale
  Of the ruin caused by the rain.

He saw a Widow with Orphans three
  Go up to a Baker's door,
But she had to leave the loaf untouched,
  For he wanted a penny more.

Just then the Sun's bright burning face,
  He saw with consternation,
And home pell-mell his way did take;
For the Forestaller thought 'twas a great mistake,
  And it filled him with indignation!

Punch. September 10, 1881.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

FROM his sulphurous realm as the sun goes down
  The Devil is walking once more,
To visit his favourite vineyard, the Town
  That stretches by Thames's shore.

Over the bridges and through the Parks
  He strolls, and along the streets,
A presence that fails to elicit remarks
  From the hurrying hundreds he meets.

There is nought to suggest that he comes as a guest
  From regions torrid and drouthy,
He has altered his ways since the simpler days
  Of Coleridge and Southey.

A jacket of red and breeches of blue
  He knows would be far too striking,
And as for a tail!—even Darwin's crew
  Would hold that in sore misliking.

He sees a spectral scare-crow thing
  Slink into a slum-fouled alley,
And he mutters, "With cowl and with scythe and wing,
  He might lord it in Death's own Valley."

He sees a roof-rotten, muck-sodden den,
  To the gutter ready to tumble.
Says he, "Well, if this be the dwelling of men,
  We haven't much reason to grumble."

Then steps he into a "tenement-house,"
  Through a dark but doorless entry.
"Little need," chuckles he, "for a lock or a key
  Whilst *my* brace of friends stand sentry."

He climbs a rotten and rickety stair,
  Foul filth its cracked walls smearing.
"Why, chaos," says he, "had a pleasanter air,
  And needed less careful steering."

He sees commingling of Labour and Vice
  In joint contamination.
Quoth he, "This, indeed, were a spectacle nice
  For Belial's contemplation."

Sees Childhood, broken with ill-paid toil,
  'Midst sin's contagious venom.
Says he, "For friend Moloch's favourite spoil,
  This beats the Valley of Hinnom."

Then he sees a House-jobber grubbing for gold
Amidst festering Vice and Poverty cold,
And says he, "I've one henchman more trusty and bold
  Than the ogre worshipped in Ammon:
Beelzebub's doughty, and Astaroth's good,
As snarers of souls with a crown or a snood,
But the first, most ubiquitous, best of my brood,
  Is my ruthless, *respectable* Mammon!"

So Satan, seeing that all went right
In his big branch-Hades by day and night
  To his personal pleasure and profit,

Back to headquarters swift wended his way.
"I shall sicken," said he, "if much longer I stay :
For though sulphur's not pleasant, I really must say
'Mammon's Rents' are more choky than Tophet."

Punch. November 17, 1883.

The Devil's Latest Walk.

From his villa in town at the dawn of day,
A-walking the Devil is gone,
To visit his snug little urban estates,
And see how his game goes on.

Over the city, the suburb, the slum,
He rambled from pillar to post,
And backward and forward, observant, though dumb,
As a fleetly noctivagant ghost.

He peeped in the Houses of Parliament,
And found but a factious Babel.
To a smile he was moved, for he thought, "They've improved
On the story of Cain and Abel."

He saw Law trying a Viper for slander,
And searching a muck-heap for truth ;
And he held his nose, and he said, "I suppose
That poison and filth in a duplicate dose
Have medicinal virtues for Youth."

He went into a Bookseller's shop
Hard by to a learned College ;
And there, peeping over the shoulder of Youth,
He saw how new Pilates played ninepins with Truth ;
How neo-Greek noodles, in poem and fiction,
Draped dirtiest thoughts in the daintiest diction ;
How Art uninspired sought some stimulant fresh
In charnel conceits, and the lusts of the flesh.
Cried he, "This is culture ! The gauntest vulture
On garbage will fatten, allowed to batten
On the fruit of *this* tree of knowledge."

He saw huge Stores that small shopkeepers smashed,
To whose portals cash-paying patricians up dashed ;
Big Companies, that piled lucre—and crashed ;
And the eyes of the Devil they sparkled and flashed,
And he capered with great agility.
Said he, "Big Monopoly's now all the go ;
Mankind is enamoured of size and of show,
Modest industry's stupid, small enterprise slow,
No room now for trade's little fishes, oh ! no.
To succeed you must be a big whale who can 'blow.'
I shall re-arrange all my affairs down below,
And convert them into a Joint-Stock Co.,
With 'Limited Liability.'"

Punch. June 18, 1887.

The Devil's Excursion to London.

Old Nick had just finished his London reports,
Which gave him so much satisfaction,
That he tucked up his tail, took the Underground rail,
Bought a "Saturday Sneer" and a "Dublin Mail,"
And went off to the scene of action.

As he passed the palatial mansions and clubs,
He nodded to many a friend ;
And he feasted his eyes on the fetid styes,
And his ears on the brutal oaths and cries,
Where the poor were packed and penned.

And it made his sable majesty grin,
For it needed no prophet to tell
That the seeds thus sown of sorrow and sin,
Harrowed by filthiness, watered by gin,
Would provide a rich harvest for hell.

He saw civic Dives, and some of his brood,
At a sybarite feast in the City ;
And he thought of the thousands pining for food,
And the Devil himself was almost in the mood
To feel a sensation of pity.

He called at the Mansion House, saw the Lord Mayor,
"Permit me to wish you good day, sir.
The City and I have been excellent friends,
But if all comes about that our Ritchie intends,
The last of Lord Mayors is *Decay-sir*."

To the Houses of Parliament next he went,
But to stay he was quite unable,
For the jabber and jaw made him feel so queer,
That he swore to his friend Hughes-Hallett, "Oh dear,
It is worse than the Tower of Babel !"

But as Balfour was near, he said, "Arthur, my dear,
Never care for J. M. or Trevelyan.
Your uncle's bold policy just pleases me,
So stick to coercion, and soon we may see
Pat goaded right into rebellion."

At midnight he wandered around the West-end,
And remarked, with a dash of profanity,
"It's a terrible, dissolute, profligate sink ;
It makes me laugh, and I wink as I think
Of British Christianity."

But the London Sunday tickled him most,
And he stroked his tail with glee ;
"Shut up all innocent recreation,
And open your gin-shops, Pecksniffian nation—
And so pay homage to ME.

Looking in at a meeting of Brewers and Bungs,
He said, amidst deafening cheers,
Such allies deserve my best consideration,
And if you're disturbed without full compensation,
Come for it to ME, my dears.

Some Jingoes were busy creating a scare.
And he murmured, with jubilation,
"All Europe is stuffed with combustible matter,
And a single live spark from this truculent chatter
Would cause a vast conflagration."

The very idea of another great war
Amongst Europe's countless legions
Made him chuckle, and dance, and yell ;
And he sent a sixpenny wire to hell,
"Enlarge the infernal regions."

He heard some sailors, in Ratcliff Highway,
"Rule Britannia" bawling ;
And his tail with pleasure began to wag,
For he loved this bit of blasphemous brag,
And joined in the caterwauling.

He called at the School Board, and gave the big D.
A nice little bit of soft solder.
It gave him, he said, a most pleasant sensation
To see how they tinkered at education,
(D. sternly called him to order.)

Just as he was thinking where next he should go,
For Diggle had caused him a flurry,
Who should he see but his Grace the Primate
So "to oblige Benson," and cursing the climate,
He went back to Hell in a hurry.

WILLIAM PHILLIPS.

:o:

"THERE IS A LYING SPIRIT ABROAD."

THE spirit of lying and lawless might
Flew out of the Czar's dominions,
He neither swerved to the left nor right
But tore the air in his headlong flight
With the stroke of his blood-sprent pinions,
For far away in that woeful land
They toasted Warren and Balfour's band,
And he hurried to offer a helping hand
To autocratic opinions.

He flew right over Trafalgar Square
And looked at the crowded street,
And said to himself with joyful stare,
I hardly seem to be needed here!
Ah, that was a gallant feat;
Up with the bobbies and down with the Reds,
Break their banners and smash their heads,
Men and women and boys and maids,
And trample 'em under your feet!"

His beak was dashed with a blood-red stain,
And his heart was all aglow,
As he hurried to Hatfield House amain
And tapped, tapped, tapped at the window-pane,
Like the Raven of Edgar Poe;
Till a churl with a full black-bearded chin,
Opened the window and spake "Come in,
And welcome, welcome, thou spirit of sin
And herald of human woe!"

Not long he tarried, but flew from there
Over the Irish seas,
To where young Arthur so debonair
Was playing a Tory election air
On Tullamore prison keys;
With philosophical-doubtful pose,
Eyeing a bundle of stolen clothes,
And chanting merrily through his nose,
"My uncle deals in these."

The spirit of lying and lawless might
Is a master of trimming and tacking,
He sits on the Treasury bench all night,
And teaches the Tories to scorn all right
And send the Truth a-packing;
He favors "my uncle" with Irish news,
He is hand and glove with "my nephew's" views.
And polishes Mr. Matthews' shoes
With Warren's infallible blacking.

He will flourish a pen for the London *Times*,
And prove to his own content—
With the faultless logic of pantomimes—
That lawful actions are legal crimes
And landlords are heaven-sent,
Till a wrathful people takes its stand
Shoulder to shoulder and hand to hand,
And drives him back to his native land,
With his ugly pinions rent.

ERNEST A. BEARD.

The Star. February 14, 1888.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

BORN JULY 26, 1802. DIED JULY 15, 1839.

THE CHAUNT OF THE BRAZEN HEAD.

I THINK, whatever mortals crave,
With impotent endeavour,—
A wreath, a rank, a throne, a grave,—
The world goes round for ever:
I think that life is not too long;
And therefore I determine,
That many people read a song
Who will not read a sermon.

I think the studies of the wise,
The hero's noisy quarrel,
The majesty of woman's eyes,
The poet's cherished laurel,
And all that makes us lean or fat,
And all that charms or troubles,—
This bubble is more bright than that,
But still they all are bubbles.

I think that friars and their hoods,
Their doctrines and their maggots,
Have lighted up too many feuds,
And far too many faggots:
I think, while zealots fast and frown,
And fight for two or seven,
That there are fifty roads to town,
And rather more to Heaven.

I think that very few have sighed
When fate at last has found them,
Though bitter foes were by their side,
And barren moss around them:
I think that some have died of drought,
And some have died of drinking,
I think that nought is worth a thought,
And I'm a fool for thinking!

(The complete poem consists of thirteen verses.)

W. M. PRAED.

THE CHAUNT OF THE POLITICAL BRAZEN HEAD.

(Mr. Gladstone's version.)

I THINK, that power the Tories crave,
With impotent endeavour,
Though Stafford is serene and suave,
And Randolph rude and clever.
I think my thoughts upon the throng
Fall sweet as dews on Hermon:
And that I'll set them to a song,
Though apter at a sermon.

I think that some are men of parts,
Whilst some are vulgar fractions,
That some are good at Liberals arts.
And some at liberal actions;
I think that Harcourt—with a bit—
Is not so bad a neighbour,
Though one who at, and with his wit,
Will labour, and belabour.

I think that Hartington is wise,
And Bright austerely moral;

Fawcett sees more than some with eyes,
And Forster's sage, though sorrel ;
That Granville has a feline pat,
Which much his foemen troubles,
So soft they scarce know what he's at
Until it pricks their bubbles.

* * * *

I think that Leadership's a play,
Now Entrance and now Exit,
When fortune smiles upon it, gay,
And sad when failures vex it,
Like vessels in a seaway rough,
To pitches prone and tosses ;
With little peace, pain *quantum suff.*—
A game of noughts and crosses.

I think the world, though hard it be,
Affords one constant pleasure,—
The felling of the forest tree
When one has health and leisure,
One volume—*Homer*—all delight,
One comrade—a ripe scholar,
One choice—when one can't talk, to write,
One ease—a loose shirt-collar.

I think all aged Chiefs have sighed,
When years at last have found them :
New friends—though loyal—at their side,
New foes—though little—round them,
I think that those who long have fought
Grow weary, though unshrinking ;
I think—that now you know my thought,
And that I'm tired of thinking.

(*Four verses omitted.*)

* * * *

Punch. December 2, 1882.

——:o:——

PLUS DE POLITIQUE.

No politics !—I cannot bear
To tell our ancient fame;
No politics !—I do not dare
To paint our present shame !
What we have been, what we must be,
Let other minstrels say ;
It is too dark a theme for me :
No politics to-day !

* * * * *

W. M. Praed, 1832.

A Lyric from Highbury.

By Joseph Chamberlain.

No politics !—I cannot bear
To tell our ancient fame ;
No politics !—I do not dare
To paint our present shame.
What we have been, what we must be,
Let other minstrels say ;
It is too dark a theme for me—
No politics to-day !

I loved to bind the Caucus chain,
I loved to drive the screw,
But now they're binding might and main
And screwing me and you.
I cried, " Three acres and a cow,"
The cursed yokels say ;
They've got a sort of conscience now—
No politics to-day !

used to think my happy home
Was free from ransom's law,
Though manor-house and church's dome
Were caught in Demos' maw ;
I paid no borough rates—but you
And I must run away ;
We cannot tell what Morley'll do—
No politics to day !

It seems I've missed the proper tack,
That justice holds the field ;
That an orating platform quack
Is bound in time to yield.
That men are not of pocket made,
As Schnadhorst used to say ;
That politics is not a trade—
No politics to-day !

Let's talk of Spurgeon and of Dale,
Of Connie Gilchrist's eyes,
Say, why did "Jim the Penman" fail,
Despite his brass and lies ?
Let's take to racing, try to win
A competence, at play ;
Let's take to fiddles, rattles, gin—
No politics to-day !

Pall Mall Gazette. May 28, 1886.

——:o:——

A LETTER OF ADVICE.

(From Miss Medora Trevillian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour, in London.)

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week ;
Why cannot my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek ?
Alas ! if he look like another,
A vicar, a banker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No "

* * * *

W. M. Praed.

A Letter of Advice.

(On a pending Election at the Athenaeum Club.)

You tell me that What-you-maccollum
Is up for election this week,
And reasons, convincing and solemn,
For voting against him you seek.
Though Pollock propose, Arnold second,
And a duke and a marquis or so
Support him, they need not be reckoned ;
My own Athenæum say "No."

Though Browning and Bright try to kindle
Your zeal, and their notions instil—
Though Trevelyan, and Millais, and Tyndall
Should tempt you to keep back your "pill ;"

If you think he would frown our cigars on,
Or to sixpenny whist prove a foe,
If he's only a Gladstonite parson,
My own Athenæum, say "No."

If you don't, he will cut some new caper—
P'raps accuse the committee of crimes;
He will ruin the club in note-paper.
And use it to write to the *Times.*
So give him the cleanest of clean "sacks,"
Let him wander to far Jericho;
To an anthropomorphist of bean sacks
My own Athenæum, say "No."

The Globe. February 25, 1888.

:o:

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

(*Music by Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald.*)

(This poem must not be confounded with the one by Thomas Hood, having the same title, parodies of which are contained in Volume I. of this Collection.)

I REMEMBER, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July;
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care;
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were.

Then the bowers—then the bowers
Were blythe as blythe could be;
And all their radiant flowers
Were coronals for me:
Gems to-night, love—gems to-night, love,
Are gleaming in my hair;
But they are not half so bright, love,
As childhood's roses were.

I was singing—I was singing—
And my songs were idle words;
But from my heart was springing
Wild music like a bird's:
Now I sing, love,—now I sing, love,
A fine Italian air;
But it's not so glad a thing, love,
As childhood's ballads were.

I was merry—I was merry
When my little lovers came,
With a lily, or a cherry,
Or a new invented game;
Now I've you, love, now I've you, love,
To kneel before me there;
But you know you're not so true, love,
As childhood's lovers were!

W. M. PRAED.

June, 1833.

THE NELSON COLUMN DRAMA.

The earliest announcements of the late Covent Garden management was a piece entitled "Trafalgar Square, or the Nelson Monument." We have obtained the following slight information respecting it. The drama is described as "a grand architectural and historical burletta," in two acts; and the prologue was to have been spoken by Mr. Widdicomb, as *Time.* The two acts comprise the commencement and completion, and a lapse of twenty years is supposed to take place between them, in which time "the boy," who is the principal character, becomes a middle-aged man.

The following duet is introduced by the boy and the man in the second act:—

Boy.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
When I was a little boy,
On the column in November
I was given some employ.

I help'd the man to build it,
And we laboured hard and long
But the granite came up slowly
For we were not very strong.

I remember, I remember,
How we raised its form on high,
With one block in December
And another in July.

Both.

We remember, we remember,
When St Martin's bells were rung
In the laying of the first stone, for
We both were very young.

But weary years have past, now,
Since we our work begun;
We fear we shall not last, now,
To see our labour done.

We remember, we remember,
But we heard it on the sly,
'Twon't be finish'd next November
Nor the subsequent July.

Punch. November 25, 1843.

The Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square was long unfinished, and it was not till January, 1867, that the four lions, designed by Sir Edwin Landseer, were placed in position, thus completing the monument.

THE FARMER'S CORN LAW SONG.

I remember—I remember—when the price was very high,
I'd my hunters for December, and my racers for July;
On my brow, PEEL, on my brow, PEEL.
There are sad signs of care;
For the prices are not now, PEEL,
What once the prices were.

I was merry—I was merry—when the 'lectioneerers came;
And the Squire, he said the prices would always be the same!
Now I've no one, now I've no one,
To say a word of cheer.
For the Squire and 'lectioneerers
They never come anear.

Punch. 1846.

ABOUT THE WEATHER.

(*A Fragment.*)

I REMEMBER, I remember,
Ere my childhood flitted by,

It was cold then in December,
And was warmer in July.
In the winter there were freezings—
In the summer there were thaws;
But the weather isn't now at all
Like what it used to was!

The Man in the Moon. Vol V.

The Bankrupt to the Commissioner.

I remember, I remember
How my tin once used to fly—
How at th'end of each December
Bills in bushels met my eye.

On my back, Sir, on my back, Sir,
Though my coat is not threadbare—
Yet those spicy things I lack, Sir,
Which of yore I used to wear.

(*Two verses omitted.*)

The Puppet Show. July 1, 1848.

Mistletoe Anticipations.

(By a young gentleman "who knows what's good.")

I remember, I remember,
We the mistletoe hung high
On a cold night in December,
When the Christmas Eve drew nigh;
I remember, from the ceiling
How its gleaming berries shone
On the pretty girls there squealing,
As I kiss'd them ev'ry one!
I remember, I remember,
How the mistletoe hung high
On that cold night in December;
And the tale that hangs thereby.

Then the dancing, then the dancing,
And the waving hair all tress'd;
And the bright eyes brighter glancing
When the little waist was press'd;
And the flirting, and the flirting,
Oh! how well I can recall!
And the lips their charms asserting,
For I think I kissed them all!!
I remember, I remember,
Each pretty girl and kiss;
And I judge from that December,
Of the fun I shall have this.

I was merry, I was merry,
When my pretty cousins came;
For their lips were tempting, (very!)
So I kiss'd them all the same!
Girls that night, sir, girls that night, sir,
As frolicsome as fair,
Ran about in wild delight, sir,
When the mistletoe was there.
I remember, I remember,
How they feign'd to hate a kiss;
But they kiss'd in that December,
And—I think they'll do so this!

Cuthbert Bede.

This imitation first appeared in *The Month*, December 1851, a small humorous magazine edited by Albert Smith, and illustrated by John Leech, which is now exceedingly scarce. The poem was afterwards included in "*Motley*, Prose and Verse," by Cuthbert Bede B.A., London, James Blackwood, 1855. Many parodies which appeared over the same well known *nom-de-plume* between thirty and forty years ago have been, and still remain to be, quoted in this collection. The creator of *Mr. Verdant Green*, still wields a prolific pen, but on more serious topics than of old, as witness his numerous contributions to "Notes and Queries" on Folk Lore, and his recent history of "Fotheringhay and Mary, Queen of Scots" published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London.

:o

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

"So runs the world away."—*Hamlet.*

Good-night to the Season! 'Tis over!
Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered like swallows away;
There's nobody left to invite one
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My patron is sailing at Cowes:
For want of a better employment,
Till Ponto and Don can get out,
I'll cultivate rural enjoyment,
An angle immensely for trout.

Good-night to the Season!—the obbies,
Their changes, and rumours of change,
Which startled the rustic Sir Bobbies,
And made all the Bishops look strange;
The breaches, and battles, and blunders,
Performed by the Commons and Peers;
The Marquis's eloquent thunders;
The Baronet's eloquent cheers;
Denouncings of Papists and treasons,
Of foreign dominion and oats;
Misrepresentations of reasons,
And misunderstandings of notes.

Good-night to the Season!—the buildings
Enough to make Inigo sick;
The paintings, and plasterings, and gildings
Of stucco, and marble, and brick;
The orders deliciously blended,
From love of effect, into one;
The club-houses only intended,
The palaces only begun;
The hell, where the fiend in his glory
Sits staring at putty and stones,
And scrambles from story to story,
To rattle at midnight his bones.

Good-night to the Season!—the dances,
The fillings of hot little rooms,
The glancings of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at Beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes;
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane;
The ice of her Ladyship's manners,
The ice of his Lordship's champagne.

Good-night to the Season !—the rages
Led off by the chiefs of the throng,
The Lady Matilda's new pages,
The Lady Eliza's new song ;
Miss Fennel's macaw, which at Boodle's
Was held to have something to say ;
Mrs Splenetic's musical poodles,
Which bark "*Batti Batti*" all day ;
The pony Sir Araby sported,
As hot and as black as a coal,
And the Lion his mother imported,
In bearskins and grease, from the Pole.

Good-night to the Season !—the Toso,
So very majestic and tall ;
Miss Ayton, whose singing was so-so,
And Pasta, divinest of all ;
The labour in vain of the ballet,
So sadly deficient in stars ;
The foreigners thronging the Alley,
Exhaling the breath of cigars ;
The *loge* where some heiress (how killing !)
Environed with exquisites sits,
The lovely one out of her drilling,
The silly ones out of their wits.

Good-night to the Season !—the splendour
That beamed in the Spanish Bazaar ;
Where I purchased—my heart was so tender—
A card-case, a pasteboard guitar,
A bottle of perfume, a girdle,
A lithographed Riego, full grown,
Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle
That artists might draw him on stone ;
A small panorama of Seville,
A trap for demolishing flies,
A caricature of the Devil,
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good-night to the Season !—the flowers
Of the grand horticultural fête,
When boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
And the fashion was—not to be late ;
When all who had money and leisure
Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
All hungrily pining for pines,
And making of beautiful speeches,
And marring of beautiful shows,
And feeding on delicate peaches,
And treading on delicate toes.

Good-night to the Season !—Another
Will come, with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like its brother,
In sunshine, and odour, and noise.
Will it come with a rose or a briar ?
Will it come with a blessing or curse ?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher ?
Will its morals be better or worse ?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
Or fonder of wrong or of right,
Or married—or buried ?—no matter :
Good night to the Season—good night !

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

GOOD-BYE TO THE COMMONS.

GOOD-BYE to the Commons ! Their places,
Rude strangers will seek to obtain,
And many familiar faces
We never may look on again !
Good-bye to their hasty expressions,
Their wrangles, contentions, and fights,
Their absolute waste of the sessions,
Their "personal" wrongs, and their rights.
The battle they're off to prepare for,
And *some* who away from us-fly
Will never return to us—therefore,
Good-bye to the Commons, good-bye !

Good-bye to the Commons ! To speeches
Without either reason or rhyme ;
To Irish Home Rulers ; to breaches
Of privilege, wasting our time ;
Good-bye to each wordy oration ;
To Blue Books consigned to the shelves ;
To small men who speak for "the nation,"
To great men who speak for themselves ;
To voices once strong, now grown weaker,
To orators little and big—
To that excellent person, the Speaker,
His chair, and his gown, and his wig.

Good-bye to the Commons ! To lobbies
Now empty, and silent, and still ;
Good-bye to their various hobbies,
To motion, and question, and bill ;
Their "Ayes" and their "Noes" and their prattle,
Their sittings so early and late—
For the trumpet has called them to battle,
And none can be sure of their fate.
We breathe just one sigh as they scatter,
Yet, somehow, we cannot deny
They've bored us immensely—no matter ;
Good-bye to the Commons, Good-bye !

Funny Folks. March 27, 1880.

VALE.

GOOD-BYE to the Season, its crosses,
Its care, and caress, its cabal,—
Let us drown both its gain and its losses
In Styx, or the Suez Canal !
Though pleasure be near, or too far be,
We've kept it up early and late,
From the dust and the din of the Derby
To the Fair at the Kensington *Fête.*
Let the desperate dog, or the dreamer
Dividing his lips with a weed,
Recross the sick streak in a steamer,
A travelling tourist—in tweed !

(*Two verses omitted.*)

Good-bye to the Season ! but listen,
Old Time keeps reversing his sand,
Fresh tears in loved eyelids will glisten,
And hand will keep searching for hand.
We shall come from the sea and the heather,
Refreshed and with faces burned brown,
To face life with courage together,
Or find care in charge of the town.
Though the past to the loved one and lover
Be sorrow, success, or a spell,
It has passed like a dream and is over,
Good-bye to the Season ! Farewell !

Punch. July 28, 1883.

GOOD-BYE TO THE SEASON.

GOOD-BYE to the season! 'Tis ended!
My friends are all flitting away,
And I murmured, as homeward I wended
From Goodwood, that last weary day,
Will no one invite me, I wonder,
To join them in shooting their moor,
Or shall I be left here to ponder,
While my chances get fewer and fewer?
Lord H. has gone sailing at Cowes,
And Carrie is bathing at Brighton,
And Charlie's gone North with his spouse,
Ah! Who is there left to invite one?

Good-bye to the season! The Houses
Are leaving their Bills in the lurch,
And Gladstone with Northcote carouses,
While Bradlaugh looks after the Church,
And Warton has blocked his last measure,
And Worms has forgotten the Russian,
And Granville chuckles with pleasure,
And dreams of his ally the Prussian;
And Cairns in the Strand's sweet seclusion
Is blessing Garmoyle and dear "Forty";
And coals and commandments in fusion
Are joined for a sign to the haughty.

(Two verses omitted.)

Good-bye to the season! We care not
What the next may relinquish or bring,
If low dresses we wear or we wear not,
When green are the trees in the spring.
If tight laces and vile crinolettes,
Disfigure the forms of our girls,
Turn they Yankee or smoke cigarettes,
Or iron their hair into curls.
If the season is heavy or fast is,
If the beauties are many or few;
We don't care if this season our last is,
(For our sweetheart is married) do you?

Life. August 23, 1883.

GOOD-BYE TO THE SEASON.

GOOD-BYE to the season! 'Tis over,
And London no longer is gay.
To Perth, to Penzance, and to Dover
(For Paris) all hurry away.
There's scarce a soul left in this hot land,
For all the world now, and his spouse,
If not making tracks up to Scotland,
Pretend to be yachting at Cowes.
Whilst mothers whose ill-fated daughters
Strove vainly for husbands in town,
Are seeking, in Cheltenham waters,
Their grim disappointment to drown.

Good-bye to the Season—but truly,
To all its chief items go through
Would lengthen our rhymes so unduly,
We dare not the subject pursue;
Nor dwell on those purse-proud pretenders,
Who, ever so ill at their ease,
Give dinners, whose shoddyish splendours
Are far too oppressive to please,
And who, wheresoever we find them—
And they're omnipresent, alack!—
Are given to leaving behind them
Of "h's" a well-defined track.

Nor speak of the year's recreations,
Its billiards, its cricket galore;
With breaks and with scores—such sensations
As London ne'er looked on before!
Nor talk of the lamp-lit "Inventions,"
Whose management, showing small *nous*,
A sum of enormous dimensions
Paid over to little Herr Strauss;
Nor even allude to those scandals,
The which, it would certainly seem,
That people with nominal handles
Their personal property deem.

Yes, these are the signs of the season.
And these are the lessons we'd teach,
As, mingling with rhyming our reason,
We try to a homily preach.
And out of the season's excesses—
Its fads, and its follies, and toys—
Pick out what our mind most impresses
Amidst all its notions and noise;
And once more our moral commending
To those who its truths should apply,
Cry again, as our rhymes we are ending,
"Good bye to the Season! Good bye!"

(Six verses omitted.)

Truth. August 6, 1885.

FAREWELL TO THE SEASON.

FAREWELL to the Season! Not often
We take it so early as June;
But CHAMBERLAIN nothing could soften,
The Parties were all out of tune.
And so dissolution confronts us,
Ere roses are fairly in bloom,
And GLADSTONE from Westminster hunts us
To challenge our fate, and his doom.

Farewell to the Season! 'Twas scurvy
Of WILLIAM to play us this trick,
Sets everything all topsy-turvy,
And banishes trade to Old Nick,
The Shopkeeper sighs with vexation,
The Milliner moans in despair;
In the West there is wild tribulation;
Teeth grinding and tearing of hair.

Farewell to the Season! The hunter
Of husbands is baulked of her game.
There is grief in the bosom of GUNTER,
All Regent-Street's soul is a-flame.
The Row is a wilderness utter,
The Livery Stables look sad,
The Cab-drivers mournfully mutter,
And Materfamilias goes mad.

Farewell to the Season! How dingy
A pall seems this close premature.
The shirkers, the stumped, and the stingy
May welcome the change to be sure;
But votaries of Commerce and Cupid,
Young seekers of fortune or fame,
All hold it confoundedly stupid,
And vote it a thundering shame!

Punch. July 3, 1886.

In the summer of 1887 the Puzzle Editor of *Truth* offered a prize of two guineas for the best parody of Praed's poem, and on August 25, and September 8, 1887, he published a dozen of the parodies sent in for the competition. The prize was awarded to the following, written by Mr. G. M. H. Playfair, which is the only one worthy of reproduction :—

So the Jubilee's over. Thank goodness !
  I scarce fancy, from all that I hear,
We could stand (be it said without rudeness)
  Such a function as that every year.
It was gorgeous, the drive to the Abbey,
  And was fairly well managed, we know,
Since not even the critical Labby
  Could deny 'twas a mighty fine show.
Such a crowd ! Never saw I a larger,
  And what cheering. Of that was no lack,
When they saw gallant Fritz on his charger,
  And the Marquis of Lorne on his back.

Never was such a Royal ovation
  Since the history of England began :
We had Princes of every nation,
  We had Daimios straight from Japan.
There was soreness, of course, and dissension
  Haughty Holkar was sparing of smiles,
Feeling hurt he should get less attention
  Than the Queen of the Cannibal Isles.
Apsley House flew historical banners,
  Mr. Smith spent a fortune in gas,
V.R.I. praised her people's good manners,
  And a bobby arrested Miss Cass.

Now the Jubilee season is over :
  There are met at Victoria no end
Of Serenities hasting to Dover,
  Of Transparencies bound for Ostend
While the Queen, with a thankful expression,
  Packs her bag and portmanteau for Cowes ;
Albert E. leaves the cook in possession
  As he migrates from Marlborough House.
The beau monde copies Royalty's caper,
  And (excepting mere tradesmen and boors)
Every soul shrouds his window in paper,
  And is off to the seaside or moors.

So the Park is deserted. The keeper
  Stalks alone where pricked rider and groom,
All unswept is the crossing, the sweeper
  Standing idly at ease with his broom.
Where but now rolled the Marquis's carriage
  The rare hansom crawls, hopeless of fare,
And there is not one notice of marriage
  On the books of St. George of the Square.
All the noise and the glitter are banished
  That came in with the Jubilee year ;
Passed away into Ewigkeit—vanished
  With Hans Breitmann's proverbial beer.

AWFUL WARRIOR.

TO A JILT.

(An imitation of Praed.)

WHEN rural boroughs are not bought,
  Or lovely maidens sold ;
When self is reckoned less than nought,
  Or honour more than gold ;
When money does not make the man,
  Or gooseberries champagne ;
When Poet Close's verses scan,—
  I may be yours again !

When Tussaud's wax-works learn to think
  Or Tories to be wise ;
When local rates begin to sink ;
  Or Spanish scrip to rise ;
When German princes live at home,
  Or swells in Drury-lane ;
When Dr. Cumming goes to Rome,—
  I may be yours again !

When knaves and ranters cease to preach,
  Or evening prints to lie ;
When tyros do not try to teach,
  Or silly girls to dye ;
When Osborne quite forgets to jest,
  Or Ireland to complain ;
When taxes are no more assess'd—
  I may be yours again !

When law and justice both unite,
  Or Swan and Edgar part ;
When London gas gives better light,
  Or Ayrton takes to art ;
When Leicester-square begins to smile,
  Or "Bradshaw" to be plain ;
When smart reviewers don't revile,—
  I may be yours again !

When Lord Penzance shall sit no more,
  Or gaols no longer stand ;
When want is banished from our shore,
  Or love is in the land ;
When earth is rid of every woe,
  Or fools are blest with brain—
Why then, my faithless charmer, know
  I may be yours again !

ANONYMOUS.

A PARODY.

On seeing the Speaker asleep in his chair, during one of the Debates of the first Reformed Parliament.

SLEEP, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair,
If you mayn't in your bed that you should in your chair ;
Louder and longer now they grow,
Tory and Radical, aye and no,
Talking by night, and talking by day,
Sleep, Mr, Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; slumber lies
Light and brief on a speaker's eyes.
Fielden or Finn in a minute or two
Some disorderly thing will do ;
Riot will chase repose away,
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker ; sweet to men
Is the sleep that cometh but now and then,
Sweet to the weary, sweet to the ill,
Sweet to the children that work in the mill ;
You have more need of repose than they—
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, Harvey will soon
Move to abolish the sun and the moon ;

Hume will no doubt be taking the sense
Of the House on a question of sixteen-pence;
Statesmen will howl and patriots bray:
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

Sleep, Mr. Speaker, and dream of the time
When loyalty was not quite a crime,
When Grant was a pupil in Canning's school,
And Palmerston fancied Wood a fool.
Lord! how principles pass away!
Sleep, Mr. Speaker, sleep while you may.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

This parody is often referred to as being very clever, partly, no doubt, on account of its having been written by Praed. It is certainly a very fair parody, and the original *Lullaby*, in the drama of *Guy Mannering*, is neither so very pathetic, nor so very beautiful, that a humorous imitation of it can give offence. The parody has, however, one defect, it is scarcely close enough in its imitation of the original:—

O, HUSH thee, my babie!—the time will soon come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum!
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

Thomas Moss, a minister of Brierly Hill, Staffordshire, who died in 1808, published anonymously in 1769, a volume of miscellaneous poems, one of which, "The Beggar's Petition," became immediately popular.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
  Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindling to the shortest span;
  Oh! give relief and heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
  These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek,
  Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
  With tempting aspect drew me from my road;
For plenty there a residence has found,
  And grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
  Here, as I craved a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from the door,
  To seek a shelter in an humble shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome:
  Keen blows the wind and piercing is the cold:
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
  For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
  If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
  And tears of pity would not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
  'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;
And your condition may be soon like mine,
  The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
  Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn,
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot,
  My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
  Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,
  And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
  Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair,
  And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
  Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindling to the shortest span;
  Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

A Hebrew translation of this poem, by Mr. William Salater, appeared in *Kottabos*, Vol. 3, No. 12. Hilary Term, 1881.

Kottabos was a small magazine published for Trinity College, Dublin, by Mr. W. McGee, and supported by many talented young writers.

THE GOOSE'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old Goose,
  Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,
Broke down with sorrow, lame, and past all use,
  Oh! give me corn, and Heaven will bless your store.

My feather'd coat, once lily white, and sleek,
  By cruel pluckings grown so bare and thin;
These rags, alas; doth misery bespeak,
  And show my bones, just starting thro' the skin.

Come, Biddy, come, that well-known pleasing sound,
  Stole in soft murmurs from Dame Partlet's farm;
For plenty there, in youthful days, I found,
  So waddled on, unconscious then of harm.

Soon as I reach'd this once blest, happy cot,
  Feeding the pigs, came Partlet from the stye;
More kicks than halfpence I too surely got,
  She seiz'd a broomstick, and knock'd out my eye.

A bandy cur, sworn foe to all our race,
  Some few years past, when I was strong and plump,
Who, if I hiss'd, would run and hide his face,
  Now boldly tears my breeches from my * * *

The wall-eye'd brute next bit me thro' the leg:
  A naughty boy too, out of wanton joke,
For whom I've laid, aye, many and many an egg,
  Seiz'd up a stone, and this left pinion broke.

To go from hence you see I am not able;
  Oh! take me in, the wind blows piercing cold;
Short is the passage to the barn or stable;
  Alas! I'm weak, and miserably old.

St. Michael's fatal day approaches near;
  A day we all have reason sure to curse;
E'en at the name my blood runs cold with fear,
  So inimical is that Saint to us.

You have misfortunes; why should I repine?
We're born for food to man, full well I know;
But may your fate, ah! never be like mine,
A poor old Goose, of misery and woe.

A numerous flock elected me their Queen;
I then was held of all our race the pride;
When a bold Gander, waddling from Brook Green,
Declar'd his love, and I became his bride.

Goslings we had, dear comforts of my life;
But a vile cook, by some mad fancy bit,
My pretty cacklers kill'd, then stuff'd with sage,
And their sweet forms expos'd upon the spit.

The murd'ress next seiz'd on my tender mate;
Alas! he was too fat to run or fly;
Like his poor infants, yielded unto fate,
And with his giblets, Cook she made a pie.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Goose,
Whose feeble steps have borne her to your door,
Broke down with sorrow, lame, and past all use,
Oh! give me corn, and Heaven will bless your store.

The European Magazine. 1804.

THE THIRD CLASS TRAVELLER'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a third class man,
Whose trembling limbs with snow are whiten'd o'er,
Who for his fare has paid you all he can:
Cover him in, and let him freeze no more!

This dripping hat my roofless pen bespeaks,
So does the puddle reaching to my knees;
Behold my pinch'd red nose—my shrivell'd cheeks:
You should not have such carriages as these.

In vain I stamp to warm my aching feet,
I only paddle in a pool of slush;
My stiffen'd hands in vain I blow and beat;
Tears from my eyes congealing as they gush.

Keen blows the wind; the sleet comes pelting down,
And here I'm standing in the open air!
Long is my dreary journey up to town,
That is, alive, if ever I get there.

Oh! from the weather, when it snows and rains,
You might as well, at least, defend the Poor;
It would not cost you much, with all your gains:
Cover us in, and luck attend your store.

Punch. March 1, 1845.

At that date the third class railway carriages were like cattle trucks, open to the weather, and only provided with rough wooden seats.

THE STAG'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old Stag,
Brought by the panic to the workhouse door;
Whose Scrip has dwindled into worthless rag:
Oh! give relief; part of his loss restore!

These tattered Shares my poverty bespeak;
These horrid deeds proclaim my length of ears;
I signed for many thousands every week:
I cannot liquidate the calls with tears.

Yon line, projected on no solid ground,
With tempting prospects drew me of my cash;
For plenty there the lawyer said he found,
And the Directors grandly cut a dash.

Hard is the fate of him who holds the Shares;
For when a slice of their rich gains I sought,
The pamper'd secretary only stares,
And tells me to go back to Capel Court.

Oh! take me to your comfortable Board;
Down is the Scrip—the *Times* are very cold!
Some of your premium you might afford,
For I'm let in, while you—for profits—sold.

Should I reveal the sources of your wealth,
I think that I could gibbet every name;
For to yourselves you have done "good by stealth,"
And even you might blush to find it fame.

You sent allotments—and 'tis very fine
That, spite of panics, you unharmed should be;
Some of your premium should have been mine;
Why should the discount all devolve on me?

A little batch of ten you did allot,
Then, like a trump, I my deposit paid;
But ah! the panic to the City got,
And not a sixpence now's to be made!

My broker once his friendship used to brag;
Check'd by the panic in his zeal to pay,
He casts me off, a poor abandoned stag,
And sternly bids me think of settling day.

My creditors, who know I've dealt in Shares,
Struck with suspicion at the wreck they see,
Tell me for worthless Scrip there's no one cares,
But ready money they must have from me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Stag,
Brought by the panic to the workhouse door;
Whose Scrip has dwindled into worthless rag;
Oh! give relief; part of his loss restore.

From *George Cruikshank's Table Book.* 1845.

Stag was a term applied during the railway mania to a speculator without capital who took "scrip" in the *Diddlesex Junction Railway*, and other lines *ejus et sui generis*, got the shares up to a premium, and then sold out. When the panic came the *Stags* got severely pinched, they could neither sell their scrip, nor pay the calls as they became due. Capel Court is one of the entrances to the London Stock Exchange.

THE LAMENT OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old bridge
Whose tottering state has made him quite a bore;
Whose arches dwindle to the river's ridge,
As they approach on either side the shore.

Those falling stones my craziness bespeak,
My smoke-dried aspect tells my lengthen'd years,
And many a furrow, worn into a creek,
The rain has made a channel for its tears.

Yon houses built on the adjacent ground
Have upon me my final doom bestow'd:
The Commons there a residence have found;
The Peerage a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of an infirm old pile,
While daily sinking on a cold damp bed;
If they don't move me in a little while
I certainly shall tumble down instead.

My wretched lot your interference claims,
Much longer I cannot together hold;
Some morning I shall drop into the Thames,
For I am weak and miserably old.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old bridge,
Whose tottering state has made him quite a bore,
His piers have sunk down to the river's ridge,
Oh! cast him off, lest he should tumble o'er.

Punch. 1846.

The Begging Impostor's Petition.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man
Whose bandaged limbs have brought him to your door,
Who rolls his eyeballs on a famous plan
Which he has practised for a month or more.

This studied shake paralysis bespeaks—
This shred of onion makes the best of tears;
And 'neath the whitening plaster on my cheeks,
The flush of last night's lushing disappears.

Yon house erected on a rising ground,
(A serious maiden lady's snug abode)
I visited, and there with depth profound,
A touch of first-rate pantomime I showed.

But, ah! how merit in this world gets stopp'd!
Just as to groan and shiver I'd begun—
A pamper'd peeler round the corner popp'd,
And made me shoulder up my crutch and run.

Oh, stand a trifle (just one's throat to wet)—
See how my eye with tears of anguish swims;
But make it something decent, or you'll get,
Ahem!—not blessings on your eyes and limbs.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose bandaged limbs have borne him to your door!
Who in these dreadful times—try all he can,
Can only make two pounds a day—no more!

The Man in the Moon, Vol. V. 1849.

The Prince's Petition.

Pity the troubles of a poor young Prince,
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door;
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store.

This empty hat my awkward case bespeaks,
These blank subscription-lists explain my fear;
Days follow days, and weeks succeed to weeks,
But very few contributors appear.

Yon house, whose walls with casements tall abound,
With look of affluence drew me from the road;
But grumbling there a residence had found,
Light was so plaguy dear at that abode.

Hard was the answer, and the cut was sore;
Here, where I hoped for good a pound a head,
A maid-of-all-work drove me from the door,
"We pays too much for Winder Tax," she said.

* * * *

A great success I thought would be my lot,
When, for a lark, I broach'd my plan, one morn;
But ah! Taxation to such height has got,
That I'm afraid the thing will fall still-born.

The Income Tax, that burden of the age,
Narrows the comforts of so many a home,
That people can't afford me patronage,
And I am doomed for charity to roam,

The tiresome duties that on Knowledge bear,
Retained by Government's unwise decree,
A farthing will not let the poor man spare
To aid all nations' industry and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor young Prince,
Whose costly scheme has borne him to your door;
Who's in a fix—the matter not to mince—
Oh, help him out, and Commerce swell your store!

Punch. 1850.

Prince Albert was then begging for subscriptions for the guarantee fund of the 1851 Exhibition, in doing which he incurred almost as much ridicule, and opposition, as the Prince of Wales has recently had to suffer in connection with his favorite scheme, the Imperial Institute.

The Young Lady's Complaint.

(Addressed to Messrs. Rowland & Son, from the Seaside.)

Pity the sorrows of a poor young girl,
(O, Rowland, great for oil and Kalydor;)
Whose tiresome ringlets will not keep in curl,
Tho' they're with hair-pins skewer'd o'er and o'er.

In vain at eve I paper them with care,
At morn releasing them in due array;
Ere breakfast's done all loose and limp they are,
And I've to curl them twenty times a day.

'Mid the parade's attractions could I show?
Dank and dishevell'd will my ringlets be;
I know the Captain doesn't like *bandeaux*,
Yet what resource beside is left for me?

O, Mr. Rowland, do contrive some charm
That by the sea may keep our hair in curl;
Call it the Bostryk-Oceanic Balm,
And take the blessings of each English girl.

Diogenes. September, 1853.

The Clerk's Petition.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Clerk,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose eyes are gone, his hands too weak to work,
Give him a fair allowance, and no more.

The Treasury hard masters seemed to be,
And to the House with hopeful hearts we came,
Deeming with kindlier eye our case 'twould see,
And lend more liberal hearing to our claim.

Vain hope, alas !—the measure you propose
But serves to make our hard lot harder still ;
Leave us untouched : we'll bear our present woes,
But save us from the Civil Service Bill.

(Four verses omitted.)

Punch. August 2, 1856.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

(The Tichborne Claimant.)

Pity the sorrows of an ill-used man,
On whom has closed the heavy prison door ;
He only begs you'll give him all you can—
Oh, give him that, and he'll not ask for more.

These twisted thumbs my parentage bespeak,
And next the limp, the famous wink appears ;
The eyelid drooping down upon my cheek,
Adds certain proof to my convincing ears.

A butcher's cart was my paternal lot,
In Wapping stood my proud ancestral halls ;
Ambition made me spurn a humble cot,
And lodged me where I am, in Newgate's walls.

"Yon house erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;
For Plenty there a residence had found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode."

Hard was the fate, for one so very stout ;
Here, when I told my wild advent'rous tale,
A pamper'd lawyer came and drove me out,
To find a shelter in a wretched gaol.

Some people has much money and no brains ;
Some others plenty brains and little gold ;
Those who've the wit, the coin take for their pains,
From those who've not the sense their own to hold.

Pity the sorrows of an ill-used man,
On whom has closed the heavy prison door ;
Be generous, and give him all you can,
To rescue him from Justice—I implore.

Judy. April 24, 1872.

THE BAR'S PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Bar,
Whose trembling base is rotten to the core ;
For whose last day one scarce need look afar,
Whose tottering frame unsightly timbers shore.

My dismal lines my ugliness bespeak,
These blacken'd stones proclaiming lengthen'd years ;
And many a patch of mud upon my cheek
Look like the grimy stains of scarce-dried tears,

Oh ! take me down, and save me from the doom
Of being shortly in the roadway roll'd,
Sending some poor wayfarers to the tomb ;
For I am pitiably weak and old.

Time brings misfortunes ; and the surging tide
Of City traffic roaring under me
Hath sapp'd me to the base, and to one side
Hath made me lean, as now you sadly see.

Two centuries ago I graced this spot,
When these old stones by fewer feet were worn ;
But now stern Progress vows that I cannot
Block up the street, or longer here be borne.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old Bar,
Whose trembling walls unsightly timbers shore
Whom Time has mark'd with many an ugly scar,
Oh ! take him down, and stick him up no more.

Judy. September 9, 1874.

MY NAME IS NORVAL.

My name is Norval : on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And Heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took, then hasted to my friends ;
Whom with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
'Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. 'Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life ; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps :—
Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

This speech occurs in Act II of John Home's tragedy "*Douglas,*" which was originally produced in Edinburgh, and was afterwards brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on March 14, 1757.

This tragedy gave rise to a work entitled "*Douglas*, a tragedy, by John Home, reduced to rhyme in the broad Buchan dialect," which few people of the present day would care to read, even if they could do so.

THE JEW STOCK-BROKER.

My name is *Moses* :—In theft-famed Rag Fair
My father sells old cloathes.—A bearded *Smouch* ;
Whose constant aim was to humbug his buyers,
And teach his only son, myself,—*to cheat.*
But I had heard of Gambling,—and I long'd
To lighten, with false dice, some sporting Lord.
Change Alley granted, what my fate denied :

---

* *Temple Bar* was removed from Fleet Street, to make way for the costly,and still more unsightly obstruction known as the Griffin

This moon, which rose last night, crooked like my fingers,
'Pear'd not i' th' almanac, when in dark street,
A band of lucky *Bulls*, from Garraway's—hot,
Rush'd like a torrent down chaste Goodman's Fields,
Row-wing and breaking lamps. The *Rabbis* fled
To fetch their canes brass headed :—I alone
With breeches pack, and box of ladies' caxens,*
Shuffled about the jolly dogs, and filch'd
Their pocket-books ;—I sought Ben Israel ;
Whom with a troop of fifty perjur'd Brokers
I Bank-ward follow'd : the notes we parted ;
Next morn we fac'd the Stock-encumber'd foe.
We bought up Consols, Ere a transfer made,
A bargain from my tongue *did up* their chief,
Who held that day the scrip since in my name.
Returning home half-groggy, I disdain'd
Th' old cloathes man's stitching life, and having heard
The financier had summon'd all loan jobbers
To bring their *Rino* to the Treasury side ;
I left old Shylock's house ; and stole with me
His fraud-earn'd bags to pay my quantum down ;
(The electric *Spankers* which have skirk'd their masters !)
Intent on lies and rapine, I have prowl'd,
Till, hell-directed, I a *Bear* became,
The accursed deed that dickies all my hopes !

From "*Poems*, by John Peter Roberdeau," Chichester. 1803.

The following parody appeared in *The New Tory Guide*, a small collection of political and satirical *jeux d'esprit* published by J. Ridgway, London, in 1819. "The Doctor" was a nickname bestowed, by his political opponents, upon Henry Addington, first Viscount Sidmouth, who was the son of a medical man, Anthony Addington, M.D.

Henry Addington was Prime Minister in 1801, he was created a Viscount in 1805, and held several lucrative appointments. He was the subject of many bitter lampoons, and in 1817 he attempted by strong measures to limit the freedom of the Press, in which he signally failed. Hone's publications contain several caricatures of him by George Cruikshank, as well as the following parody, which is there ascribed to the pen of the Right Hon. George Canning, but without any mention of the paper in which it first appeared. It is also quoted in Vol. VIII. of *The Spirit of the Public Journals for* 1804, where it is stated to have been taken from the *Oracle*.

"My name's the *Doctor :* on the Berkshire hills
My father purg'd his patients ; a wise man,
Whose constant care was to increase his store,
And keep his only son—myself—at home.

"But I had heard of politics, and long'd
To sit within the Commons' House, and get
A place ; and luck gave what my sire denied.—
Some thirteen years ago, or ere my fingers
Had learn'd to mix a potion, or to bleed,
I flatter'd Pitt ; I cring'd, and sneak'd, and fawn'd,
And thus became the Speaker. I alone,
With pompous gait, and peruke full of wisdom,
Th' unruly *Members* could control, or call
The House to order,

"Tir'd of the Chair, I sought a bolder flight,
And grasping at *his* power, I *struck* my friend,
Who held that *place*, which now I've made my own.
"Proud of my triumph, I disdain'd to court
The patron hand which fed me, or to seem
Grateful to him who rais'd me into notice.
And when the King had called his Parliament
To meet him here conven'd in Westminster,
With all my *Family* crowding at my heels,
My brothers, cousins, followers, and my son,
I show'd myself prime *Doctor* to the country ;
My ends attain'd, my only aim has been
To keep my place, and gild my humble name."

My Name is Scraggem.

My name is Scragg'em. On famed Mutton Hill
My father sells his pies, a frugal man
Whose constant care it was to win the toss,
Increase his store, and keep my humble self at home.
But I had heard of winning, and I long'd
To follow to the hill, to call out head or tail,
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
Yon gas, which blazed last night long as my stick,
Had scarce burst into flame, when by its light
A half-starved, hungry mortal, rushed furiously
On my stall, devouring mince and mutton.
The watchman fled for succour, I alone
In Crib-like attitude, hover'd about the enemy,
Then pounced suddenly upon his meagre carcass,
And drew a half-munch'd pie from his devouring jaws.
I fought and conquer'd, ere a Charley came,
I'd drawn the claret from his olfact'ry organ.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The vulgar cry of apple, mince, or mutton ;
And having heard of one Sir Walter Scott,
And Bernard-Barton, bard of broad-brim'd beaver,
Filling their pockets with produce of a pen,
I left my stall, took up the grey goose quill,
And wrote these lines, with the intent
That Mirror's page should gild my humble name.

From Limbird's *Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction*. Vol. vi.

My Name's Tom Dibdin.

My name's *Tom Dibdin,** far o'er Ludgate Hill
My master kept his shop, a frugal Cit,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only 'prentice, me, at home ;
For I had heard of acting, and I long'd
To mimic on the stage some warlike lord,
But fortune granted me what trade denied.
Yon moon, which rose one night across Moorfields,
Had scarcely fill'd her horns, when by her light
A band of merry mad-caps from the town
Rushed like a torrent to the water's edge
Seeking the Margate hoy—with them I fled
For liberty and acting. Thus alone,
With walking strides, and bundle thin of linen,
Hover'd about the Kentish coast, and mark
What trade I took—I hasten'd to *East-Bourne*,
Where *Richland*,† and a troop of actor folks
I met advancing. Merry lives we led,
Till we had eased the cash-encumber'd clowns,

---

* What is a caxen ?—Ed. P.

* Thomas Dibdin, song-writer and dramatist, was born in 1771. He was apprenticed to Sir William Rawlins, Knt., who then kept a broker's shop in Moorfields.

† The manager of a strolling company.

I wrote and acted, ere long time had flown,
A scribble from my quill, produc'd a farce,
Which bore that day the name that now it bears,
Elated thence, with triumph I disdained
A country actor's life, and having heard
That Mister *Harris* wanted some bold bard,
To lead his actors to old Nilus' side,*
I left my manager, and took with me
A chosen fair one to console my steps,
Yon merry female who delights her master.
Journeying to town from Kent, I pass'd the Tower,
And, chance directed, came this day to write
An opera that's wormwood to the Jews.†

From *The Times*, also quoted in *The Spirit of the Public Journals for* 1803.

ADDRESS,

To be spoken by the Author, dressed in the garb of a Brewer's Porter, armed with a Spigot, &c.

MY name is Whitbread. Upon Hertford's hills
My father kept his house; a brewer rich,
Whose constant cares were to increase his wealth,
And keep his only son, myself, at school;
For I had heard of speeches, and I long'd
To follow in the House some noisy chief,
And Bedford granted what my sire denied.

This House which opes to-night, large as my brewhouse,
Had not yet rais'd its head, when on its site
A band of Irish bricklayers, from the street,
Rush'd like mad dogs upon the ruin'd walls,
Wheeling the bricks and stones; the Renters fled
For Sheridan and Peake; whilst I alone,
With bended quill and book full of subscribers,
Hover'd about the ruins, and well mark'd
The road they went;—then hasted to some friend,
Whom with a list of fifty wealthy men
I met advancing. Then the chair I took
And soon o'erturned the *debt-encumbered* foe;
We talked and argued: ere a pound was paid,
A promise from my tongue upset the chief,
Who had that day the *box* which now I have!
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
A brewer's vulgar life; and having read
That our old King had summoned his good towns
To send new members up to Abbot's side,
I went to Bedford, and behind me left
A chosen Lord to follow in my steps—
Yon bald-head bigot who *forsook his master.*

(Pointing to Lord H's box.)

Journeying with that intent, I've 'scaped the Tower,
And, pride directed, come this night to hear
The rabble shouts that greet my brazen name.

The Morning Post. October 29, 1812.

Samuel Whitbread, M.P., took a very active part in the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre, which had recently been destroyed by fire. Mr. Whitbread is frequently mentioned in *The Rejected Addresses.* He committed suicide in 1815.

The Mélange (Liverpool, 1834), also contains another parody on the same original. It is an address supposed to be delivered by a lad named William Leigh, who was wounded in the Peterloo massacre in 1819, when the Yeomanry Cavalry and Hussars brutally charged into a public meeting held to deliberate on the Reform Bill, and killed and wounded many people. The parody is now devoid of interest.

CANNING'S HISTORY OF HIMSELF.

(Written in April 1822.)

MY name is Canning; on the Thespian boards
My mother played her part—a thrifty dame,
Whose only care was to increase her store,
And teach her hopeful son the "Rule of Three."*
But I had heard of sinecures, and long'd
To follow in the track that leads to Court,
And Heaven soon granted what I so desir'd:
The Gallic sun rose from chaotic night,
And by its blaze, a horde of *Sans Culottes*
Rush'd, like a torrent, o'er the affrighted world—
Threaten'g all crowned heads. The *Courier* wrote
The Jacobins to succour. I, on place
Intent, wrote, in the *Anti-Jacobin*,
Phillippics against France, and Pitt soon mark'd
The squibbs I penned, and rank'd me with his friends,
A chosen band of needy, hungry placemen,
In fortune all advancing. This life I led
Until at Waterloo we met the foe:
We fought and conquer'd, thank our lucky stars,
The loitering Grouchy seal'd the fate of Nap.,†
Who wore that day the crown fat Louis wears.
Exulting in our triumph, I disdain'd
A rhyming punster's life, and having heard
That Lusitania's king, called by his peers,
His course was bending to the Tagus side,
I left my native land and took with me
The sum of fourteen thousand pounds a year.
The King came not; but what cared I for that?
I ate and drank, and then came back again;
And, Heaven be prais'd, have liv'd to see the day
When India hails me as her Governor!

From *The Mélange*, Liverpool, 1834.

DR. LARDNER'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

MY name is Lardner, in St. Paul's Churchyard
My Cyclopædia sells, a weighty book
Whose constant pages do increase my store
And keep their editor, myself, at home!
For I was born a *janius*, and I longed
For some two thousand pounds per annum, and
My book soon gave what Gower Street denied.

From *The National Omnibus*, May 27, 1831.

NORVAL.

MY name is Norval, on the Grampian hills,
My faither keeps his whisky stills,

---

* *A Trip to the Nile* was Mr. Dibdin's first production on Covent Garden boards.

† *Family Quarrels*, in which the Jews were attacked. Thomas Dibdin died on September 16, 1841.

* The "Rule of Three," useful for calculating which political party to adopt, in order quickly to obtain a profitable place.

† Had Grouchy arrived at the appointed time Napoleon would probably not have been beaten at Waterloo.

His occupation is to shield
His whisky stills frae the gauger chiels;
And to keep his son at hame as weel,
Fal, lal, &c.

The moon which shone so bright last night,
Had scarcely set itself—not quite;
When a band o' gaugers o'er the hills
Cam' tumblin' down like Jacks and Gills,
And pounced upon our whisky stills.
Fal, lal, &c.

My faither he was off like a shot,
And said the stills might go to pot;
While I alone withstood the shock,
And tumbled the gaugers o'er a rock,
And made their heads play nick-ety-knock.
Fal, lal, &c.

Full fifty fathoms they fell, I think,
And spattered the rocks all over with ink;
The first he fell down with a thump, thump, thump,
The next he fell down with a dump, dump, dump.
While they all fell together in a clump, clump, clump.
Fal, lal, &c.

The Modern Norval.

Scene.—The Treasury Bench in the House of Commons. As the scene opens, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer is discovered on his legs, and forthwith proceeds to thus address the House.

Lord R. Churchill:

My name is Randolph; in the Blenheim fields
My father fed his flocks; a frugal duke
Whose constant care was to increase his store
Of ready money, hoarded for my sake,
That I, although not heir, might have wherewith
To help me in my fight for power and place.
For I had suddenly (what time I sat
For Woodstock borough) gained myself much fame,
And finding that sharp wits, and daring pluck,
And matchless impudence were strangely rare
Amongst the Tories, straightway resolved
To raise myself, as in the past men said
That wily Hebrew and great Tory chief
Lord Beaconsfield, long time as Dizzy known,
Had raised himself to foremost place and fame.

Aye, I had read his doings, and I longed
To follow in the path of such a chief
And trade, as he did, on the ignorance
Of those who called themselves Conservative.
What happ'd I need not tell you; 'tis enough
That Fate soon granted what my soul desired,
And that the chance I yearn'd for came full soon,
I pass in silence o'er those merry months
When aided by three henchmen (each of whom
Has since had cause to bless the day he helped me),
I made notorious our Fourth Party's name.
Are not its deeds in *Hansard* duly writ?
How 'twas I teased and "drew" the Grand old Man?
How, too, I all but broke poor Northcote's heart?
These things are recent, and men still recall
How, like a freelance, rising from my seat,
I made my verbal spear thrusts right and left,
And dealt deep wounds to friend and foe alike.
Men still recall, I say, the things I did,
When office came to crown my lawlessness,
And the proud Marquis had to own my might;
How, cool and confident, I laid my plans,
And, armed with weapons such as Dizzy used,
Made haste to wield them. Aye! whilst others slept
I hovered round the Tory camp and shot
My venowed arrows till the air was full
Of groaning, as the wounded Tory dolts
Were borne complaining to the House of Lords.

Thus did I clear the path that led me here,
Thus paved the way to that great victory
Which has been gained but lately o'er our foes.
'Tis true that other leaders led the van.
Whigs fought and won, but Tories claimed the spoil,
And I, insisting on a lion's share,
Am here to-day as Leader of that House
In which I've played my pranks in sessions past,
And outraged precedent and party faith.

Yes, Randolph is my name, I would repeat,
And whilst my brother Blenheim doth denude
Of all its treasures, to increase the sum
Accruing after mortgages are paid,
I bring the House of Churchill fresh renown
(My foes *will* call it notoriety),
And seated on this bench prepare to reap
Those oaths so wild I sowed below the gangway
But thirty-seven, yet trusted to control
The realm's finances, and to have my way
Despite the Marquis and his played-out friends;
But thirty-seven, yet filled with the belief
That greater honour still will soon be mine.
And that the baser Tories, tickled by
My daring tricks, my voluble command
Of words abusive, and the ready way
I pelt my friends and foes with verbal mud,
Will with one voice proceed to summon me
To lead their party to fresh victories,
E'en though it may be o'er Lord Salisbury's corse.

The London Figaro. August 21, 1886.

The Infant Prodigy.

My name is Balfour! On the Irish ills
My uncle feeds his flock, a frugal swain
Whose only care is to enforce the law,
And keep myself, his nevvy, in the swim,
And so, relinquishing a placid post—
That is, the Scottish Secretaryship—
I have been promptly thrust into the gap
Which the involuntary exodus
Of poor Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach has made.
Now must I urge a valiant attempt
To show my mettle, and, in constant fray
With Ireland's Home Rule representatives,
Or Ireland's agitating multitudes,
To justify my elevated state.
Wherefore an' these, the enemies of law,
Oppose the mandates of our Government,
It shall be mine to head the countercharge,
And bring them to their knees. My trusty sword,
Albeit 'tis of wood, can deal hard knocks;

And slashing, prodding, whacking right and left—
As thus—and thus—unless I greatly err,
I'll pretty soon assert supremacy,
And make the varlets mind their P's. and Q's.

Fun. March 16, 1887.

* * *

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

(Edmund Waller, born 1603, died 1687.)

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That had'st thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired.
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

[Yet, though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise;
And teach the maid
That goodness Time's rude hand defies,—
That virtue lives when beauty dies.]

The last stanza was added by Henry Kirke White, and is the crowning grace of a beautiful poem, which would scarcely have been complete without it.

The Wedding Cake.

Verses to accompany the wedding cake prepared by Messrs. Purcell of Cornhill, for the Emperor Napoleon's marriage.

Go, wedding-cake!
And tell the Emperor, from me
That no mistake,
When I resemble him to thee,
About his work and state can be.

Tell him that's rich,
And deck'd in jewels, stars, and rings,
That dainties which
Are faced by plaster tinsellings
Are not the wholesomest of things.

Too large a slice
Of plums and almonds thickly press'd,
Though passing nice,
And swallow'd, at the time, with zest,
Is apt to lie upon the chest.

A fair outside,
Of lily whiteness, ne'er so much,
May chance to hide
A mass of black material, such
As dainty palates fear to touch.

Then go, that he
May learn the fate of humbugs past,
Like him, and thee,—
To be, their transient splendours past—
Pitch'd into, and cut up at last.

Diogenes. February 1853.

The Æsthete to the Rose.

(By Wildgoose, after Waller.)

Go, flaunting Rose!
Tell her that wastes her love on thee,
That she nought knows
Of the new Cult, Intensity,
If sweet and fair to her you be.

Tell her that's young,
Or who in health and bloom takes pride,
That bards have sung
Of a new youth—at whose sad side
Sickness and pallor aye abide.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty in crude charms attired.
She must shun mirth,
Have suffered, fruitlessly desired,
And wear no flush by hope inspired.

Then die, that she
May learn that Death is passing fair:
May read in thee
How little of Art's praise they share,
Who are not sallow, sick, and spare!

Punch. October 1, 1881.

The Message of the Rosebery.

Go, my Primrose,
Tell them the new Secretaree
Is one who knows
His mind, and hath not a weak knee,
How bland so'er he seem to be.

Tell them you're young,
And in so high a post untried;
But having sprung
Into the saddle at one stride,
You're going to sit down and *ride*.

Small is the worth
Of a "light hand" that soon gets tired;
Better stand forth
As the strong man so long desired,
Abroad respected, here admired.

In Granville we
The fate of weakness *debonair*
May clearly see;
Put down your foot, sit firm and square,
And keep us free from shirk and scare!

Punch. February 13, 1886.

WANTED—A GOVERNESS.

A GOVERNESS wanted—well fitted to fill
The post of tuition with competent skill—
In a gentleman's family highly genteel.
Superior attainments are quite indispensable,
With everything, too, that's correct and ostensible;
Morals of pure unexceptionability;
Manners well formed, and of strictest gentility.
The pupils are five—ages, six to sixteen—
All as promising girls as ever were seen—
And besides (though 'tis scarcely worth while to put that in)
There is *one* little boy—but *he* only learns Latin.
The lady must teach all the several branches
Whereunto polite education now launches:
She's expected to teach the French tongue like a native,
And be to her pupils of all its points dative;
Italian she *must* know *au fond*, nor needs banish
Whatever acquaintance she *may* have with Spanish;
Nor would there be harm in a trifle of German,
In the absence, that is, of the master, Von Hermann.
The harp and piano—*cela va sans dire*,
With thorough bass, too, on the plan of Logier.
In drawing in pencil, in chalks, and the tinting
That's called Oriental, she must not be stint in;
She must paint upon paper, and satin, and velvet;
And if she knows gilding, she'll not need to shelve it,
Dancing, of course, with the newest gambades,
The Polish mazurka, and best gallopades;
Arithmetic, history, joined with chronology,
Heraldry, botany, writing, conchology,
Grammar, and satin-stitch, netting, geography,
Astronomy, use of the globes, cosmography,
'Twas also as well could she be calisthenical,
That her charges' young limbs may be pliant to any call.
Their health, play, and studies, and moral condition,
Must be superintended without intermission:
At home, she must all habits check that disparage,
And when they go out must attend to their carriage.
Her faith must be orthodox—temper most pliable—
Health good—and reference quite undeniable.
These are the principal matters. *Au reste*,
Address, Bury Street, Mrs. General Peste.
As the *salary's moderate*, none need apply
Who more on that point than on *comfort* rely.

ANONYMOUS.

WANTED—AN ALDERMAN.

WANTED, an Alderman, fitted to fill
His post in the City with competent skill.
If no judge of justice, a good judge of wine,
Who knows how to ride and who knows how to dine.
When needed to Time he must be in "the nick,"
And if he makes watches must not go on tick;
Who three times on Sundays to church does repair,
Who knows how to feather the nest of a mayor.
Who well the importance of beakdom can feel,
For the Court is itself—oh! so very genteel.
Wanted—an Alderman!

He must not at Greenwich, with Radicals shout,
Nor yet to a beanfeast with workmen go out;
And if at a tavern to dine he doth please,
Must not make a bet on the height of the cheese.
He must vow Temple Bar still shall weather the storm,
And not say a word about City reform,
He must swear vested rights are of all rights the best,
And not a chain cable wear outside his vest.
He his mind must not speak, whatsoe'er he may feel,
For the Court is itself—oh! so very genteel.
Wanted—an Alderman!

Wanted—an Alderman—portly and fat,
To wear on occasions a gown and cocked hat;
To look sharply after the City police,
And fine costermongers his five pounds apiece.
To let out on bail each embezzling clerk,
And lock up young swells who are "out for a lark;"
To vote for the Tories or not vote at all,
To ride in his carriage, and cabs never call;
In short, "fit and proper" to be and to feel,
For the Court is itself—oh! so very genteel!
Wanted—an Alderman!

Funny Folks.

WANTED AN EDITOR.

WANTED an Editor, burly and big,
Clever, and willing, and hearty.
Neither a Radical, Tory, nor Whig,
But able to please every party.
He must not be squeamish, nor over nice
In tracing out jobs, root and fibre
He must loathe every sinner, lash every vice
But never offend a subscriber.
(This last is a process requiring great care,
Since vices are plenty, subscribers more rare.)

Learned, yet practical, he must unite
Natural talent with science,
These, with that which can alone keep him right,
Judgment, well worthy reliance.
He must always be able to crack a good joke,
And ready to tell a new story
Know all the authorities, Camden and Coke,
The Stud Book and Sir Peter Laurie.
(He may have what he likes *in* his head; but beware!
The latter authority don't like long hair!)

He must know all the turns of the Turf and the tricks
Which folks would involve in such mystery;
If a horse should be poisoned, be able to fix
On the rogue—and relate the whole histr'y.
He must watch every dodge and deceit in the odds,
By discerning 'twixt better and hedger;
He must mark all the winks, and the nudges and nods,
And PROPHESY Derby and Leger.
(This last is a matter of lucky fortuity,
Which when you are "out" merely wants ingenuity.)
And now as to terms, we already have shown
How pleasant this Editor's place is—
He must hunt, and of course keep a horse of his own
Shoot—fish—and attend all the races;—
Thus his work is so light, yet so pleasant withal,
From the honest fame he must inherit,

The Proprietors don't wish to pay him at all,
But let his reward be—his merit.
(Another announcement will appear by and by
Directing all candidates where to apply.)

From *Songs of the Press, and other Poems relating to Printing,* collected by C. H. Timperley. London. Fisher, Son & Co. 1845.

William Makepeace Thackeray,

Born, July 18, 1811. | Died, Dec. 24, 1863.

DEPARTING from the plan hitherto adopted in this collection, Thackeray will have to be considered not only as the author of many poems which have formed the bases of parodies, but also as himself the writer of almost innumerable parodies and burlesques, both in verse and in prose. Having, indeed, such a natural *penchant* for travestie that he would rather parody himself, than remain long serious, or philosophical. One of his early friends and schoolfellows wrote of him, that, when quite a boy at the Charterhouse School, "he was known for his faculty of making verses, chiefly parodies.

I only remember one, a parody on a poem by L. E. L. about 'Violets, dark blue violets,' which Thackeray translated into 'Cabbages, bright green cabbages,' and we thought it very witty."

This parody will be given later on, but considerations of space render it necessary to be sparing of comment on Thackeray's work as a parodist; some of his best poetical parodies will be given, as well as a list of his prose burlesques. But for historical details of these famous *jeux d'esprit,* with explanations of the allusions contained in them, the reader can be confidently recommended to turn to Anthony Trollope's charming volume on Thackeray, in the "English Men of Letters" series, published by Macmillan & Co, London.

Certainly, as Anthony Trollope therein remarks, no writer ever had a stronger proclivity towards parody than Thackeray, and there is no form of literary drollery more dangerous. The parody will often mar the gem of which it coarsely reproduces the outward semblance.

But it must be acknowledged of Thackeray, that he has done little or no injury by his parodies. They run over with fun, but are so contrived that they do not lessen the flavour of the original. In the little set of verses of his own, called *The Willow Tree,* and his own parody on the same, we see how effective a parody may be in destroying the sentiment of the piece parodied.

But in dealing with other authors, he has been grotesque without being severely critical, and has been very like, without making ugly or distasteful that which he has imitated.

VIOLETS.

VIOLET!—deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grown in the vale,
Kissed by the sun, woo'd by the gale,
None with the dew of the twilight wet
So sweet as the deep-blue violet!
I do remember how sweet a breath,
Came with the azure light of a wreath,
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,
That rung to my dark-eyed lover's words;
I have seen that dear harp rolled
With gems of the east and bands of gold,
But it never was sweeter than when set
With leaves of the dark blue violet.
And when the grave shall open for me—
I care not how soon that time may be—
Never a rose shall blow on my tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and bloom!
But let me have there the meek regret
Of the bending and deep-blue violet!

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

In L. E. L.'s poetical works, "Excelsior" Edition, the above is called "*The* Violet," and lines 3 and 4 are—

There are no flowers *grow* in the vale
Kiss'd by the *dew,* woo'd by the gale,

and the final lines are—

Never a rose shall grow on *that* tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and *of* bloom,
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep-blue violet!

CABBAGES.

CABBAGES! bright green cabbages!
April's loveliest gifts I guess,
There is not a plant in the garden laid,
Raised by the soil, dug by the spade,
None by the gardener water'd I ween,
So sweet as the cabbage, the cabbage green.
I do remember how sweet a smell
Came with the cabbage I loved so well,
Served up with the beef that so beautiful looked,
The beef that the dark-eyed Ellen cooked.
I have seen beef served with radish of horse,
I have seen beef served with lettuce of Cos,
But it is far nicer, far nicer I guess
As bubble and squeak. Beef and cabbages.
And when the dinner-bell sounds for me—
I care not how soon that time may be—
Carrots shall never be served on my cloth,
They are far too sweet for a boy of my broth,
But let me have there a mighty mess
Of smoking hot beef and cabbages!

W. M. THACKERAY.

This early parody has not hitherto been included amongst Thackeray's collected ballads and poems. It was printed in an article which appeared in *Cornhill.* Vol. XI., 1865, entitled "A Memorial of Thackeray's Schooldays," signed J. F. B.

The Willow-Tree.

No. I.

Know ye the willow-tree,
Whose gray leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
To yon pale river?
Lady, at eventide
Wander not near it!
They say its branches hide
A sad lost spirit!

Once to the willow-tree
A maid came fearful,
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
Her blue eye tearful.
Soon as she saw the tree,
Her steps moved fleeter,
No one was there—ah me!—
No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear
The far bells' chime,
Toll from the chapel-tower
The trysting time.
But the red sun went down
In golden flame,
And though she looked round,
Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,
Sadly to greet her,—
Moon in her silver light,
Stars in their glitter.
Then sank the moon away
Under the billow.
Still wept the maid alone—
There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,
By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
Tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness,
Lonely and stilly.
Shrill came the night wind,
Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
Biting and cold.
Bleak peers the gray dawn
Over the wold!
Bleak over moor and stream
Looks the gray dawn,
Gray, with dishevelled hair,
Still stands the willow there—
The maid is gone!

Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany—
Sing for poor maiden-hearts
Broken and weary;
Domine, Domine!
Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a
Wild miserere!

Thackeray wrote this pretty little ballad simply that he might render it absurd by his own parody, which is here printed side by side, as it was when it first appeared in *Frazer's Magazine* for 1842, in *The Fitz-Boodle Papers.*

The Willow-Tree.

No. II.

Long by the willow-tree
Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
O'er the gray water.
"Where is my lovely one?
Where is my daughter?

"Rouse thee, sir constable—
Rouse thee and look.
Fisherman, bring your net,
Boatman, your hook.
Beat in the lily beds,
Dive in the brook."

Vainly the constable
Shouted and called her.
Vainly the fisherman
Beat the green alder.
Vainly he threw the net,
Never it hauled her!

Mother beside the fire
Sat, her night-cap in;
Father, in easy chair,
Gloomily napping;
When at the window-sill
Came a light tapping.

And a pale countenance
Looked through the casement.
Loud beat the mother's heart,
Sick with amazement,
And at the vision which
Came to surprise her!
Shrieking in an agony—
"Lor'! it's Elizar!"

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth;—
Yes, 'twas their girl;
Pale was her cheek, and her
Hair out of curl.
"Mother!" the loved one,
Blushing, exclaimed,
"Let not your innocent,
Lizzy be blamed.

"Yesterday, going to aunt
Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the door-key!
And as the night was cold,
And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
Breakfast and sleep."

Whether her pa and ma
Fully believed her,
That we shall never know.
Stern they received her;
And for the work of that
Cruel, though short night,—
Sent her to bed without
Tea for a fortnight.

Moral.

Hey diddle diddlety,
Cat and the fiddlety,
Maidens of England take
Caution by she!
Let love and suicide
Never tempt you aside,
And always remember to take the door-key.

W. M. Thackeray.

LITTLE BILLEE.

(AIR.—*Il y avait un petit navire.*)

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
"We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
"With one another we shouldn't agree!
There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee:
There's the British fleet a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Nelson, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's ship
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee;
But as for little Bill, he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

It is stated that Thackeray first sang this amusing piece of nonsense *extempore.* When it first found its way into print is not known, but it occurs as early as 1863 in an article on *Thackeray* which appeared in the, now defunct, "North British Review." Prior to that date an incorrect version was printed in some American newspapers, and rumour at once fixed upon O. W. Holmes as the author. Perhaps Holmes may have written a parody on it, but if so, it does not appear in his collected poems.

THE MODERN MEN OF GOTHAM!

(*Who went to sea ia a Bowl.*)

THERE were three dwellers in Gotham city
Who took a bowl and put to sea;
But first with fallacies, and figments,
And cooked statistics they loaded she.

There was bumptuous 'Arry, and bouncing Jemmy,
And the youngest he was little Randee;
And there wasn't an able-bodied seaman,
Nor a skilful steersman among the three.

And the bowl was crank as the crankest cockboat,
It hadn't a keel, and its bottom was queer;
And it rolled and pitched like a tipsy porpoise,
And it couldn't sail, and it wouldn't steer.

They might have sailed in a genuine clipper,
'Arry and Jemmy, and little Randee,
But they'd had a row with the Free Trade skipper,
And were filled with the spirit of mutinee.

Their craft—"Fair Trade" was the name they christened it—
They jointly launched on the tumbling ocean,
And they huddled into her with a lot of shouting,
But they soon felt queer, all along of her motion.

For she tumbled this way, and wobbled that way,
And she circumvoluted, like a tee-to-tum;
And the angry billows dashed damply over them,
Whilst they whistled for a fair wind, which wouldn't come.

Thus bumptious 'Arry and bouncing Jemmy,
And the cocky urchin called little Randee!
And they had'nt got far from the Prime Meridian,
When they wished they were safe on a Seventy-three.

Says bumptiovs 'Arry to bouncing Jemmy,
"I fear we are *very much* at sea."
To bumptious 'Arry says bouncing Jemmy,
"How about Reciprocitee?"

Says bumptious 'Arry to bouncing Jemmy,
"I begin to fear that it won't help we
If this blessed bowl takes us bang to the bottom,
What do you think of it, little Randee?"

Says *he*, "Our Free Trade Catechism
We'd better repeat upon bended knee,
And be more particular about the Ninth Commandment,
Nor again go floating in a bowl to sea."

* * *

So when they got back to the Free Trade skipper,
He chivied 'Arry and he chaffed Jemmee.
But as for little Randee, they made him—
Well, they who live longest will probably see!

Punch. November 15, 1884.

Henry Chaplin, M.P., James Lowther, M.P., and Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P., had recently been advocating several remedies for the agricultural depression. Fair Trade, Reciprocity, and a Protective Duty on imported corn, were proposed, but met with no general support either in Parliament, or out of it.

THE JOLLY COMMISSIONERS.

THERE were some Commissioners of Northern Lighthouses,
Who took a boat and went to sea,
Who took a boat to see what they could see.

There was Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jimmy,
With others, who ran up a little bill-ee
At the Waterloo, Grieve's Hostelree.

They went to inspect Lighthouses and Lightships,
All round the Scottish coast, N.B.
A very pleasant trip it was, N.B.

Says Gorging Jack to Guzzling Jimmy,
"What shall we do if we're hunge-*ree?*
Which will happen very probab*lee.*

"Oh, ain't we going to drink and eat too
When Lighthouses we come to see?
Oh, this air gives such an appe-ti-*tee.*"

Says Guzzling Jim to Gorging Jacky,
"O Gorging Jack, what a fool you be.
Let's store the boats provisional*lee.*"

With dinners and dessert and Amontillado,
And Chambertin they loaded she,
With Sixty-four Lafitte they loaded she.

* * * *

They'd Steinberg Cabinet of Sixty-Eight too,
And other wines which were all first-rate to
Says Guzzling Jim unto Jackee,
"Oh, what a lot of lighthouse*s* I see!

"But they all appear mos' dre'fully shaky,
The Lighthouses appear mos' horr'bly shaky!
Its very fortch-nate that we came to see.
Thesh Lighthousesh are not stead*ee.*

"I think the Lighthouses have been drinking,
They have been taking too much whis*kee!*

"Look at the lightsh how they're revolving,
I don't think they're working proper*lee*,
The Board of Trade must hear of this from We."

Before they finished their Waterloo Banquet,
They drank the health of her Majestee,
And they drank the Royal Jubilee.

And as for their little Bill (who paid it?)
It's being examined by a Com-mit-*tee*

When next they want Lighthouse Commissioners
To examine the Scottish Coast, N.B.
Of candidates what crowds there'll be!!

Punch. March 5, 1887.

A most exorbitant charge was made for the dinners and refreshments provided for these Commissioners.

Thackeray's Burlesque Analysis of the Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
  Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
  She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
  And a moral man was Werther,
And, for all the wealth of Indies,
  Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
  And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew his silly brains out,
  And no more was by it troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
  Borne before her on a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
  Went on cutting bread and butter.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

Limavaddy inn's
  But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
  Whiskey and potatoes;
Landlord at the door
  Gives a smiling welcome
To the shivering wights
  Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
  Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
  Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook,
  Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup,
  Playing with two kittens;
(Playing round the fire,
  Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot
  Which bubbles with the murphies;)
And the cradled babe
  Fond the mother nursed it!
Singing it a song
  As she twists the worsted!

Up and down the stair
  Two more young ones patter
(Twins were never seen
  Dirtier nor fatter);
Both have mottled legs,
  Both have snubby noses,
Both have—here the host
  Kindly interposes;
"Sure you must be froze
  With the sleet and hail, sir,
So will you have some punch,
  Or will you have some ale, sir?"

Presently a maid
  Enters with the liquor,
(Half a pint of ale
  Frothing in a beaker,)
Gods! I did'nt know
  What my beating heart meant
Hebe's self I thought
  Enter'd the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
  And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
  Lighted all the kitchen.

With a curtsey neat
  Greeting the new comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
  Offers me the rummer;
But my trembling hand
  Up the beaker tilted
And the glass of ale
  Every drop I spilt it;
Spilt it every drop
  (Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word,)
  On my what d'y call 'ems!
Witnessing the sight
  Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
  Misses, maid, and master;
Such a merry peal,

Specially Miss Peg's was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was),
That the joyful sound
Of that ringing laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal!
In the meadows listening,
You who've heard the bells
Ringing to a christening;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel
Singing "Giovinetti,"
Fancy Peggy's laugh,
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half a pint of beer full!

* * * *

See her as she moves
Scarce the ground she touches,
Airy as a fay,
Graceful as a duchess;
Bare her rounded arm,
Bare her little leg is,
Vestris never show'd
Ankles like to Peggy's;
Braided is her hair,
Soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist
Comfortably boddiced.

* * * *

W. M. THACKERAY.

The ballad from which these extracts are taken first appeared in *The Irish Sketch Book* published in 1843.

A BEAUTIFIED BEING.

(Old Lady Sings.)

ONLY look at me,
Fair in every feature;
Don't you think you see
A fascinating creature?
Venus, Beauty's Queen,
Looked so lovely never.
Lo now, I have been
Made Beautiful for Ever!

Here are bust and brow,
White as alabaster;
Don't you tell me, now,
That I am cased in plaster.
Here's a cheek, whose rose
Time shall never pluck—Oh
Do not say it glows
With nought but painted stucco!

Oh, forbear to chaff,
Saying, Art doth trammel
Features, which a laugh
Would cause to crack enamel.
Freckles o'er this face
Where did Time's hand sprinkle?
Point me out the place
Or show me any wrinkle.

I have undergone
Renovation thorough,
Loveliness, laid on,
Has filled up every furrow,
So, to win my hand,
Now, boys, who'll endeavour?
Take me as I stand,
Made Beautiful for Ever.

Published at the time when the trial of Madame Rachel was in progress, and her devices for making women "Beautiful for ever" were being exposed.

WHISKEY! DRINK DIVINE!

WHISKEY, drink divine!
Why should driv'lers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us?
Were it not a shame,
Whilst we gaily fling thee
To our lips of flame,
If we could not sing thee?
Whiskey, drink divine!
Why should driv'lers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us?

Greek and Roman sung
Chian and Falernian—
Shall no harp be strung
To thy praise, Hibernian?
Yes—let Erin's sons—
Gen'rous, brave, and frisky—
Tell the world, at once,
They owe it to their whiskey.

If Anacreon—who
Was the grape's best poet—
Drank our *Mountain dew*,
How his verse would show it:
As the best then known,
He to wine was civil;
Had he *Inishowen*
He'd pitch wine to the d—l.

Bright as beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it;
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
When young love inhales it;
Come, then, to my lip—
Come, thou rich in blisses—
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole *grove* of bays
Should my brows encumber.
Be his name adored,
Who summed up thy merits
In one little word,
When he called thee *spirits*.

Send it gaily round—
Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
This enchanting treasure:
And, when tyrant death's
Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
Be whiskey! whiskey! whiskey!
Whiskey! drink divine!
Why should driv'lers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us?

By JOSEPH O'LEARY (a parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*). 1840.

HENRY AND ELLEN.

O'ER Atlantic wave
Comes a fearsome babel;
Every sort of stave,
Fact confused with fable.
Henry some assail,
T'other side the ferry;
But the western gale
Blows love of Ellen Terry!

Black is Henry's guilt,
Passing all contrition;
For he runs atilt
At a pet tradition.
When he seems to fail
Philistines make merry;
But the western gale
Blows love of Ellen Terry!

Shylock is too tame
For a taste robustious;
Oracles acclaim
Henry is "industrious!"
Still the crafty Jew
Agitates the scholars—
Hebrew never drew
Such a pile of dollars.

Melancholy Dane,
Why this grief abysmal?
Democrats would fain
See a Prince less dismal.
How can Boston praise,
With this thought unnerving—
Edwin's crown of bays
On the brow of Irving?

For the Martyr King
Countless cheeks are dewy;
Critics sweetly sing
Anthems to the Louis.
Many love him best
When his vein for sport is—
Prize the polished jest
That his Doricourt is.

Mathias appals
With his conscience deathless
Gallery and stalls,
Sitting mute and breathless.
What though taunting scribe
Write himself a noodle?
Henry turns the gibe,
Whistling "Yankee Doodle!"

But when Ellen smiles,
Glows the most sedate eye;
Lightly she beguiles
Boston literati.
Never did the sword
Win such wide submission—
Slavery restored,
Spite of Abolition!

We who saw thy tomb,
Pride of all Verona,
Mourned thy piteous doom,
Sweetest Desdemona;
Gladly would we sail
Ocean in a wherry,
While the western gale
Blew love of Ellen Terry!

Portia, we know
What it is that tutors
Blest Bassanio
To vanquish other suitors!
Beatrice might rail
From Sandy Hook to Kerry,
Still would western gale
Blow love of Ellen Terry!

May red rose grow pale,
Juice desert the berry,
Ere the western gale
Blow slight of Ellen Terry!
Which of us would quail
Before the worst of sherry,
To drink "Columbia, hail!"
For love of Ellen Terry!

The St. James's Gazette. January 10, 1884.

:o:

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

YE Genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsaysingly deplore,
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who'd thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valiance
Insthructed his battalions,
To respict the gallant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in this nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And the ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
'Tis William Smith O'Brine
Reprisints this darling Limerick, this ten years or more;
O the Saxons can't endure
To see him on the flure,
And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore!

This valiant son of Mars
Had been to visit Par's,

That land of Revolution, that grows the tricolor ;
And to welcome his return
From pilgrimages forr'n,
We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

* * * *

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake ;
But juice a one could hear him for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brine harangued,
They bathered and they banged ;
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore :
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower :
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks, and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

"Cut down the bloody horde ! "
Says Meagher of the sword,
"This conduct would disgrace any blackamore ;"
But the best use Tommy made
Of his famous battle blade
Was to cut his stick from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O'Brine
Was raging like a line ;
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar :
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the Futt and Dthragoons,
In squadthorns and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore ;
And they bate the rattatoo,
But the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

W. M. Thackeray.

Mr. Patrick O'Rory's Account of the Hampton Court Meet.

Och, the glorification of bicycleation,
What is't in the nation can ever compare,
With all of them fleeting to Hampton, and meeting
Like temperance preachers all in the open air.
Och, for the numbers with Singers and Humbers,
Piling their instruments up by the gates ;
And patent Eclipses, and policemen, and gipsies,
And boys with the programmes all eating of swates.

Their bicycles shining all standing a line in,
'Twas done by designing, and splendid to see ;
With people all flocking, and each other knocking,
And all of them happy as they could be.
Then over the courses two policemen on horses,
A-dancing and prancing, decipher the line ;
Quickissimo ! steady ! the riders get ready
To jump in their saddles when they get the sign.

Then the bugle sounded, and all of them bounded,
Right on to the top of their lovely machines ;
Only some of them hopping too hard took to flopping,
And mixed themselves up by all manner of manes.
Then the first couple dodges right in by the Lodges,
At the Lion Gates, into Bushy Park.
Their club was the Pickwick (which wanst had a picnic
In Epping Forest and got back before dark.)

And next comes the Surrey up all in a hurry,
With nice Mister Budd, 'kase he thought they were late;
And Mister Oxx laughing so wide at the chaffing,
He had to stop smiling to get through the gate.
And then came the Temple, a pleasant exemple
Of teetotal members who never drink beer ;
In front of them "Maccy," who rode on his "jacky,"
And young Charley Liles bringing up the rear.

Then comes Lacy Hillier—'twould purty well kill ye,
To watch him a-spiling his beautiful face
In such a sad manner, just by the Diana,
As only a knocker could make such a grimace.
And H. Liddel Cortis, who'd only just bought his
New Surrey Machinist a couple of weeks ;
And being a novice, 'twas hard luck of his,
To have a great wapse get inside of his breeks.

The next was the London, and may I be undone,
By faith, if they wasn't the best of them all.
With Handicap Rucker in front, on a duck o'
A beautiful Humber from 'Cultural Hall ;
And then came the Saturn, a worthy pattern,
With lace on their jackets, and gould on the front ;
And R. Vazie Simons, all shining like di'mon's—
The sun he complately put out of the hunt.

(Three verses omitted.)

Then the eggs and the cresses and the ladies' dresses,
And all other things which are good for to eat,
With tea to delight 'em all *ad infinitum*,
And waiters to cut up the plates full of meat ;
There was punch and toddy for everybody,
And anyone else who could only get in ;
But poor Mister Sopper eat more than was proper,
Which made him so fat that he'll never get thin.

Then the crowd disperses—the sojers and nurses,
And dames with their purses for to catch the train,
Wid all of them boring, each other assuring
It's the grandest sight they'll never see again.
And now that I've finished my tale and diminished
The beautiful nagus ye mixed before,
I'm dhry as a dragon, so hand me the flagon—
Sure it can't hurt to drink one glass more.

H. A. V.

From *Icycles.* The Christmas number of *The Wheel World*, 1880.

The Battle of O'Brine.

Great jaynius of the nation,
Ould Ireland's veneration,
Come over, Mr. Gladstone, most honourable sorr ;
And sling your grand old axe on,
To slay the tricherous Saxon
That raised that dridful shindy on fair Ontario's shore.

As bould as any line
Came W. O'Brine
(A pathriot as eminent as ever Ireland bore),
To prache Home Rule Salvation
To this benighted nation
That grope in degradation by fair Ontario's shore.

Tin gintlemen united
The orator invited
To meet Toronto citizens—some twenty bhoys or more—
To purge the foul pollution
Of the toirant Constitution
By a pathriot risolution from fair Ontario's shore.

And the blaggart Lansdowne trimbled
At our gallant bhoys assimbled,
Though his craven crew dissimbled all the fears their bosoms tore,
When, Will Mulligan beside,
Did the bould O'Brine ride
With Dan Cahill and Kilbride to fair Ontario's shore.

For the toirant thraithors knew
What the bould O'Brine could do:
So with rage and imulation in their black heart's core,
They hired a howlin', shrakin',
Mob to interrupt the spakin'
That would else have bought true freedom to fair Ontario's shore.

With an illoquence most takin'
O'Brine began the spakin';
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of the ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of fair Ontario's shore.

W. O'Brine harangued;
But they battered and they banged,
And they stormed the pathriot's platform and the pathriot's breeches tore.
Till through all the shout and shindy
He retreated by the windy
With an angry curse at parting upon fair Ontario's shore.

That infuriated curse
Only made the thraithors worse
And the howling mob in hundreds after bould O'Brine did pour,
As with cat-calls, shrieks, and whistles,
And the most unginerous missiles—
Rotten eggs, sticks, stone and carrots—they disgraced Ontario's shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead cats,
These ruffian democrats themselves did lower.
"Och! a national disgrace,"
Cried O'Brine, and with quick pace
Boulted down into a friendly and convanient 'cycle "store."

And there pale the bould OBrine
Halted, raging like a line:
'Twould have done your sowl good to have heard how he swore!
Then he pinned up his trunk hose,
And, retreating from his foes,
By the back door, turned for ever from that tricherous thraithor shore.

The Globe. May 21, 1887.

When Lord Lansdowne was appointed Governor General of Canada, Mr. W. O'Brien went over to the Dominion to expose the harsh manner in which the tenants were treated on the rack-rented estates of Lord Lansdowne in Ireland. Mobs of rioters attacked Mr. O'Brien, who was nearly killed, and the Canadian police proved utterly inefficient to cope with the disorder.

:o:

LOVE AT TWO SCORE.

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,
That never has known the barber's shear,
All your aim is woman to win.
This is the way that boys begin.
Wait till you've come to forty year!
Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer,
Sighing and singing of midnight strains
Under Bonnybell's window panes.
Wait till you've come to forty year!

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to forty year.
Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are grey:
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome, ere
Ever a month was past away?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper and we not list,
Or look away and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month was gone.
Gillian's dead, Heaven rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here,
Alive and merry at forty year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

This poem first appeared in Thackeray's burlesque of Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*, entitled "Rebecca and Rowena."

LOVE AT SIXTEEN.

In answer to W. M. Thackeray, Esq. By a Pretty Page.

The affections, when young, are more prone to unite,
As the flowers of the forest together entwine,
Than when age with her vigour has frozen our might,
And manhood has gone past the bounds of its prime.

Forty years—ah! why wait for enjoyment so long,
For a home with the heart and the hand of the fair?
Why cheat expectation while time circles on,
And marry a girl, in your fortieth year?

With no one to share life's troubles and crosses,
Or cheer you with smiles when sickness is near,
Or console you amidst your privations and losses,
Would you wait for a bride till your fortieth year?

Why not taste of the fountain of pleasure while beauty,
Lends grace to the features now withered and sere?
Oh! lose not the chance, for numbers will suit ye,
Unless they're put off to the fortieth year.

To sweeten the cup of the bitter we're drinking,
And mourn o'er the corpse when the spirit has gone,

To soften our fears when hope is fast sinking,
Are to woman allotted, sad tasks ! to be done.

Oh ! give me a home with a fair English maiden,
Who'll beguile the dull days of my sojourning here ;
While blest with a wife and two rosy young children,
I'll leave others to wed in their fortieth year.

Cheltenham. January, 1850.

———:o:———

The Snob's Version of the Cane-Bottom'd Chair.

(It is said that the Prince of Wales, being late for Church on the day of his arrival at Cannes, slipped in among the footmen and ladies' maids. One of the latter marked the chair he occupied, and after evening service, her mistress, the wife of a Liverpool cotton-broker, was much disappointed at not being able to buy it from the sexton.)

Was ever a woman so wretched as I,
To long for a treasure that wealth cannot buy !
That sexton has surely the heart of a bear,
Or else he would sell me that cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis nothing to look at, you crusty old man !
And no one would give you the price of a fan ;
But since the fair evening when Albert sat there,
I yearn and I burn for that cane-bottom'd chair.

To think I have seen him as yet but in dreams,
And that he should sit between Mary and Jeames !
What rapture with Albert a prayer-book to share,
Had I been as close to that cane-bottom'd chair !

O sexton, how can you compel me to pine
For a seat that can never be chaste in design ?
And yet could I win you, no Chippendale rare
Should wean my heart from you, my cane-bottom'd chair !

I'd work you a cushion ; I'd dust you myself—
The shrine of my saint, and the throne of a Guelph !
No Liverpool rivals would dare to compare
Their stale bric-à-brac with my cane-bottom'd-chair.

And oft in the twilight my fancy would see
My Prince in that seat sitting smiling at me !—
O sexton, kind sexton, give heed to my prayer,
And take all I have for that cane-bottom'd chair !

———:o:———

THE KING OF YVETOT.

There was a King of Yvetot,
Of whom renown hath little said
Who let all thoughts of glory go,
And dawdled half his days in bed,
And every night as night came round,
By Jenny, with a nightcap crowned
Slept very sound :
Sing ho, ho, ho ! and he, he, he !
That's the kind of King for me.

* * * *

W. M. Thackeray.

The Great News-maker.

It was the "crack" news-maker,
The champion of the gang,
A knowing wide-a-waker,
Who would without a pang
Supply strange stories without stint,
Shoot emperors, blow up the Mint—
In print.
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
Where find the match of this hero ?—
Ho, ho !

He every week discovers
Fresh dynamiters' schemes,
And scores of sighing lovers
He's drown'd in Lethean streams ;
He knows the Ministerial mind,
Whispers that Gladstone has, we'll find,
Resigned.
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
The whole world's secrets he does know—
Ho, ho !

For lovers of sensations
Who like news dashed with "spice,"
He'll hint at revelations,
Hatch scandals in a trice.
And when he sees the gaping crowd,
He'll laugh—he's of his wit so proud—
Aloud.
Ha, ha, ha, ha ! Ho, ho, ho, ho !
This is the age of shams, you know.
Ho, ho !

Funny Folks. June 5, 1886.

Thackeray's translations, or imitations, of some of Beranger's songs are well known, it is interesting to compare them with the versions written by *Father Prout* (the Rev. Francis Mahony), who has not only followed the originals more closely, but seems also to have preserved more of their light-hearted gaiety, than did Thackeray. When Thackeray projected "*The Cornhill Magazine*" Father Prout sent an "Inaugurative Ode to the author of *Vanity Fair.*" Thackeray was too fastidious to allow it to appear exactly in the form in which it was written, but having considerably altered it, and added two stanzas, it was printed in the first number of the Cornhill, January, 1860. The two versions will be found in the appendix to *The Maclise Portrait Gallery* by William Bates, B.A. (London Chatto and Windus, 1883.) The version given in *The Works of Father Prout*, published by Messrs. Routledge, London, is simply a reprint of the Ode as it appeared after it had been altered, and cut about, by Thackeray.

———:o:———

In his "Memoirs of C. Jeames de la Pluche, Esq.," and "The Ballads of Policeman X" Thackeray allowed his fondness for eccentric orthography to become somewhat tedious, but they contain many gems of humour, such as the song of the love sick Jeames :—

When moonlike ore the hazure seas
In soft effulgence swells,
When silver jews and balmy breaze
Bend down the Lily's bells ;
When calm and deap, the rosy sleap
Has lapt your soal in dreems,
R Hangeline ! R lady mine !
Dost thou remember Jeames ?

I mark thee in the Marble All,
Where England's lovliest shine—
I say the fairest of them hall
Is Lady Hangeline.
My soul, in desolate eclipse,
With recollection teems—
And then I hask, with weeping lips,
Dost thou remember Jeames?

* * * * *

Burlesque verses, such as these, may be imitated, but they cannot be parodied, and, indeed it must be admitted that few of the imitations are really humorous.

THE ARCANA OF CABINET-MAKING.

(An Epistle from James de la Pluche, Jun., Esq.)

"Lady Frederick Cavendish's house, Carlton House-terrace, and Devonshire House, the town residence of the Marquis of Hartington, were the centres of interest on the Opposition side. Mr. Gladstone, who is at present the guest of Lady Frederick, at half-past ten received a visit from Mr. Godley, a former private secretary. Lord Granville walked across from his residence about eleven o'clock, and had a long interview with Mr. Gladstone, Sir Henry James, ex-Attorney-General, also called on Mr. Gladstone, and remained with him for about half an hour. He was followed by Lord Hartington, who walked to Carlton House-terrace from the Reform Club. He and Mr. Gladstone remained in conversation for over an hour. At the close of the interview his lordship crossed the street to Lord Granville's residence, and in a few minutes they came out together in earnest conversation. Lord Hartington left the leader of the House of Lords at the corner by the Athenæum, and strolled back in the direction of the Duke of York's Steps, where he was shortly joined by Lord Rosebery, who had called on Mr. Gladstone in the meantime. Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone went for a drive in the Park, after which the former was again visited by Lord Granville and Lord Derby."—*Times.* January 28, 1886.

YOU scribblin' fellers makes a show
Of bein' reg'lar "in the know,"
On pollytix an' pollytishns
Haffectin' habsoloot homnishns—
But wen there comes a cryziss, who's
The whery fust as knows the knoos?
Who's *hex hoffisho* on the spot
To let you press-chaps know wot's wot?
Who's plaist by Fête in sich a stashn
As quite commands the sitiwashn?
Who tells you penyalinin' lyres
The hins an' houts of wot perspires?
In short, who knows the time of day,
Is hup to snough, hall there, *ho fay?*
Who 'olds the pulse of Isterry?
I hansers ortily, Y, ME!—
Me, an' a few *kongfrares* as well
Wot waits upon the Front Door Bell.

The wuld is pantin' for to know
The goins on of WEG. an' Co.—
His bedtime an' the time he riz,
His hegsits an' his hentrances,
His hax each minnit of the day,
Who cawld on 'im, who stade awhey,
Wen Herbert wisited the Guv,
An' wen he wawkt, an' wen he druv,
An', most of hall, wot lucky feller
He last took hunder his humbreller,
Did Granwill pop across the streat?
Did 'im an' Wernon Arkrt meat?
Were it at arf past twelve or wun
The Gee Ho Hem sor 'Artington?
He stayed—'ow long? An' who come nex?
Wot other bigwhigs paid respex?
Who were it wrang the hairey bell
An' slipt in privit?—Not P—rn—ll?
Wen came the darlin' of the Corcus.
His butnole gorjus with a horchus?
Wile he enjyd a *tateytate,*
Were Rowsberry ablidjed to wate?
Who was eggscited? Who was carm?
An' who with who went harm-in-harm?
For tips on sich pints Kings an' Doox
An' Hurls is on the tenteroox—
From Galway to Hafganistan
Hall Ize is on the Grand Old Man;
The Zar's gone oph his sleap at night,
Prints Bizmark's lost his happytight,
The Greax for hinfamashn long—
An' who, pray, keaps 'em *ho koorong?*
Who plays, in langwitch mettyforacle,
The mitey roll of Yewrup's Horacle?
Who lets you scribblers suck his branes
An' gits a quid, praps, for his panes?
R! Sich the lot ('ow 'ard it seams!)
The loly, lophty lot of JEAMES.

The Pall Mall Gazette. January 30, 1886.

THE BALLAD OF A RURAL PLECEMAN.

BY "WHACKERY."

TORY gents of Lincoln county,
Lincoln famed for minster grand,
Whence a "party," as is nameless,
Looks they say across the land.

I'm a bold and rural Pleceman
Keepin', as in duty boun',
Hi's on all them poachin' raskles
As infestes Spaldin' town.

And my hobject is remonstransh
(Which I feel I'm to it drove)
With that ere 'Ome Secertary,
A most harbetary cove.

In this hex'lent town of Spaldin'
Lives a gent of whom I speak,
Most respectful,—as a Rev'rent,—
And a most intel'gent Beak.

And this Rev'rent Beak afore him
Had a gal—of crackter rum,
Caught most flagrant in the hact like
Priggin' a Geraneum.

And her prevus hantecedants
(Which the law they couldn't reach)
Bad they was,—I'd o'mmost warrent
She'd not heerd that Rev'rent preach.

Niver been to Skool and sich like,
Niver curtsy'd, I'll be boun',
When she met that Rev'rent party
Walkin' meek in Spaldin' town.

So his Rev'rent Washup hearin'
All the fax to which I speaks,
Sent that most owdacious huzzy
Into quod for several weeks.

When that wicked gal was quodded
(I wish more was, on my sowl)
All them penny Radikle papers
Made a most infunnil 'oul.

And they said as this ere Rev'rent,—
(Bless his gentle 'art—for years
I have heeard 'im for them 'ethens
Preach till every hi was tears).

Yes,—they said this pious gen'lm
(Which I knows the coals he give)
Was a cruel 'artless tyrant,
O'mmost 'ardly fit to live;

When they *know* as 'e's as kind like
As his little boys wot sings,
Allus gettin' good old ladies
To be givin' of 'im things.

Now no word was too revileful
'Cos o' this gals "tender years"
(As they called 'em), and 'cos mostly
Of her Corkodilish tears.

Then this ere 'Ome Secertary
(Which of this I now complain)
Spoke quite stern-like to this Rev'rent,
And released that gal again.

And what's wus,—another Conviction
Of this hex'lent J. P.,
Though not 'arf what I'd 'a given,
Was just squashed like, d'ye see.

And this Radikle 'Ome Secertary,
Speakin' in a public place,
Hinted as this Rev'rent party
Worn't quite fitted for his place.

This I call a most etroceous,
And a hins'lent thing to speak;
Who is 'e I'd like to know now,
To hinsult a Rev'rent Beak?

I on'y wish that Rev'rent had *'im*
Afore him with a fairish tale,
I don't think that cheeky party
Would too easily get bale.

And I call on all them ladies
Which his church and sich-like give,
All them gents upon his Boards like,
And them lawyers, *as must live*,

Now to jine in this remonstransh
At the truth which now I told,
And in gen'ral hindignation,
With a rural Pleceman bold.

From *Grins and Groans*, 1882.

:o:

Old Fashioned Fun.

When that old joke was new,
It was not hard to joke,
And puns we now pooh-pooh,
Great laughter would provoke

True wit was seldom heard,
And humour shown by few,
When reign'd King George the Third,
And that old joke was new.

It passed indeed for wit,
Did this achievement rare,
When down your friend would sit,
To steal away his chair;
You brought him to the floor,
You bruised him black and blue,
And this would cause a roar,
When your old joke was new.

W. M. Thackeray.

The original of this parody will be found on p. 167 vol. iv., with two imitations.

In the fourth volume of this collection several parodies, written by Thackeray, were given, amongst them being two upon *Wapping Old Stairs* "Untrue to my Ulric I never could be" and "The Almack's Adieu," also one, on page 173, commencing:—

Dear Jack, this white mug that with Guinness I fill,"

and "Larry O'Toole" on page 250.

In a future volume, devoted to prose parodies and burlesques, those written by Thackeray will be fully described.

Edward Bulwer Lytton.

Born, May 25, 1805. Died, January 18, 1873.

Lord Lytton's poetry does not appear to have offered much temptation to the parodists, probably because none of it became truly popular. Many years ago the late Professor Aytoun wrote some satirical verses on Lytton, entitled *A Midnight Meditation*, but this, and Tennyson's attack upon him in *Punch*, are the only important burlesques on his poetry.

Several of his plays have, however, been the subject of burlesques, and many prose parodies of his novels have been written.

A Midnight Meditation.

Fill me once more the foaming pewter up!
Another board of oysters, ladye mine!
To-night Lucullus with himself shall sup.
These mute inglorious Miltons are divine!
And as I here in slippered ease recline,
Quaffing of Perkins' Entire my fill,
I sigh not for the nymph of Aganippe's rill.

But these remarks are neither here nor there.
Where was I? Oh, I see—old Southey's dead!

They'll want some bard to fill the vacant chair,
And drain the annual butt—and oh, what head
More fit with laurel to be garlanded
Than this, which, curled in many a fragrant coil,
Breathes of Castalia's streams, and best Macassar oil?

They throng around me now, those things of air
That from my fancy took their being's stamp:
There Pelham sits and twirls his glossy hair,
There Clifford leads his pals upon the tramp;
There pale Zanoni, bending o'er his lamp,
Roams through the starry wilderness of thought,
Where all is everything, and everything is nought.

Yes, I am he who sang how Aram won
The gentle ear of pensive Madeline!
How love and murder hand in hand may run,
Cemented by philosophy serene,
And kisses bless the spot where gore has been!
Who breathed the melting sentiment of crime,
And for the assassin waked a sympathy sublime!

Yes, I am he, who on the novel shed
Obscure philosophy's enchanting light!
Until the public, 'wildered as they read,
Believed they saw that which was not in sight—
Of course, 'twas not for me to set them right;
For in my nether heart convinced I am,
Philosophy's as good as any other bam.

Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, their best days are grassed,
Battered and broken are their early lyres,
Rogers, a pleasant memory of the past,
Warmed his young hands at Smithfield's martyr fires,
And, worth a plum, nor bays nor butt desires.
But these are things would suit me to the letter,
For though the stout is good, old sherry's greatly better.

A fico for your small poetic ravers,
Your Hunts, your Tennysons, your Milnes, and these!
Shall they compete with him who wrote "Maltravers"?
Prologue to "Alice, or the Mysteries"?
No! even now my glance prophetic sees
My own high brow girt with the bays about,
What ho! within there, ho! another pint of STOUT!

(*Several verses omitted.*)

WILLIAM E. AYTOUN.

But this prophecy was not to be fulfilled, for on the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson obtained the office and pension of Poet Laureate. Some years before that event Tennyson had also received a grant from the Government, which aroused the jealousy of his brother poets.

———:o:———

In 1846 Mr. Henry Colburn, of London, published an anonymous satirical poem, entitled *The New Timon*, which soon became known as the work of Lytton. It contained the following passage:—

"I seek no purfled prettiness of phrase,
A soul in earnest scorns the tricks for praise.
If to my verse denied the Poet's fame,
This merit, rare to verse that wins, I claim;
No tawdry grace shall womanize my pen!
Ev'n in a love-song, man should write for men!
Not mine, not mine, (O Muse forbid!) the boon
Of borrowed notes, the mock-bird's modish tune,
The Jingling medley of purloin'd conceits
Out babying Wordsworth, and outglittering Keates (*sic*)
Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral chime
To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme!
Am I enthrall'd but by the sterile rule,
The formal pupil of a frigid school,
If to old laws my Spartan tastes adhere,
If the old vigorous music charms my ear,
Where sense with sound, and ease with weight combine,
In the pure silver of Pope's ringing line;
Or where the pulse of man beats loud and strong
In the frank flow of Dryden's lusty song?
Let School-Miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
On "darling little rooms so warm and bright!"*
Chaunt, "I'm a-weary," in infectious strain,
And catch her "Blue fly singing i' the pane."
Tho' praised by Critics, tho' adored by Blues,
Tho' Peel with pudding plump the Puling Muse,
Tho' Theban taste the Saxon's purse controuls,
And pensions Tennyson, while starves a Knowles.

THE NEW TIMON, AND THE POETS.

WE know him, out of *Shakespeare's* art,
And those fine curses which he spoke;
The old *Timon*, with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old: here comes the New,
Regard him: a familiar face:
I *thought* we knew him. What! it's you,
The padded man—that wears the stays—

Who kill'd the girls and thrill'd the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote,
A Lion, you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane en papillotes.

And once you tried the Muses, too;
You fail'd Sir: therefore now you turn,
You fall on those who are to you,
As Captain is to Subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be *Popes*
And *Brummels*, when they try to sting.

An Artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim,
To have the deep Poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

---

* In a foot note the author of *The New Timon* wrote "The whole of this *Poem* (*! ! !*) is worth reading, in order to see to what depths of silliness the human intellect can descend:—

"O Darling room, my heart's delight
Dear room, the apple of my sight,
With thy two couches soft and white,
There is no room so exquisite,
No little room so warm and bright,
Wherein to read, wherein to write."

[There were two other verses, but in later editions of his works Tennyson has omitted the entire poem. Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of New York, have however recently published an edition containing all Tennyson's early and suppressed poems. This is invaluable as a book of reference for literary men. Ed. P.]

But you, Sir, you are hard to please;
You never look but half content:
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be:
It's always ringing in your ears,
"They call this man as good as *me*."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt—
A dapper boot—a little hand—
If half the little soul is dirt?

You talk of tinsel! why we see
The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks,
You prate of Nature! you are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A *Timon* you! Nay, nay, for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take *his* name
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

ALCIBIADES.

Punch. February 28, 1846.

There is little reason to doubt that Tennyson wrote these lines, although they are not included in his works. Lady Lytton's description of her future husband, as he first appeared to her, justifies this charge of foppery brought against him.

"He had" she wrote, "just returned from Paris, and was resplendent with French polish, so far as boots went. His cobweb cambric shirt-front was a triumph of lace and embroidery, a combination never seen in this country till six or seven years later, except on babies' frocks. Studs, too, except in racing stables, were then *non est*, but a perfect galaxy glittered along the milky way down the centre of this fairy-like *lingerie*. Poor D'Orsay's linen gauntlets had not yet burst upon the London world, but like the little source of a mighty river, Mr. Lytton Bulwer had three inches of cambric encircling his coat cuffs, and fastened with jewelled sleeve-links. And though it then wanted full five years till every man in society was caned, he also dangled from his ungloved and glittering right hand, a somewhat gorgeously jewelled-headed ebony cane, and the dangling was of the scientific kind that had evidently been 'learnt, marked, and inwardly digested.' Miss Landon and I both laughed as I exclaimed:

'Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.'"

—:o:—

Lord Lytton's most successful drama "*The Lady of Lyons*, or Love and Pride," was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, London, on February 15, 1838, when Mr. Macready played *Claude Melnotte*, and *Pauline* was impersonated by Miss Helen Faucit, now Lady Theodore Martin. The plot of the play is absurd and preposterous in the highest degree, yet Lytton acknowledged that, such as it was, it had been suggested to him by a pretty little tale called "The Bellows Mender." Possibly the success of Lytton's play put others on the scent of his original, for on February 7, 1842, a domestic drama in three acts, entitled "*Perourou*, the Bellows Mender, and the Beauty of Lyons," by W. T. Moncrieff, was produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Stilted in language, full of clap-trap sentiment, and utterly destitute of poetry, it is still easy to see that it had a common origin with *The Lady of Lyons*, from which it differed in many respects, and was inferior in all.

A favourite piece of clap-trap in Lytton's drama is

MELNOTTE'S VISIONARY HOME.

NAY, dearest, nay, if thou would'st have me paint,
The home to which, could love fulfil its prayers
This hand would lead thee, listen—a deep vale,
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world,
Near a clear lake margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows,
As I would have thy fate!
A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose song should syllable thy name! At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers, no ambition, save
To excell them all in love; we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!
And when night came, amidst the breathless heavens
We'd guess what star should be our home when love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,
And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
I' the midst of roses!—dost thou like the picture?

This has been frequently parodied. In "Cinderella," by Albert Smith, the book of which is now exceedingly scarce, the following was spoken by Alfred Wigan, in the part of *Prince Rodolph*:

SAY dearest, say, if thou wouldst have me paint
The lodging whither, but not till we are wed,
The bus shall take thee, listen,
A cottage making to external splendour
But small pretence, passed every half an hour
By omnibuses musical with cads
Who'd set us down at our own door. At noon
We'd dig our early brocoli, and wonder
How the slave trade could flourish, while the heavens
Send down such loads of blacks. We'd have no friends
That were not jolly, no ambition save
How to make both ends meet. We'd keep no book,
'Cause we'd pay ready cash that we might smile
To think how thoroughly long Christmas bills
Would take the poetry out of love like ours.
And when night came, beneath our pea-green arbour,
We'd guess whence came the earwigs that like friends
Drop into tea, while blazed the camphine light,
Or Vesta, or some other patent lamp,
And all the streets were echoing with the cries
Of orange girls, and music from cracked flutes
And murmurs of low organs that grind forth
One endless polka. Dost thou like the picture?

To which *Cinderella* (Mrs. Keeley), replied:

Oh don't I just, Lord, I could walk and walk,
For ever so long, to hear you talk and talk.

"The *very* latest edition of the Lady of Lyons," a Burlesque Extravaganza, in one act, by H. J. Byron, was produced at the Strand Theatre, London, on July 11th, 1859, in which Miss M. Oliver, Miss Charlotte Saunders, and Messrs. H. J. Turner, James Rogers and J. Clarke took the leading parts. Miss C. Saunders, as *Claude Melnotte*, spoke the following parody :—

Pauline.—Describe to me again, your highness, do
That Crystal Palace you would take me to.

Claude.—If thou would'st have me paint—

Pauline.—I would—be quick!

Claude.—*(aside)* Then I must lay it on extremely thick,
(aloud) The home to which could love fulfil its prayers,
This hand would lead thee—*(aside)* up no end of stairs
A flight of beauty such as ne'er did man see—
(aside) But in this instance quite a flight of fancy;
A palace in the winter and the summer,
Open to every decently dressed comer,
Who with the humble shilling can come down;
(On Saturdays the charge is half a crown)
With marble halls—each end a glassy tower;
(The trains start every quarter of an hour);
At noon when cooler much the air becomes,
We'd sit amongst the megatheriums
And others with hard names—I scarce can tell 'em
One from the other—nobody can spell 'em;
We'd have no friend with us the live long day
Third parties, dear, are always in the way,
And when night came, down at the railway station
Mid'st hundreds in a state of agitation
We'd guess which carriage should convey us home
As to the platform's side the train would come—
Say dost thou like the picture?

Pauline.—As the bee
Upon the flower hangs—I hang on thee
Such honey have thy charmed accents got

Claude.—*(aside bitterly)* Alas! no *honey* for it is *mel-not.*

The Model Palace.

"When Lord Lytton wrote *The Lady of Lyons* he was in profound ignorance of one of the blessings in store for the human race. Nothing had then been heard of health-towns or model houses, and when Claude Melnotte sought to dazzle the mind of Pauline with a picture of the retreat love would conjure up for her, he could think of nothing better than a ramshackle old palace by the Lake of Como.

Now, had Lord Lytton enjoyed the advantage of Dr. Richardson's acquaintance, how much more sensibly he would have set to work. The most popular passage in the play would then, without a doubt, have run somewhat in this style :—

Melnotte.—Nay, dearest, nay. If thou wouldst have me paint
The home to which—if paint were not unwholesome—
This hand would lead thee—listen. A clear space,
Guarded by sheltering hills from the east winds,
Laid out in geometrical designs,
Around a garden for the general use.
Planned to secure—on soundest principles—
Accord among the various families;
As cloudless—save for "tiffs" and passing shadows—
As I would have thy fate.

Pauline.—My own Hygeia!

Melnotte.—A mansion lifting from the triple arches
Its perforated walls, its staircase tower
Distinct, a ventilating shaft, a lift
For dust and other objects, and a roof
Of coolest foliage, musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable MY name. At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching glass and wonder
What a photographer would pay per annum
For such a studio. We'd read no books
That did not treat of drainage—sing no songs
But sanitary lays, that we might smile
To think how poorly others felt the need
Of hygienic altitudes like ours;
And when night came, in tesselated rooms
We'd guess what style would be our home when means
Became unbounded, while the newest light
Stole through the patent economic lamps,
And every air-hole in the hollow bricks
Whistled and moaned in ghostly dissonance,
With coughing and the sneezes that gush forth
I' the best o' noses.—Dost thou like the picture?

Funny Folks. February 3, 1877.

Another burlesque was produced at the Gaiety Theatre, London, in October 1878, entitled *The Lady of Lyons Married and Settled,* by Herman C. Merivale, with Miss Nelly Farren, and Messrs. Edward Terry, Royce, Maclean and Squire, in the principal characters. In this, Claude Melnotte, instead of describing an imaginary palace, sings a patter song to his wife, *Pauline,* in praise of the Darwinian theory of the evolution of species. As might be expected, the humour of this is somewhat ponderous.

:o:

THE SEA CAPTAIN;

OR, *The Birthright.*

A Drama in five Acts, by Sir E. L. Bulwer, was first performed at the Haymarket Theatre, London, October 31, 1839, with the following cast :—

Lord Ashdale	Mr. J. Webster
Sir Maurice Beevor	Mr. Strickland.
Norman	Mr. Macready.
Falkner	Mr. Howe.
Onslow	Mr. Phelps.
Gaussen	Mr. O. Smith.
Luke	Mr. Gallott.
Lady Arundel	Mrs. Warner.
Violet	Miss Helen Faucit.
Mistress Prudence	Mrs. Clifford.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of these famous actors and actresses the play had little success. When Sir E. L. Bulwer published it, he attempted to excuse its comparative failure by asserting that the critics had condemned the play from a dislike of his political opinions, with other equally weak statements, which Thackeray exposed and ridiculed in a humorous critique in *Fraser's Magazine.* A few extracts only can be given of this epistle from

CH-S Y-LL WPL-SH, ESQ., TO SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, BART.

Mayfair, Nov. 30, 1839. *Midnite.*

HONRABBLE BARNET!—Retired from the littery world a year or moar, I didn't think anything would injuice me to come forrards again; for I was content with my share of reputation. and propoas'd to add nothink to those immortial wux which have rendered this Magaseen so sallybrated.

Shall I tell you the reazn of my re-appearants?—a desire for the benefick of my fellow-creatures? Fiddlestick! A mighty truth with which my busm laboured, and which I must bring forth or die? Nonsince—stuff: money's the secret, my dear Barnet—money—*L'argong, gelt, spicunia.* Here's quarter day coming, and I'm blest if I can pay my landlud, unless I can ad hartificially to my inkum.

This is, however, betwigst you and me. There's no need to blacard the streets with it, or to tell the British public that Fitzroy Y-ll-wpl-sh is short of money, or that the sallybrated hauthor of the Y—— Papers is in peskewniary difficklties, or is fiteagued by his shuperhuman littery labors or by his famly suckmstansies, or by any other pusnal matter: my maxim, dear B., is on these pints to be as quiet as posbile. What the juice does the public care for you or me? Why must we always, in prefizzes and what not, be a-talking about ourselves and our igstrodnary merrats, woas, and injaries? It is on this subjick that I porpies, my dear Barnet, to speak to you in a frendly way; and praps you'll find my advise tolrabbly holesum.

We brew, and we love our own tap—amen; but the pint betwigst us is this stewpid, absudd way of crying out, because the public don't like it too. Why shood they, my dear Barnet? You may vow that they are fools; or that the critix are your enemies; or that the wuld should judge your poams by your critticle rules, and not their own: you may beat your breast, and vow you are a marter, and you won't mend the matter. Take heart, man! you're not so misrabble after all: your spirits need not be so *very* cast down; you are not so *very* badly paid. I'd lay a wager that you make, with one thing or another—plays, novvles, pamphlicks, and little odd jobs here and there—your three thowsnd a year. There's many a man, dear Bullwig, that works for less, and lives content. Why should'nt you? Three thowsnd a year is no such bad thing—let alone the barnetcy: it must be a great comfort to have that bloody hand in your skitching.

Us littery men I take to be like a pack of schoolboys—childish, greedy, envius, holding by our friends and always ready to fight. What must be a man's conduck among such? He must either take no notis, and pass on myjastick, or else turn round and pummle soundly—one, two, right and left, ding dong over the face and eyes; above all, never acknowledge that he is hurt. Years ago, for instans (we've no ill-blood, but only mention this by way of igsample), you began a sparring with this Magaseen. Law bless you, such a ridicklus gaym I never see: a man so belaybord, beflustered, bewolloped, was never known; it was the laff of the whole town. Your intelackshal natur, respected Barnet, is not fizzickly adapted, so to speak, for encounters of this sort. You must not indulge in combats with us course bullies of the press: you have not the *staminy* for a reglar set-to. What, then, is your plan? In the midst of the mob to pass as quiet as you can: you won't be undistubbed. Who is? Some stray kix and buffits will fall to you—mortial man is subjick to such; but if you begin to wins and cry out, and set up for a marter, wo betide you!

These remarks, pusnal as I confess them to be, are yet, I assure you, written in perfick good-natur, and have been inspired by your play of the *Sea Capting*, and prefiz to it; which latter is on matters intirely pusnal, and will, therefore, I trust, igscuse this kind of *ad hominam* (as they say) diskcushion. I propose, honrabble Barnit, to cumsider calmly this play and prephiz, and to speak of both with that honisty which, in the pantry or studdy, I've been always phamous for. Let us, in the first place, listen to the opening of the "Preface to the Fourth Edition."

Now, my dear sir, look what a pretty number of please you put forrards here, why your play should'nt be good.

First. Good plays are almost always written by actors.

Secknd. You are a novice to the style of composition.

Third. You *may* be mistaken in your effects, being a novelist by trade, and not a play-writer.

Fourthly. Your in such bad helth and sperrits.

Fifthly. Your so afraid of the critix that they damp your arder.

For shame, for shame, man! What confeshns is these—what painful pewling and piping! Your not a babby. I take you to be some seven or eight and thutty years old—"in the morning of youth," as the flosofer says. Don't let any such nonsince take your reazn prisoner. What you, an old hand amongst us—an old soldier of our sovring quean the press—you, who have had the best pay, have held the topmost rank (ay, and *deserved* them too!—I gif you leaf to quot me in sasiaty, and say, "I *am* a man of genius: Y-ll-wpl-sh says so")—you to lose heart and to cry pickavy, and begin to howl, because little boys fling stones at you! Fie, man! take courage; and, bearing the terrows of your blood-red hand, as the poet says, punish us, if we've ofended you; punish us like a man, or bear your own punishment like a man. Don't try to come off with such misrabble lodgic as that above.

What do you? You give four satisfackary reazns that the play is bad (the secknd is naught—for your no such chicking at play-writing, this being the forth). You show that the play must be bad, and *then* begin to deal with the critix for finding folt!

Was there ever wuss generalship? The play *is* bad—your right—a wuss I never see or read. But why kneed *you* say so? If it was so *very* bad, why publish it? *Because you wish to serve the drama!* O fie! don't lay that flattering function to your sole, as Milton observes. *Do* you believe that this *Sea Capting* can serve the drama? Did you never intend that it should serve anything, or anybody *else?* Of cors you did! You wrote it for money—money from the maniger, money from bookseller—for the same reason that I write this. Sir, Shakespeare wrote for the very same reasons, and I never heard that he bragged about serving the drama. Away with this canting about great motifs! let us not be too prowd, my dear Barnet, and fansy ourselves marters of the truth, marters or apostels. We are but tradesmen, working for bread, and not for righteousness' sake. Let's try and work honestly; but don't let us be prayting pompisly about our "sacred calling." The taylor who makes your coats (and very well they are made too, with the best of velvit collars)—I say Stulze, or Nugee, might cry out that *their* motifs were but to assert the eturnle truth of tayloring, with just as much reasn; and who would belive them?

Your apinion about the actors I shan't here meddle with. They all acted exlently as far as my humbile judgment goes, and your write in giving them all possible prays. But let's consider the last sentence of the prefiz, my dear Barnet, and see what a pretty set of apiniuns you lay down.

1. The critix are your inymies in this age.

2. In the nex, however, you hope to find newmrous frends.

3. And it's a satisfackshn to think that, in spite of politticle diffrances, you have found frendly aujences here.

My dear Barnet, *do* you suppose that *politticle diffrances* prejudice pepple against *you?* What *are* your politix! Wig, I presume—so are mine, *ontry noo*. And what if they *are* Wig, or Raddiccle, or Cumsuvvative? Does any mortial man in England care a phig for your politix? Do you think yourself such a mity man in parlymint that critix are to be angry with you, and aujences to be cumsidered magnanamous because they treat you fairly? There, now, was Sherridn, he who roat the *Rifles* and *School for Scandle* (I saw the *Rifles* after your play, and O, Barnet, if you *knew* what a relief it was!)—there, I say, was Sherridn—he *was* a politticle character, if you please—he *could* make a spitch or two—do you spose that Pitt, Purseyvall, Castlerag, old George the Third himself, wooden go and see the *Rivles*—ay, and clap hands too, and laff and ror, for all Sherry's Wiggery? Do you spose the critix wouldn't applaud to? For shame, Barnet! what ninnis, what hartless raskles, you must beleave them to be—in the fust plase, to fancy that you *are* a politticle genus; in the secknd, to let your politix interfear with their notiums about littery merrits.

And then for the nex age. Respected sir, this is another diddlusion; a grose misteak on your part, or my name is not Y—sh. These plays immortial? Ah, *parry-sample*, as the French say, this *is* too strong—the small beer of the *Sea Capting*, or of any suxessor of the *Sea Capting*, to keep sweet for sentries and sentries! Barnet, Barnet! do you know the natur of bear? Six weeks is not past, and here your last casque is sour—the public won't even now drink it; and I lay a wager that, betwigst this day (the thuttieth November) and the end of the year, the barl will be off the stox altogether, never, never to return.

I've notted down a few frazes here and there, which you which you will do well to igsamin:

Norman.

"The eternal Flora
Woos to her odorous haunts the western wind:
While circling round and upwards from the boughs,
Golden with fruits that lure the joyous birds,
Melody, like a happy soul released,
Hangs in the air, and from invisible plumes
Shakes sweetness down!"

Norman.

"Hark! she has blessed her son! I bid ye witness,
Ye listening heavens—thou circumambient air:
The ocean sighs it back—and with the murmur
Rustle the happy leaves. All nature breathes
Aloud—aloft—to the Creat Parent's ear,
The blessing of the mother on her child."

The fust spissymen has been going the round of all the papers, as real, reglar poatry. Those wicked critix! they must have been laffing in their sleafs when they quoted it. Malody, suckling round and uppards from the bows, like a happy soul released, hangs in the air, and from invizable plumes shakes sweetness down. Mighty fine, truly! but let mortial man tell the meanink of the passidge. Is it *musickle* sweetniss that Malody shakes down from its plumes—its wings, that is, or tail—or some pekewliar scent that proceeds from happy souls released, and which they shake down from the trees when they are suckling round and uppards? *Is* this poatry, Barnet? Is it poatry, or sheer windy humbugg, that sounds a little melojous, and won't bear the commanest test of common sence?

In passidge number 2, the same bisniss is going on, though in a comprehensable way: the air, the leaves, the otion, are fild with emocean at Capting Norman's happiness. Pore Nature is dragged in to partisapate in his joys, just as she has been before. Once in a poem, this universle simfithy is very well; but once is enuff, my dear Barnet, and that once should be in some great suckumstans, surely—such as the meeting of Adam and Eve, in "Paradice Lost," or Jewpeter and Jewno, in Hoamer, where there seems, as it were, a reasn for it. But seacaptings should not be eternly spowting and invoking gods, hevns, starrs, angels, and other silestial influences. We can all do it, Barnet; nothing in life is easier I can compare my livry buttons to the stars, or the clouds of my backopipe to the dark vollums that ishew from Mount Hetna; or I can say that angels are looking down from them, and the tobacco silf, like a happy sole released, is circling round and upwards, and shaking sweetness down. All this is as esy as drink; but it's not poatry, Barnet, nor natural. People, when their mothers reckonize them, don't howl about the suckumambint air, and paws to think of the happy leaves a-rustling—at least, one mistrusts them if they do. Take another instans out of your own play. (Capting Norman, with his eternll *slack-jaw!*) meets the gal of his art:

"Look up, look up, my Violet—weeping? fie!
And trembling too—yet leaning on my breast.
In truth, thou art too soft for such rude shelter.
Look up! I come to woo thee to the seas,
My sailor's bride! Hast thou no voice but blushes?
Nay—from those roses, let me, like the bee,
Drag forth the secret sweetness!"

Violet.

"Oh what thoughts.
Were kept for *speech* when we once more should meet,
Now blotted from the *page;* and all I feel
Is *thou* art with me!"

Very right, Miss Violet—the scentiment is natral, affeckshnit, pleasing (it might have been in more grammaticle languidge, and no harm done); but never mind, the feeling is pritty, and I can fancy, my dear Barnet, a pritty, smiling, weeping lass, looking up in a man's face and saying it. But the capting!—oh, this capting!—this windy, spouting captain, with his prittinesses, and conseated apollogies for the hardness of his busm, and his old, stale, vapid simalies, and his wishes to be a bee! Pish! *Men* don't make love in this finniking way. It's the part of a sentymentle, poeticle taylor, not a galliant gentleman, in command of one of her Madjisty's vessels of war.

Take my advise, honrabble sir—listen to a humble footmin; it's generally best in poatry to understand pufficky what you mean yourself, and to igspress your meaning clearly afterwoods—in the simpler words the better, praps. You may, for instans, call a coronet a coronal, if you like, as you might call a hat a "swart sombrero," "a glossy four-and-nine," "a silken helm, to storm impermeable, and lightsome as the breezy gossamer;" but, in the long run, it's as well to call it a hat. It *is* a hat, and that name is quite as poetticle as another.

I think it's Playto, or els Harrystottle, who observes that what we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Confess, now, dear Barnet, don't you long to call it a Polyanthus?

I never see a play more carelessly written. In such a hurry you seem to have bean, that you have actually in some sentences forgot to put in the sence. What is this, for instance?

"Girl beware,
"THE LOVE THAT TRIFLES ROUND THE CHARMS IT GILDS
OFT RUINS WHILE IT SHINES."

Igsplain this, men and angels! I've tried every way; backards, forards, and in all sorts of tranceposititions, as thus:

'The love that ruins round the charms it shines,
Gilds while it trifles oft;'

Or,

'The charm that gilds around the love it ruins,
Oft trifles while it shines;'

Or,

'The ruins that love gilds and shines around,
Oft trifles where it charms,'

Or,

'Love, while it charms, shines round, and ruins oft,
The trifles that it gilds;'

Or,

'The love that trifles, gilds, and ruins oft,
While round the charms it shines.'

All which are as sensable as the fust passidge."

Probably no serious literary production had ever before received such a severe castigation as was contained in this burlesque of criticism, *mais c'est la ridicule qui tue.* Bulwer was a vain, sensitive man, keenly alive to hostile criticism, and morbidly afraid of being laughed at.

He tried, by every means in his power, to suppress the printed copies of *The Sea Captain*, it is now very scarce, and a single copy has been sold for as much as ten pounds.

Many years later Lord Lytton remodelled the play, and under the new title of *The Rightful Heir* it was produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London, on October 3, 1868, but it was only moderately successful, and has never been since revived. The part of the hero, renamed *Vyvian*, was performed by Mr. Bandmann, an actor chiefly remarkable for his strong German accent, and for his great profusion of woolly-looking hair. The play was generally pronounced dreary and tedious, and the acting commonplace, with the one exception of the very fine impersonation of Sir Grey de Malpas by Mr. Hermann Vezin. A burlesque was inevitable, and seizing upon Mr. Bandmann's personal peculiarity, it was christened *The Frightful Hair; or, Who Shot the Dog?* This was written by Mr. F. C. Burnand, and produced at the Haymarket Theatre, under the management of Mr. J. B. Buckstone, on December 26th, 1868, with the following strong cast:—

Vyvian (with a tremendous wig),	Mr. Kendal.
Lord Beaufort	Miss. F. Gwynn.
Sir Grey de Malpas	Mr. Compton.
Wreckclyffe (a melodramatic scoundrel),	Mr. Coe.
Falkner	Mr. Weathersby.
Lady Montreville	Miss Ione Burke.
Eveline	Miss F. Wright.

Those who saw this humorous production will not have forgotten the dry, quiet drollery of the late Mr. Compton, or the admirable manner in which Mr. Kendal mimicked Bandmann.

Another burlesque was written by Mr. H. T. Arden, entitled "*The Right-Fall Heir*; or, the Sea-rover and the Fall over," but the printed copy does not mention when, or at what theatre, this burlesque was produced.

"The Very Last Days of Pompeii!" Being a complete *Bulwer-sement* of the classic drama, by R. Reece, was produced at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, on February 13th, 1872, with Miss Nelly Power, David James, and Thomas Thorne in the leading parts. This, of course, was founded on Lytton's novel "The Last Days of Pompeii," but contains no passages which can be quoted as parodies of the original.

LYTTON.

The "Last Days of Pompeii."

If ought so damping and so dull were
As these "last days" of Dandy Bulwer,
And had been cast upon the pluvious
Rockets that issued from Vesuvious
They would no more have reached Pompeii
Than Rome or Tusculum or Veii.

W. S. LANDOR.

* * *

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

BORN March 4, 1809. DIED June 29, 1861.

THERE has lately been considerable controversy as to the date, and place of birth of Mrs. Browning.

Mrs. Richmond-Ritchie, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," states that Mrs. Browning "was born at Burn Hall, *Durham*, on March 6, 1809," whilst Mr. J. H. Ingram in a brief memoir prefixed to the "Poetical Works of E. B. Browning" (Ward, Lock and Co., London) asserts that Elizabeth Barrett Barrett was the eldest daughter of Edward Moulton Barrett, and was born in *London* on Saturday, March 4, 1809, as shown by an announcement in a contemporary newspaper.

Mr. Robert Browning contradicts both these statements, in a prefatory note to a small volume of his late wife's poems, published by Smith Elder and Co. in 1887. He contends that she was born on March 6, 1806, at Carlton Hall, Durham, the residence of her father's brother, and that she had an elder sister, who died in childhood. This statement is the more peculiar as Mr. Browning had previously written to Mr.

Ingram (in 1886) "I engaged to verify any dates Mrs. Ritchie furnished, and I did so. *Only those are to be depended upon.*" Yet it is clearly impossible that both Mrs. Ritchie and Mr. Browning can be correct, and it seems very probable that both are mistaken. *The Athenæum*, February 4, 1888, published a letter from Mr. Ingram in answer to Mr. Browning's *Note*, showing, firstly, that there is no such place as Carlton Hall, Durham, nor any record of Mrs. E. B. Browning's birth in that city; secondly, that the newspaper announcement of the birth stated "London, *March* 4, 1809, the wife of Edward M. Barrett, Esq., of a daughter," so that it was obviously impossible for that lady also to have given birth to a daughter at Burn Hall, Durham, on *March* 6, 1809, as stated by Mrs. Ritchie; and thirdly, that as in 1806 Mr. Barrett was a student in Cambridge, and only about twenty years of age, it was unlikely that he would then be the father of two children, (as Mr. Browning asserts), although it is admitted he married early. To this letter Mr. Browning briefly replied, disclaiming any "certitude in the matter from knowledge of his own," which reads like a tacit admission of the accuracy of Mr. J. H. Ingram's statements.

That there should be some doubt about an event which occurred eighty years ago can be readily understood, but it is difficult to explain the discrepancies which exist in several descriptions of Mrs. Browning's personal appearance, thus Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote :—

> "It is wonderful to see how small she is, how pale her cheek, how bright and *dark her eyes*. There is not such another figure in the world ; and her *black ringlets* cluster down on her neck, and make her face look the whiter by their sable profusion."

Two other observers give very different details :—

> "But it was Mrs. Browning's face upon which one loved to gaze—that face and head which almost lost themselves in the *thick curls of her dark brown* hair. . . . Her large, *brown eyes* were beautiful, and were, in truth, the windows of her soul. They combined the confidingness of a child with the poet-passion of heart and intellect; and in gazing into them it was easy to read why Mrs. Browning wrote." KATE FIELD, 1861, "*Letter from Florence.*"—*Atlantic Monthly, September.*

> "She was slight and fragile in appearance, with a pale, wasted face, shaded by *masses of soft chestnut curls* which fell on her cheeks, and serious *eyes of bluish-gray*. Her frame seemed to be altogether disproportionate to her soul." BAYARD TAYLOR, "*At Home and Abroad.*"

Mrs. Browning's poetry, though highly praised by critics and literary men, has not yet attained that popularity which engenders many parodies, being, as Charlotte Brontë wrote, somewhat wordy, intricate and obscure.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
  Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers—
  And *that* cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
  The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
  The young flowers are blowing t'wards the west :
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
  They are weeping bitterly !—
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
  In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in their sorrow
  Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow
  Which is lost in Long Ago.
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
  The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
  The old hope is hardest to be lost :
But the young, young children, O my brothers!
  Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,
  In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
  And their looks are sad to see,
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
  Down the cheeks of infancy.
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary ;"
  "Our young feet," they say, "are very weak !
Few paces have we taken, yet are weary—
  Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the agéd why they weep, and not the children,
  For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
  And the graves are for the old.

"True," say the children, "it may happen
  That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
  Like a snowball in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her ;
  Was no room for any work in the close clay ;
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
  Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'"

If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
  With your ear down, little Alice never cries !
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
  For the smile has time for growing in her eyes!
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
  The shroud, by the kirk-chime !
"It is good when it happens," say the children,
  "That we die before our time."

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking
  Death in life, as best to have ;
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,
  With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city—
  Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do—
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cow-slips pretty—
  Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer are your cow-slips of the meadows
  Like our weeds anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
  From your pleasures fair and fine!

"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap ;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping—
We fall upon our faces, trying to go ;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For all day we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground,
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories round and round.

"For all day the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces,—
Till our hearts turn, our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places,—
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling,—
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall,—
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling,—
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day, the iron wheels are droning,
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels" (breaking out in a mad moaning),
"Stop! be silent for to-day!"

* * * *

E. B. Browning.

The Wail of the Children.

"To look at these half-starved children in London Schools is to be 'full of pity.' Very touching is it to think of the quiet heroism with which, when hunger is gnawing within and the dull misery of want overflows them, they sit uncomplaining at their little desks, toiling at their allotted tasks, wondering, no doubt, sometimes what it all means, but bearing their burdens patiently."—*Dr. Crichton-Browne's Report on Over Pressure.*

Do you hear the Children wailing in the daytime,
And the watches of the night :
Far too sad are they for pleasure in their playtime,
Or for laughter and delight.
They are old before their age and worn and weary
And their little heads are bowed upon their books ;
"For this life at school," they say "is very dreary,"
And there's listlessness and languor in their looks.
And all day, the Wheel of Education,
By the orders of the State,
Whirleth round in every school-room in the nation,
Like the direful Wheel of Fate.

It is hard to see the Children growing older,
With such heavy eyes and dim,
As you mark the pallid cheek and rounded shoulder,
From this stern pedantic whim.
They are suffering from a sempiternal dead ache
In the tortured brows that know so little rest,
And they fly to ease the constant "School-Board head-ache,"
On a mother's or a sister's kindly breast.
For all day they toil on in their classes,
With an earnestness too sad ;
It is well that we should educate the masses,
But not drive the Children mad.

They come breakfastless from alleys in the city,
Undersized and underfed,
They are starving, and we give them—more's the pity!
Education, and not bread.
And we work their brains through every changing season,
Till the ceaseless labour stupifies and numbs ;
They are sleepless, and they give the childish reason—
"I can't get to sleep for thinking of my sums!"
For all day the labour seems quite endless,
In this philanthropic land ;
Oh, ye Women ; are the wastrels then so friendless
That ye will not lend a hand?

* * * * *

It is well to praise the spread of education,
And the people need more light,
But the horror of each long examination
Haunts the little ones at night.
Here are Children born 'mid London's toil and traffic,
They are bloodless and half-starving we can see ;
And we feed them with statistics geographic,
And, in the place of bread, we give them "Rule of Three."
How long then, we ask it in all sadness,
Can such laws be deemed the best ;
While the Children, through brain-fever and through madness,
Seek the graveyard—and their rest!

Punch. October 25, 1884.

The Bitter Cry of Agriculture.

Do you hear the cry from Farmers, O my brothers,
As the toilsome years go by?
'Tis a cry that should be heard above all others
A continuous and bitter cry.
The shipping may be crying with its grievance,
The factory as each spindle slowly turns
Home competition with its dogged keen adherence
And labour for employment daily yearns ;
But the cry from Agriculture, O my brothers,
Comes up from English Homesteads wearily
And affects the Nation far above all others
In this Country of the free.

If you question Farmers why this land depression,
Why this weary, bitter cry
You will hear their quick and ever sad expression,
We are being ruined, they reply.
We've toil'd against successive cloudy seasons
And competed with the trade of every clime,
Whilst Manufacture for her obvious reasons
And her labour market filled from time to time,
Cares naught for Agriculture, O my brothers,
Or if its Capital shall fall or stand,
But piles up wealth, and has no care for others,
In this our Fatherland.

They look on wasting stock from land and pocket
And the sight is sad to see
For the strain upon each Agricultural socket
Presses hard and heavily.
Landlords, they say, have met the question bravely
As the value of their land has slipp'd away,
And our diminished income presses gravely
This sad question "How long will depression stay?"
Can no Economist, Philanthropist or Statesman,
Solve this great problem, to our hopes forlorn,
Before our land becomes a hunting-field for great men
Dependent on foreign corn?

* * * *

Our old Homesteads are as dear to us my brothers,
As your Factories are to you,
And we cannot starve our children with their mothers
For quack maxims preached as true;
Our pilgrim fathers left the land that bore them,
And their Agricultural sons must do the same,
And with a foreign banner waving o'er them
Forget the native land from whence they came.
But when war or trouble meets the English nation,
And the foreigner commands his price for corn,
You may wish you had given consolation,
And your help instead of scorn.

J. D. BEESTON.

"Gus Harris has got Shuttleworth, or Pennington, or some other reverend gentleman, to write him a letter about the sad condition of the children of the poorer clergy, who are in worse plight than the thousands who recently attended Drury Lane from the national and orphan schools and asylums, seeing that they are never invited to witness a pantomime. Quite ready with his response was Gussy, who has now issued an invitation for Thursday morning next to 'the families of curates and ministers of all denominations who are not in a position to pay for seats.'

CHURCH OR STAGE;
Or, the Cry of the Clergymen's Children.

Do you hear those children weeping, O my brothers?
They're poor parsons' little dears!
They want to go to theatres, like the others,
And hence their trickling tears.
All the ragged-schools have seen the clown's hot poker—
They have watched him steal the sausages with zest,
They have seen his face all bismuth and red ochre,
They have seen the fairies beautifully dressed.
But the children of our clergymen, my brothers,
Are "boo-hooing" bitterlee,
They want to see a panto, like the others,
And they want to go in free.

Did you read that parson's letter—full of sorrow—
Which described these children's woe?
Did you see who tried publicity to borrow
From that note—not long ago?
'Twas written by a well-known London preacher
(For parsons Harris seems to have a craze),
And that letter told of many a little creature
Whose pa is much too poor to go to plays.
That parson said *his* youngster—O my brothers!—
Had complained in accents grim
That, though he was as poor as lots of others,
No lessee invited him.

"We are worse off than the children from the alleys"
(Thus the parson's weeping boy);
"They can go in free and see the 'spills' and 'rallies,'
And the fairies—ah, what joy!
They give these children buns, and even verses,"
Said the parson's child (or words to this effect),
"But our pa's have little money in their purses"—
"Which, alas!" exclaims that parson, "is correct.
——Then have pity, Mr. Harris, on the children
Of all parsons short of cash."
(Mrs. Browning for a rhyme here has "bewildering"
But for *me* that's much too rash.)

Then lo! in striking "ads," said Gus, "With pleasure!
Those servants of the Church—
Who have children thus lamenting beyond measure—
I will *not* leave in the lurch!
All ministers who're not in a position
To pay for seats my pantomime to see,
Shall anon to Drury Lane have free admission,
If they send in full particulars to me."
Such as (probably) their date of ordination,
And what their "plates" collect;
And if they have their bishop's approbation;
And if "chapel," of what sect?

Thus Harris, in a patronising fashion,
And all by way of trade,
On the offspring of the clergy takes compassion,
And essays the Church to aid.
Such a splendid chance was not to be rejected—
It would make a grand advertisement, forsooth!—
And probably young Harris recollected
That to parsons he owed puffs for "Pluck" and "Youth."
But what about that clergyman's suggestion
To the Lessee of the Lane?
Was it written (Gussy, please excuse the question)
By friend Pennington again?

CARADOS.

The Referee. February 24, 1884.

:o:

"DOWN EAST."

WOULD you know the sin and crime, that your educated time
Endures within your clime unchecked, unceased?
Take an omnibus with me ('tis a shilling carries three),
And the scenes you shall see "Down East," "Down East."

Whitechapel has a road, where many a night has flowed
The blood from knife or goad of a goodly beast,
But down the alley's gloom, in a miserable room,
A woman's met her doom—"Down East," "Down East."

In a miserable shed, with an old rug for a bed,
As the dreary days on sped, her want increased,
And he who should have thought of the famine that he wrought,
Had just another "quartern" bought "Down East," "Down East."

He was of that wild drunken crew that prowl when the day is new,
With whom we know not what to do from gaol released;
One of a dogged sullen air, who beat his wife and tore her hair,
And taught his children how to swear, "Down East," "Down East."

One night—life's longest needs but one—he struck his wife and all was done,
From sorrow, ere the rise of sun she was released;
Oh! you talk of distant lands, of savages on Afric's sands,
Stretch forth in Town your soothing hands "Down East," "Down East."

EDMUND H. YATES.

From "*Our Miscellany*" (which ought to have come out, but didn't). London, G. Routledge and Co., 1856.

:o:

Gwendoline.

An Imitation.

'Twas not the brown of chestnut boughs
 That shadowed her so finely ;
It was the hair that swept her brows,
 And framed her face divinely ;
Her tawny hair, her purple eyes,
 The spirit was ensphered in,
That took you with such swift surprise,
 Provided you had peered in.

Her velvet foot amid the moss
 And on the daisies patted,
As, querulous with sense of loss,
 It tore the herbage matted ;
"And come he early, come he late,"
 She saith "it will undo me ;
The sharp fore-speeded shaft of fate
 Already quivers through me.

"When I beheld his red-roan steed,
 I knew what aim impelled it ;
And that dim scarf of silver brede,
 I guessed for whom he held it ;
I recked not, while he flaunted by,
 Of Love's relentless vi'lence,
Yet o'er me crashed the summer sky,
 In thunders of blue silence.

"His hoof-prints crumbled down the vale,
 But left behind their lava ;
What should have been my woman's mail,
 Grew jellied as guava :
I looked him proud, but 'neath my pride
 I felt a boneless tremor ;
He was the Beër, I descried,
 And I was but the Seemer !

"Ah, how to be what then I seemed,
 And bid him seem that is so !
We always tangle threads we dreamed,
 And contravene our bliss so.
I see the red-roan steed again !
 He looks, as something sought he :
Why, hoity toity!—*he* is fain,
 So *I'll* be cold and haughty !"

From *Diversions of the Echo Club*, by Bayard Taylor,

———:o:———

A Tool of Trade.

(Imitated from Mrs. Browning's "A Musical Instrument.") An Allegory on the Banks of the—Pactolus, dedicated to the London Water Companies.

What is he doing, the Middleman,
 Down by Trade's Golden River ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Grubbing up grain with the greed of a goat,
And swamping the tiny shallops afloat
 On the golden flood of the River.

He tore up a reed, did the Middleman,
 A flourishing reed, from that River.
The troubled water turbidly ran,
And the broken reed all helpless lay
In the cunning hand which tore it away
 From its root in the Golden River.

High on the shore sate the Middleman,
 While turbidly flowed the River,
And hacked and hewed, as your huckster can,
With his cruel steel, at the severed reed,
Till there was small sign of life indeed
  To prove it fresh from the River.

He cut it short, did the Middleman,
 (How big he swelled by the River !)
Then drew out the pith, on a patent plan
Devised by his like of the cruel Trade Ring,
And sucked through the poor dry empty thing
 Deep draughts from the Golden River.

"This is the way," laughed the Middleman
 (Laughed as he sate by the River !),
"The only way, since Rings began
To suck Trade's blood, they could fully succeed."
Then popping his lips to the conduit-reed,
 He drew, drew, drew, from the River.

Neat cheat, O Middleman !
 Vampire-ghoul of the River !
Blind *most* neat, O Middleman !
You idly sit as the stream flows by,
And suck at ease whilst your victims die
 For want of a draught from the River.

Yet a bloated brute is the Middleman
 To laugh as he sits by the River,
Playing the leech on his patent plan,
Trade's heart depleting, sucking its brain,
And bruising and breaking to plump *his* gain
 The myriad reeds of the River !

Punch. April 23, 1887.

The Origin of Pan.

A Musical Instrument.

What is he doing, this crookshank'd Pan
 Down in the reeds by the river ?
You're welcome the puzzle to solve—if you can.
Just fancy him stroke in an Oxford boat,
This mixture of athlete, and Pan-pipe, and goat,
 What a charm he'd lend to the river !

He's classic-contorted, this nondescript Pan,
 In the startled reeds by the river ;
And therefore he's built on the neo-Greek plan.
An artist who's bent on the mystical lay
Could hardly do better, at this time of day,
 To give one the neo-Greek shiver.

"This is the way," laughs the great god Pan
 (Laughs as he sits by the river),
The only way, since *renaissance* began,
To prevent a poor god being left on the shelf :
How can one do better than "*puffing one's self?*"
 And he puffs, as he squats by the river.

From *Harry Furniss's Royal Academy ; an Artistic Joke.* London. 1887.

Unfortunately the humour of this parody greatly depended on Mr. Furniss's funny illustration of the great god Pan, *en deshabille*, as an artist's model.

———:o:———

A long and rather serious poem written in imitation of Mrs. Browning's style, appears in *The Book of Ballads*, edited by Bon Gaultier, published by Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh. It commences thus :—

The Rhyme of Sir Launcelot Bogle.

A Legend of Glasgow.

THERE'S a pleasant place of rest, near a City of the West,
 Where its bravest and its best find their grave.
Below the willows weep, and their hoary branches steep
 In the waters still and deep,
  Not a wave !

And the old cathedral wall, so scathed and grey, and tall,
 Like a priest surveying all, stands beyond ;
And the ringing of its bell, when the ringers ring it well,
 Makes a kind of tidal swell
  On the pond !

And there it was I lay, on a beauteous summer's day,
 With the odour of the hay floating by ;
And I heard the blackbirds sing, and the bells demurely ring,
 Chime by chime, ting by ting,
  Droppingly.

* * * *

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

BORN, August 4, 1792. DROWNED, July 8, 1822.

Shelley's poetry has not been extensively parodied, nor have his prose writings been burlesqued, unless, indeed, the forged letters published in 1852 by Mr. Edward Moxon, London, may be considered in the light of a burlesque. This little volume was entitled "Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley, with an Introductory Essay by Robert Browning." The essay, dated "Paris, December 4th, 1851," occupies 44 pages, and the letters, which were 25 in number, occupy pp. 47 to 165 inclusive.

This was one of the most ingenious literary forgeries of modern times, so clever, not only in its imitation of handwriting, but in style and circumstances, as to have deceived the very elect.

The genuineness of the letters was first called in question by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, who saw the book at Lord (then Mr.) Tennyson's house, and accidentally opened it at a passage which he recognised as taken from an article contributed by his father to the "Quarterly Review." Other tests were then applied, the post marks were carefully examined, and little by little the network of fraud was unravelled.

In February, March, and April, 1852, a great controversy, concerning these letters, was carried on in literary circles, but it was practically decided by a series of articles published in the *Athenæum*, that they were forgeries.

The book was rigidly suppressed, and as only a few copies had got abroad, it now very rarely occurs for sale.

———:o:———

In 1886, the Shelley Society produced Shelley's gloomy tragedy "The Cenci," at the Grand Theatre, Islington, when they also issued printed copies of the tragedy containing the revolting "Relation of the Death of the Family of the Cenci," which Shelley had suppressed. For this offence against decency, and good taste, the Shelley Society was severely reproved by the press, and *Truth*, May 13, 1886, contained a satirical poem, entitled

The Salacious Shelley Society

O, SHAME upon you Shelleyites! Aye, shame on everyone
Who helped to do the sorry deed which was last Friday
 done !
And fired by heedless self-conceit, and covetous of fame,
Has made known acts of fiendish lust too terrible to name.

Yes, think of it ! You bid them come, those English maids,
 that day,
To hear the nameless horrors of a grossly brutal play !
And, not content with doing this, a wicked act made worse,
By giving them to read in prose the filth concealed in verse !

As this poem is not a parody, it is unnecessary to give further extracts from it.

———:o:———

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
That from Heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
 From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever, singest.

In the golden lightening
 Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run,
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and Heaven is overflowed.

* * * *

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

P. B. SHELLEY.

To a Bicycle.

("Mr. Bushby said he could not convict a person of 'furiously driving' a bicycle under any clause of the Police Act, except in cases when the machine had been driven on the footway.")

HAIL to thee, blithe roadster !—
 Spurr'd thou never wert,
But *sans* stripe, or goad-stir,
 Puttest on thy spurt,
In profuse rains, or unpremeditated dirt.

Nigher still and nigher
Down the hill thou springest ;
Like a flash of fire,
O'er the ground thou wingest,
And "ting"-ing still dost speed, and speeding ever "ting"-est.

In the golden lightening
Of the sunken sun,
And when day is brightening
Thou dost rush and run,
Like a silk-bodied "jock" whose race is just begun.

The hale "peeler" even
Pelts from out thy flight,
Like a star of heaven
On a murky night,
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy bell's delight.

Swift as bow-sped arrow
Spins thy silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp, narrow,
'Twixt thy spokes hangs clear—
So that we, doubly, see and hear that thou art there.

All the earth and air
With a voice is loud
As, bebruised and bare,
Circled by a crowd,
A girl rains out her screams, and thou liest in the road.

We ache before and after
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our deepest sighs are those that tell of some bruis'd spot.

Yet if we could scorn
Pain and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy Bushby to us could be too dear.

Better than all measures
In the "Commons" found,
Better than all treasures
Here, or underground,
Thy wheel to pilot 'twere, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half their sadness
Who thy sore pains know—
Such outrageous badness
From my lips should flow
Moonshine'd not print me then, as it is printing now.

Moonshine. August 8, 1885.

:o:

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams ;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under ;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast ;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast,
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits ;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits ;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea ;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes, and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves, remains ;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

* * * *

P. B. SHELLEY.

A long parody, entitled *The Cloudy*, appeared in the Christmas number of *The World*, 1885, but it would be utterly unintelligible without long extracts from the prose, and very prosy context.

THE CLOUD.

(Another Version of Shelley's partial view of the Subject.)

I BRING cats and dogs, and November fogs,
For the folks of Cockney land ;
And I brew the flood of slush and mud
In Fleet Street and the Strand.
From my watery bed spring colds in the head,
And highly inflamed sore-throats ;
And I'm the Mama* of the bad Catarrh,
And the mother of waterproof coats ;
I gave birth to goloshes and macintoshes,
The clog, the corksole, and the patten,
And I act as wet Nus' to each omnibus,
For 'tis on my moisture they fatten.

I come down pretty thick at every picnic,
And throw my cold water upon it,
And delight at each fête that is called a Champêtre,
To spoil every new silk bonnet ;
I'm more kind to each jarvey than was Wittle Harvey
When he was Commiss'ner of Stamps,
I'm the foe of Vauxhall's Grand Fancy Dress Balls,
Where I love to extinguish the lamps ;
And whenever a fellow leaves at home his umbrella,
Oh Lord ! how I chuckle and grin !
For then you may warrant I'll come down in a torrent,
And soak the poor wretch to the skin.

From *George Cruikshank's Comic Almanack for* 1847.

A correspondent, writing from Norwich, sent a copy of this parody, in which the second verse was altered, and improved, as follows :—

I'm as kind to each beau in his brand new chapeau,
Who sports not his silk or his gamp,
My delight is to fall at a fancy dress ball,
And I love to extinguish a lamp.

---

* Be pleased to give this word the proper Cockney pronunciation—Mamar ! None others are genuine.

And whenever a fellow leaves at home his umbrella
Oh, my! how I chuckle and grin,
For then you may warrant I'll come down a torrent
And soak the poor wretch to the skin.

THE OTHER CLOUD.

I BRING the rain again and again,
From the seas and rivers,
And I pour it down on the deluged town
Till it reeks and shivers.
From my skirts are shaken the floods that waken
Poor Cits with the morning light;
I shower my best till they go to rest,
And I keep up the game all night.
By the bucket and pail, like a watery flail,
I lash the wet world under
With occasional spurts of hail (which hurts)
And frequent claps of thunder.

My pall of grey from day to day
Hangs over the dripping lands,
And from hour to hour of the night I pour
Unceasing as Time's own sands.
The dreamer waking hears windows shaking,
Whipped by my lashing flood,
It splashes and sputters from spouts and gutters,
And churns the poor earth into mud.
When the morning breaks the world awakes
To another day of drench.

* * * *

The dainty maiden, with tennis-bat laden,
In vain prepares for sport;
For with heavy wet I have soaked the net,
And utterly swamped the Court.
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof
O'er the sodden cricket-ground,
Keeping all things damp as a dripping lamp
All the summer season round,
Until most mankind goes half out of its mind,
And the damp earth seems half drowned.

I am the daughter of smoke and water,
The child of a cheerless sky;
All, save ducks and pumps, must be down in the dumps,
In a world that is never dry!
For after the rain, when my victims fain,
Would believe in sign "set fair:"
And ginghams are furled, and waterproofs hurled
Into corners, anywhere.
I silently laugh at my own cruel chaff;
And deriding man's hopes so vain,
From a sky all gloom, to an earth like a tomb,
I come down a drencher again!

Punch. November 27, 1880, but equally appropriate in 1888.

SEAWARD.

THE bathers are splashing,
The spaniels are dashing,
The darlings are dancing,
Their bright eyes are glancing—
Away!

The railways are rolling,
The steamers are coaling,
The inn bells are ringing,
The Niggers are singing—
Get away!
The sea and the ocean
Are both in commotion:
BLACK, WHITE, GREEN, and BROWN
Have all vanished from Town—
Get away!

Take a dip, take a sail,
Never mind turning pale—
A bold fellow, I trow,
Who dare blot paper now
We are free—
Let him feather his oar,
Let him flirt on the shore,
Observe mollusks and shells,
But not the blue belles
In the sea;
And from cliff, cove, and rock,
At the sound of the clock,
Hurry home fleet and fast,
To that wholesome repast—
Shrimps and tea.

And crabs too, and prawns too,
And croquet on lawns too,
And drives on the sands,
And those terrible Bands,
Lovest thou?
Thy fortnight at Dover
Too soon will be over,
At Bognor thy pleasure
Shall be beyond measure,
I vow,
By that great saline lotion,
The blue briny ocean,
Which at rest, or uplifted,
Is sketched by the gifted
E'en now,

At the "Crown" or the "Royal,"
Where sojourn the loyal,
Crowds of tourists are meeting,
Hosts of tourists are eating
At seven;
While all down the tables,
In white ties and sables,
Pass the grave solemn waiters
To hand the potaters
In Devon;
And with napkin in hand,
In the coffee-room stand,
To extinguish the gas,
When to bed you shall pass
At eleven!

Punch. August 28, 1869.

THROWN OUT.

By a badly mounted 15 stoner.

HORSE's bits clashing,
Huntsmen's whips lashing;
Soft sunbeam glancing,
The sight's most entrancing
To-day!

In numbers increasing,
With murmur unceasing,
There's no need of saying
The hounds are all baying
Away.

Smart scarlet and tops,
Young and old fops
Twisting and turning,
Through the blue mist still yearning
To stay.

Off we start down the vale,
Jumping over a rail,
For a broken-down paling,
Is fair easy sailing
You know.

But though not a coward,
I always feel soured,
When I hear the scent's strong,
And old Reynard not gone
Long ago,

It means quickish pace,
A rush and a race ;
And, when heavily pressed
You see, at my best
I don't show.

They are now on his track,
And hang it, the pack
Stream up the hill side,
And we've got to ride
From below.

Each taking his line,
Up bank and incline,
In the distance a lout
Begins loudly to shout
Tally-ho !

As o'er ploughed fields we gallop,
And our jaded steed wallop,
The field is fast thinning,
And my steed's beginning
To blow.

With the hounds out of sight,
The prospect ain't bright,
And, just like my fate,
Locked or barred is each gate,
What a shame.

Nothing more to be done,
But to give up the run ;
Then struck with a thought,
Vote hunting a sport
Rather tame.

(A Friend's Advice Afterwards.)

"On the whole, better say
You'd have had a good day,
That is—if your nag
Didn't linger or lag,
Or go lame !"

From *Cribblings from the Poets*, by Hugh Cayley. Cambridge. Jones & Piggott. 1883.

The Tale of the Sensitive "Freak."

(*A Parody of Shelley's "The Sensitive Plant."*)

A sensitive "freak" in a museum stood,
Where the hours were short and the salary good ;
He was tattooed red, white. and blue,
He was the "Bearded Lady," too,
Likewise the skeleton tall and thin,
And he boasted a most elastic skin :
He'd grown his feet to abnormal size,
And whitened his hair Albino wise,
So he said in language plain and bold
That when *he* was abandoned the day'd be cold !

Yet he was unhappy exhibiting there,
For down in his breast lurked a poignant care.
He suffered deeply and oft because
He wanted to be far more than he was ;
His sensitive nature could not brook
That the public at anyone else should look.
He wanted to be the "Leopard Boy,"
And the "Phantom Lady" cold and coy,
The wonderful "Glass-devouring Star"
And the fair "Circassian," from Mullingar !

He hated the sinuous "Human Snakes,"
Whose pictures sold like the hottest cakes,
Though it was said that he practised lots
Tying himself into awful knots.
He punched the "What Is it ?" in the head,
And cut the "Capillary Sisters" dead ;
Placed the "Midget" under the ban
And wouldn't shake feet with the "Armless Man" ;
Kicked the "Cannibal" out of his road,
And said to the "Glass-Blower," "You be blowed !"

Greater each day his importance grew,
'Till his head at length began swelling too.
When others were noticed he screamed and cried,
'Till his head exploded, and so he died ;
And they said, as they washed off the gay tattoo,
And hung up his beard where the wind blew through,
That it was amazing he should be dead.
Simply because he had lost his head ;
But that 'twas a warning, his awful fate,
To people who think themselves so great.

From *The Umpire.*

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY IN BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

The success of the ancient Egyptians in preserving their dead by the operation of embalming was surprisingly great. For a proof of this we have only to turn to the fact of our viewing at this day the bodies of persons who lived three thousand years since. This ingenious people applied the powers of art to the purposes of their religion, and did all they could to keep the human frame entire after death, fondly thinking that if it proved a fit dwelling, its former inhabitant, the soul, would return at some distant period, and animate it afresh, even upon earth.

And thou hast walked about, (how strange a story !)
In Thebes's street three thousand years ago ;

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,—
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us, for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ;
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect,
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden,
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade :
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue which at sunrise played ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest, and hast been dealing
In human blood, and horrors past revealing.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled or knuckled,
For thou wert dead and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled !
Antiquity appears to have begun,
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou could'st develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us, what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green ;
Or was it then so old, that History's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still silent, incommunicative elf !
Art sworn to secrecy ? then keep thy vows ;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house !
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What thou hast seen, what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen, we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the Pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder ?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold :
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled.
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face ?
What was thy name and station, age and race ?

Statue of flesh—Immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment-morning,
When the great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guests be lost for ever ?
Oh, let us keep the *soul embalmed and pure*
In living virtue ; that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
Th' immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

HORACE SMITH.
(One of the Authors of "Rejected Addresses.")

THE ANSWER OF THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

CHILD of the latter days ! thy words have broken
A spell that long has bound these lungs of clay,
For since this smoke-dried tongue of mine hath spoken,
Three thousand tedious years have rolled away.
Unswathed at length, I 'stand at ease' before ye,—
List, then, oh ! list, while I unfold my story.

Thebes was my birthplace—an unrivalled city,
With *many* gates ; but here I might declare
Some strange plain truths, except that it were pity
To blow a poet's fabric into air ;
Oh, I could read you quite a Theban lecture,
And give a deadly finish to conjecture !

But then you would not have me throw discredit
On grave historians—or on him who sung
THE ILIAD—true it is I never read it,
But heard it read when I was very young ;
An old blind minstrel, for a trifling profit,
Recited parts—I think the *author* of it.

All that I know about the town of HOMER,
Is, that they scarce would own him in his day ;
Were glad, too, when he proudly turned a roamer,
Because by this they saved their *parish pay ;*
His townsmen would have been ashamed to flout him,
Had they foreseen the fuss since made about him.

One blunder I can fairly set at rest,
He says that men were once more big and bony
Than now, which is a bouncer at the best,—
I'll just refer you to our friend Belzoni,
Near seven feet high ! in sooth a lofty figure !
Now look at *me*, and tell me, am I *bigger ?*

Not half the size : but then I'm sadly dwindled ;
Three thousand years, with that embalming glue,
Have made a serious difference, and have swindled
My face of all its beauty—there were few
Egyptian youths more gay,—behold the sequel ;
Nay, smile not—you and I may soon be equal !

For this lean hand did one day hurl the lance
With mortal aim—this light fantastic toe
Threaded the mystic mazes of the dance :
This heart hath throbbed at tales of love and woe,
These shreds of raven hair once set the fashion,
This withered form inspired the tender passion.

In vain! the skilful hand, and feelings warm,
  The foot that figured in the bright quadrille,
The palm of genius and the manly form,
  All bowed at once to Death's mysterious will,
Who sealed me up where Mummies sound are sleeping,
In cere-cloth, and in tolerable keeping.

Where cows and monkeys squat in rich brocade,
  And well-dressed crocodiles in painted cases,
Rats, bats, and owls, and cats in masquerade,
  With scarlet flounces and with varnished faces;
Men, birds, brutes, reptiles, fish, all crammed together,
With ladies that might pass for well-tanned leather.

Where Rameses and Sabacon lie down,
  And splendid Psammis in his hide of crust;
Princes and heroes, men of high renown,
  Who in their day kicked up a mighty dust,—
Their swarthy Mummies kicked up dust in numbers,
When huge Belzoni came to scare their slumbers;

Who'd think these rusty hams of mine were seated
  At Dido's table, when the wond'rous tale
Of "Juno's hatred" was so well repeated?
  And ever and anon the queen turned pale;
Meanwhile the brilliant gas-lights, hung above her,
Threw a wild glare upon her shipwrecked lover,

Ay, *gas-lights!* mock me not; we men of yore
  Were versed in all the knowledge you can mention;
Who hath not heard of Egypt's peerless lore?
  Her patient toil? Acuteness of invention?
Survey the proofs—our Pyramids are thriving,—
Old Memnon still looks young, and I'M surviving.

A land in arts and sciences prolific,
  On blocks gigantic building up her fame!
Crowded with signs, and letters hieroglyphic,
  Temples and obelisks her skill proclaim!
Yet though her art and toil unearthly seem,
Those blocks were brought on RAIL-ROADS *and by* STEAM!

How, when, and why, our people came to rear
  The Pyramid of Cheops, mighty pile!
This, and the other secrets thou shalt hear;
  I will unfold if thou wilt stay awhile,
The hist'ry of the Sphinx, and who began it,
Our mystic marks, and monsters made of granite.

Well, then, in grievous times, when King Cephrenes—
  But, ha! what's that?—the shades of bards and kings
Press on my lips their fingers! What they mean is,
  I am not to reveal these hidden things.
Mortal, farewell! Till Science 'self unbind them,
Men must e'en take these secrets as they find them.

MUMMIUS.

From *The Saturday Magazine.* Vol. IV.

LINES TO THE WESTERN MUMMY.

O STRANGER, whose repose profound
  These latter ages dare to break,
And call thee from beneath the ground
  Ere Nature did thy slumber shake,—

What wonders of the secret earth
  Thy lips too silent, might reveal!
Of tribes round whose mysterious birth
  A thousand envious ages wheel.

Thy race, by savage war o'errun,
  Sunk down, their very name forgot;
But ere those fearful times begun,
  Perhaps, in this sequestered spot

By Friendship's hand thine eyelid closed,
  By Friendship's hand the turf was laid;
And Friendships here, perhaps, reposed.
  With moonlight vigils in the shade.

The stars have run their nightly round,
  The sun looked out and passed his way,
And many a season o'er the ground
  Has trod where thou so softly lay.

And wilt thou not one moment raise
  Thy weary head, awhile to see
The later sports of earthly days,
  How like what once enchanted thee?

Thy name, thy date, thy life declare—
  Perhaps a queen, whose feathery band
A thousand maids have sighed to wear,
  The brightest in thy beauteous land—

Perhaps a Helen, from whose eye
  Love kindled up the flame of war—
Ah, me! do thus thy graces lie
  A faded phantom, and no more?

Oh, not like thee would I remain,
  But o'er the earth my ashes strew,
And in some rising bud regain
  The freshness that my childhood knew.

But has thy soul, O maid, so long
  Around this mournful relic dwelt?
Or burst away with pinion strong,
  And at the foot of Mercy knelt?

Or has it in some distant clime,
  With curious eye, unsated, strayed,
And down the winding stream of time,
  On every changeful current played?

Or, lock'd in everlasting sleep,
  Must we thy heart extinct deplore,
Thy fancy lost in darkness weep,
  And sigh for her who feels no more?

Or, exiled to some humbler sphere,
  In yonder wood-dove dost thou dwell,
And murmuring in the stranger's ear,
  Thy tender melancholy tell?

Whoe'er thou be, thy sad remains
  Shall from the Muse a tear demand,
Who, wandering on these distant plains,
  Looks fondly to a distant land.

GALLAUDET.

SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

AND thou hast walked about, how strange a story,
  In Europe's streets, a century nigh ago:
Long time ere Nap the First had gained his glory,
  And longer still before his overthrow
On that dread field, where hard he tried to burk us,
Some who were there still linger (in the workus).

I need not ask thee if that hand of thine
  Has scattered to the poor thy gold in plenty,
For charity was ever in thy line,
  Before thy modest years had numbered twenty,
The same kind spirit which has marked thee ever.
  Had shown itself in many a bright endeavour.

Did'st thou not hear the pother in the town
On Monday last, when Ramsgate to the fore,
Placed on thy brow its tributary crown,
And hailed thy patriarchal years, five score?
Here's to thy long, long life, thou Hebrew hoary,
God's blessing on thy head, Montefiore!

BOTCHER.

November, 1884.

On page 103 of "The Wit and Humour of Shirley Brooks" (Bradbury, Agnew & Co., 1883), there is a parody founded on Horace Smith's "George Barnewell." It was written in 1858 to ridicule "Soapy Sam," Bishop Wilberforce, it is quite out of date now, and of no interest, except to some possible historian of theological controversies.

Parodies of American Poetry.

MAUD MÜLLER.

MAUD MÜLLER, on a summer's day
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree,

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she had hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup;

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks! said the judge, a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds, and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sighed—"Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door.

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Müller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay.

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maude was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Müller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on the garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain;
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein;

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnit turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again
Saying only "It might have been!"

Alas! for maiden, alas! for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall,

For of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Mr. Whittier's statement of the origin of his poem of "Maud Müller" is thus given. He was driving with his sister through York, U.S.A., and stopped at a harvest field to inquire the way. A young girl raking hay near the stone-wall stopped to answer their inquiries. Whittier noticed as she talked that she bashfully raked the hay around and over her bare feet, and she was fresh and fair. The little incident left its impression, and he wrote out the poem that very evening. "But if I had had any idea," he said, "that the plaguey little thing would have been so liked, I should have taken more pains with it." To the inquiry as to the title, Maud Müller, he said it was suggested to him, and was not a selection. It came as the poem came. But he gives it the short German pronunciation, as Meuler, not the broad Yankee, Muller.

MRS. JUDGE JENKINS.

[*Being the only genuine sequel to "Maud Müller."*]

MAUD Müller, all that summer day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay;

Yet, looking down the distant lane,
She hoped the judge would come again,

But when he came, with smile and bow,
Maud only blushed, and stammered, "Ha-ow?"

And spoke of her "pa," and wondered whether
He'd give consent they should wed together.

Old Müller burst in tears, and then
Begged that the judge would lend him "ten;"

For trade was dull and wages low,
And the "craps," this year, were somewhat slow.

And ere the languid summer died,
Sweet Maud became the Judge's bride.

But, on the day that they were mated,
Maud's brother Bob was intoxicated;

And Maud's relations, twelve in all,
Were very drunk at the judge's hall.

And when the summer came again,
The young bride bore him babies twain.

And the judge was blest, but thought it strange
That bearing children made such a change:

For Maud grew broad and red and stout;
And the waist that his arm once clasped about

Was more than he now could span. And he
Sighed as he pondered, ruefully,

How that which in Maud was native grace
In Mrs. Jenkins was out of place;

And thought of the twins, and wished that they
Looked less like the man who raked the hay

On Müller's farm, and dreamed with pain
Of the day he wandered down the lane.

And, looking down that dreary track,
He half regretted that he came back.

For, had he waited, he might have wed
Some maiden fair and thoroughbred;

For there be women fair as she,
Whose verbs and nouns do more agree.

Alas for maiden! alas for judge!
And the sentimental,—that's one-half "fudge;"

For Maud soon thought the judge a bore,
With all his learning and all his lore.

And the judge would have bartered Maud's fair face
For more refinement and social grace.

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"

More sad are these we daily see:
"It is, but hadn't ought to be."

BRET HARTE.

KATE KETCHEM.

KATE KETCHEM on a winter's night
Went to a party dressed in white.

Her chignon in a net of gold
Was about as large as they ever sold.

Gayly she went because her "pap"
Was supposed to be a rich old chap.

But when by chance her glances fell
On a friend who had lately married well,

Her spirits sunk and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast.

KATE KETCHEM, *continued.*

A wish she would'nt have made known
To have an establishment of her own.

Tom Fudge came slowly through the throng
With chestnut hair worn pretty long.

He saw Kate Ketchem in the crowd
And knowing her slightly stopped, and bowed.

Then asked her to give him a single flower
Saying he'd think it a priceless dower.

Out from those with which she was decked
She took the poorest she could select.

And, blushed as she gave it, looking down
To call attention to her gown.

"Thanks," said Fudge, and he thought how dear
Flowers must be at that time of year.

Then several charming remarks he made
Asked if she sang, or danced, or played.

And being exhausted, inquired whether
She thought it was going to be pleasant weather.

And Kate displayed her "jewelry"
And dropped her lashes becomingly.

And listened with no attempt to disguise
The admiration in her eyes.

At last like one who has nothing to say
He turned around, and walked away.

Kate Ketchem smiled, and said "you bet
I'll catch that Fudge, and his money yet.

"He's rich enough to keep me in clothes
And I think I could manage him as I chose.

"He could aid my father as well as not,
And buy my brother a splendid yacht.

"My mother for money should never fret
And all it cried for the baby should get.

"And after that with what he could spare
I'd make a show at a charity fair."

Tom Fudge looked back as he crossed the sill
And saw Kate Ketchem standing still.

"A girl more suited to my mind
It isn't an easy thing to find;

"And everything she has to wear
Proves her as rich as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to day
Had the old man's cash my debts to pay.

"No creditors with a long account
No tradesmen wanting 'that little amount.'

"But all my scores paid up when due
By a father-in-law as rich as a Jew."

But he thought of her brother not worth a straw
And her mother, that would be his, in law.

So undecided he walked along
And Kate was left alone in the throng.

But a lawyer smiled when he sought by stealth
To ascertain old Ketchem's wealth.

And as for Kate she schemed and planned
Till one of the dancers claimed her hand.

He married her for her father's cash,
She married him to cut a dash.

But as to paying his debts do you know
The father couldn't see it so;

And at hints for help Kate's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

And when Tom thought of the way he had wed
He longed for a single life instead.

And closed his eyes in a sulky mood
Regretting the days of his bachelorhood.

And said in a sort of reckless vein,
"I'd like to see her catch me again.

"If I were free as on that night
When I saw Kate Ketchem dressed in white."

She wedded him to be rich and gay
But husband and children did'nt pay.

He wasn't the prize she hoped to draw
And would'nt live with his mother-in-law.

And oft when she had to coax and pout
In order to get him to take her out,

She thought how very attentive and bright
He seemed at the party that winter's night.

Of his laugh as soft as a breeze of the south
('Twas now on the other side of his mouth);

How he praised her dress, and gems, in his talk
As he took a careful account of stock.

Sometimes she hated the very walls—
Hated her friends, her dinners, and calls.

Till her weak affection to hatred turned
Like a dying tallow candle burned.

And for him who sat there her peace to mar,
Smoking his everlasting cigar.

He wasn't the man she thought she saw
And grief was duty, and hate was law.

So she took up her burden with a groan
Saying only "I might have known."

Alas for Kate, and alas for Fudge,
Though I do not owe them any grudge.

And, alas, for any who find to their shame
That two can play at their little game.

For of all hard things to bear and grin
The hardest is knowing you're taken in.

Ah! well as a general thing we fret
About the one we didn't get.

But I think we need'nt make a fuss
If the one we don't want did'nt get us.

PHŒBE CAREY.

MAUD MÜLLER IN DUTCH.

MAUD Müller, von summer afternoon
Vas dending bar in her fadder's saloon,
She solt dot bier, and singed "Shoo Fly,"
Und vinked at der men mit her lefd eye.
Bud ven she looked oud on der shdreed.
Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,
Her song gifed out on a ubber note,
Cause she had such a hoss in her troat;
Und she vished she had shdamps to shbend,
So she might git such a Grecian Bend.
Hans Brinker valked shlowly down her shdreed,
Shmilin at all der gals he'd meed;
Old Hans vas rich – as I've been dold,—
Had houses und lots, and a barrel of gold.
He shdopped by der door, und pooty soon

He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
Und he vinked at Maud, und said. "My dear,
Gif me, of you pblease, a glass of bier."
She vend to der pblace vere der bier keg shtood,
Und pringed him a glass dot vas fresh und goot,
"Dot's goot," said Hans, "dot's a better drink
As effer I had in mine life, I dink."
He dalked for a vhile, den said, "Goot day,"
Und up der shdreet he dook his vay.
Maud hofed a sigh, and said, "Oh, how
I'd likd to been dot olt man's frow,
Such shplendid close I den vood vear,
Dot all the gals around vood shdare.
In dot Union Park I'd drive all tay,
Und efery evenin go to der blay.
Hans Brinker, doo, felt almighty gweer,
(But dat mit peen von trinkin beer.)
Und he says to himself, as he valked along,
Hummin der tune of a olt lofe song,
"Dot's der finest gal I efer did see,
Und I vish dot she my wife cood be."
But here his solillogwy came to an end,
As he dinked of der gold dot she might shbend ;
Und he maked up his mind dot as for him,
He'd marry a girl mit lots of "din."
So he vent righd off dot fery day,
Und married a vooman olt und gray.
He vishes now, but all in vain,
Dot he vas free to marry again ;
Free as he vas dot afternoon,
Ven he med Maud Müller in der bier saloon.
Maud married a man without some "soap"—
He vas lazy doo—but she did hope
Dot he'd get bedder when shildren came ;
But vhen dey had, he vas yoost der same.
Und ofden now dem dears vill come
As she sits alone ven her day's vork's done,
Und dinks of der day Hans called her "my dear,"
Und asked her for a glass of bier ;
But she don'd comblain, nor efer has,
Und only says, "Dot coodn't vas."

ANONYMOUS.

THE MAUD MULLER.

(*Improved.*)

MAUD Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow, sweet with hay—

But when she glanced to Huntsville town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died—and Fleming's Improved
With a nameless longing her breast moved.

A wish that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

"Uncle Pete" rode slowly for her sake,
Showing his "Improved Riding Rake."

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown.

And merrily sparkled her hazel eyes
As "Uncle Pete" described his prize.

Maud Muller looked, and sighed "Law sake!
That's MY idea of a perfect Rake."

American Advertisement.

MISS MÜLLER IN URBE.

MISS Müller so the gossips say,
Flirted in quite a shameless way,

But Maud with a laugh pronounced it fudge—
Yet we caught her wink at the ratty judge,

And the judge—but we mention this sub rose—
Blushed up to the roots of his bulbous nose ;

Still he crained his neck, and in passing by,
Gave a sinister wink with his dexter eye.

Quoth Maud to herself as on she passed,
"I've his royal nibs in tow at last ;

My mother shall wear a seal skin sack—
My pa swing on his broadcloth black ;

My brother shall sip his whiskey-skins,
And my sister revel in gay breast pins!"

Quoth the judge as he sauntered listless on,
"She's a rattling girl! you bet I'm gone!

No doubt my last wife's ma will kick
And my heirs cut up the very nick ;

And though I've known her a short short spell,
You bet I'll have her in spite of"—well

No matter his word it was short and stout
And the name of a place that's now played out

According to Bucher. Alack for all
The maid and judge ne'er wedded at all ;

For he passed in his checks from too much gin
And the maid grew long, and lank, and thin.

And she as her charms glimmered away
She ceased for to flirt, and began for to pray.

God pity the maid, and pity the judge,
And these days of twaddle, and bosh, and fudge,

For of all sad words from a heart bereft
The saddest are these, "You bet I'm left."

ANONYMOUS.

THE MODERN MAUD MÜLLER.

MAUD Müller worked at making hay
And cleared her forty cents a day.

Her clothes were coarse, but her health was fine,
And so she worked in the sweet sunshine—

Singing as glad as a bird in May
"Barbary Allen" the livelong day.

She often glanced at the far off town
And wondered if eggs were up, or down.

And the sweet song died of a strange disease
Leaving a phantom-taste of cheese,

And an appetite and a nameless ache
For soda-water, and ginger cake.

The Judge rode slowly into view—
Stopped his horse in the shade, and threw

His fine cut out, while the blushing Maud
Marvelled much at the kind he "chawed."

He was "dry as a fish" he said with a wink
And kind o' thought that a good square drink

Would brace him up. So the cup was filled
With the crystal wine that the old spring spilled ;

And she gave it him with a sun browned hand,
"Thanks" said the Judge, in accents bland ;

"A thousand thanks for a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand—" but there he laughed,

And the sweet girl stood in the sun that day
And raked the Judge instead of the hay.

Cincinnati Commercial.

MAUD MÜLLER, AND THE JUDGE.

MAUD Müller on an August day
Took the Fever of the Hay,

Sneezing she went and her shrill Ah-chee
The mock-bird echoed from the tree.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane
Smoothing his chestnut horse's mane,

And drew his bridle in the shade
With a stimulation to greet the maid.

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
The pollen from which makes sufferers sneeze,

And Maudie forgot her swollen nose
And even her graceful bare brown toes,

And listened while a pleased surprise
Looked from her watering hazel eyes.

At last with a wild "Ah-chee! Ah-cha!
Ah-choo! Ah-choo!" he rode away.

Maud Müller looked and sneezed "Ah-chee!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

He would dress me with silks and diamond rings
And take me up to the 'White Mountings,'

And I'd use the finest cambric *mouchoir*
And never have the Hay Fever more."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill
And heard her sternutations shrill.

"Would she were mide, and I to-day
Rid of this dab Fever of the Hay."

But he thought of her sisters and clearly saw
Her mother would be his mother-in-law.

The baby would smear his broadcloth coat
And her brother borrow a five dollar note;

So closing his heart the Judge rode on
And Maudie was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon
When they heard him lustily a-choo-in.

And the young girl sneezed beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower
With an aquiline beak of ten Roman power,

And oft when the wine in his nose was red
And he knew the old woman was safe in bed,

The proud man sighed with a furnace force
"Ah could I only get a divorce

And marry the girl I saw that day
When I had the Fever of the Hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor
And they had twins every twelve month—sure;

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
She wished she could drown the pesky lot.

Again in the shade of the apple trees
She saw a rider draw rein, and sneeze,

As she looked down because she knew
Her nose was big enough for two.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls

And for him with a pipe in his ugly mug—
Oh, if she had him by the lug!

A manly form at her side she saw
And there was no estival catarrh.

Then she took up her burden of life anew
Sighing only "Ah-chee! Ah-choo!"

Alas! for maiden; for Judge alas!
For household drudger, and gray haired ass.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are "Hay fever time again."

Ah! well for us that a region lies
Where the infusoria never rise;

And in the hereafter Angels may
Find a cure for the Fever of the Hay.

New York World.

MAUD MÜLLER ON THE ICE.

MAUD Müller on a winter's day
Went out upon the ice to play.

Beneath her Derby gleamed her locks
Of her red banged hair, and her crimson socks.

She straddled about from ten to two
And then a hole in the ice fell through.

On the bottom of the pond she sat
As wet and mad as a half drowned rat.

A man with a hicking pole went there
And fished her out by her auburn hair.

And her mother is said to have thumped her well—
Though just how hard Miss Maud can't tell—

And hung her over the stove to dry
With a thumb in her mouth, and a fist in her eye.

Alas for the maiden! alas for the hole!
And 'rah for the man with the hicking pole!

For the truest words of tongue or pen
Are "A skating girl's like a headless hen."

Brooklyn Eagle.

MISS MULLER.

["Miss Muller's furniture, which was distrained for the payment of Queen's taxes, refused by her on the ground that women are not allowed to vote for Parliamentary representatives, has been bought back by some of her friends, without her knowledge, and restored to her without her having paid the taxes."—*Daily paper.*]

MISS MULLER, on a summer day,
Refused her taxes just to pay.

"I won't stump up at all," quoth she,
"Until to vote they make me free."

So sordid man began his tricks,
And seized the dauntless maiden's "sticks."

He seized her table, and her chair,
While she stood by with martyr air.

She saw her dear belongings go,
And spoke of giving "blow for blow."

About her thronged a female clan,
Who'd sworn to trounce despotic man.

And these, to cause the tyrant pain,
Bought back their leader's "sticks" again.

That table and that chair so dear
They wrested from the auctioneer.

They brought them home, they set them down,
Then shrieked their triumph through the town.

Miss Muller smiled, and said, "You bet
I haven't paid my taxes yet."

If, of all words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"

Well-nigh as sad are man's when he
Wails, "Muller, you have worsted me."

Funny Folks. July 19, 1884.

BARBARA FRITCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand,
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,
Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Forty flags with their silver stars
Flapped in the morning wind, the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town;
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead;

Under his slouched hat, left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.
"Halt!" The dust brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!" out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.
Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out of the window sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.
"Shoot if you must, this old grey head.
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life, at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair on yon grey head,
Dies like a dog. March on!" he said.
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

All day long the free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host;
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds, that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night
Barbara Fritchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier!
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty, draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below, in Frederick town!

J. G. Whittier.

Barbara Fritchie was 96 years old at the time of the occurrence, which took place literally as described in the poem.

A Parody.

Drough der streets of Frederickdown,
Wid der red hot sun shining down,
Past der saloons filled mit beer,
Dem repel fellers valked on der ear.

All day drough Frederickdown so fasd,
Hosses foot and sodgers past,
Und der repel flag skimming ond so pright,
You vould dink py jiminy id had a ridght.

Off der mony flags dot flapped in der morning vind
Nary a vone could enybody find,
Ub shumbed old Miss Frietchie den,
Who vos pent down py nine score years und den.

She took der flag der men hauled down,
Und stuck id fasd on her nighd-gown,
Un pud id in der vindow vere all could see
Dot dere vas vone who did lofe dot goot old flag so free.

Yust den ub come Stonewall Jack,
Riden on his hosses' pack,
Under his prows he squinted his eyes,
By golly de olt flag make him much surprise.

"Halt!" vell efery man stood him sdill,
"Fire!" vas echoed from hill to hill;
Id broke her strings of dot nighd-gown,
Put olt Babra she vas round.

She freezed on dot olt flag right quick,
Und oud of der vindow her head did stick:
"Scoot, of you must, dis old cray head,
Put spare dot country's flag!" she said.

A look of shameness soon came o'er
Der face of Jack, und der tears did pour;
"Who pulls ond a hair of dot pald head,
Dies like a monkey!—skip along," he said.

All dot day und all dot night,
Undil efery repel vas knocked oud of sight,

Und vay pehind from Frederickdown,
Dot flag stuck fasd to dot olt nighd-gown.

Babra Frietchie's vork vas done,
She don'd eny more kin hafe some fun ;
Pully for her ! und drop a dear
For dot olt gal midoud some fear.

Anonymous.

———:o:———

Hiram Hover.

(A Ballad of New England life.)

Where the Moosatockmaguntic
Pours its waters in the Skuntic,
Met, along the forest-side,
Hiram Hover, Huldah Hyde.

She, a maiden fair and dapper,
He, a red-haired, stalwart trapper,
Hunting beaver, mink, and skunk,
In the woodlands of Squeedunk.

She, Pentucket's pensive daughter,
Walked beside the Skuntic water,
Gathering, in her apron wet,
Snake-root, mint, and bouncing-bet.

"Why," he murmured, loth to leave her,
"Gather yarbs for chills and fever,
When a lovyer, bold and true,
Only waits to gather you?"

"Go," she answered, "I'm not hasty ;
I prefer a man more tasty :
Leastways, one to please me well
Should not have a beasty smell."

"Haughty Huldah !" Hiram answered ;
"Mind and heart alike are cancered :
Jest look here ! these peltries give
Cash, wherefrom a pair may live.

"I, you think, am but a vagrant,
Trapping beasts by no means fragrant :
Yet—I'm sure it's worth a thank—
I've a handsome sum in bank."

Turned and vanished Hiram Hover ;
And, before the year was over,
Huldah, with the yarbs she sold,
Bought a cape, against the cold.

Black and thick the furry cape was ;
Of a stylish cut the shape was ;
And the girls, in all the town,
Envied Huldah up and down.

Then, at last, one winter morning,
Hiram came, without a warning :
"Either," said he, "you are blind,
Huldah, or you've changed your mind.

"Me you snub for trapping varmints,
Yet you take the skins for garments :
Since you wear the skunk and mink,
There's no harm in me, I think."

"Well," said she, "we will not quarrel,
"Hiram : I accept the moral.
Now the fashion's so, I guess
I can't hardly do no less."

Thus the trouble all was over
Of the love of Hiram Hover ;
Thus he made sweet Huldah Hyde
Huldah Hover as his bride.

Love employs, with equal favour,
Things of good and evil savour ;
That, which first appeared to part,
Warmed, at last, the maiden's heart.

Under one impartial banner,
Life, the hunter, Love, the tanner,
Draw, from every beast they snare,
Comfort for a wedded pair !

From *Diversions of the Echo Club*, by Bayard Taylor.

This is an imitation of the style of some of Whittier's delightful ballads, only substituting a comical for an earnest motive. Change that motive, and a few expressions, and it would become a serious poem.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

All or Nothing.

Whoso answers my questions
Knoweth more than me ;
Hunger is but knowledge
In a less degree :
Prophet, priest and poet
Oft prevaricate,
And the surest sentence
Hath the greatest weight.

When upon my gaiters
Drops the morning dew,
Somewhat of Life's riddle
Soaks my spirit through.
I am buskined by the goddess
Of Monadnock's crest,
And my wings extended
Touch the East and West.

Or ever coal was hardened
In the cells of earth,
Or flowed the founts of Bourbon,
Lo ! I had my birth.
I am crowned coeval
With the Saurian eggs,
And my fancy firmly
Stands on its own legs.

Wouldst thou know the secret
Of the barberry-bush,
Catch the slippery whistle
Of the moulting thrush,
Dance upon the mushrooms,
Dive beneath the sea,
Or anything else remarkable,
Thou must follow me !

From *Diversions of the Echo Club*, by Bayard Taylor.

This is a fair imitation of some of Emerson's early poems. "Brahma" is, however, the most frequently parodied, although no parody approaches the mystery of the original.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
  Or if the slain think he is slain.
They know well the subtle ways
  I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
  Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanquished gods to me appear;
  And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
  When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
  And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
  And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
    Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

This first appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, (No. 1) November, 1857.

Damn, Ah!

An exclamation to the tortoise-shell cat which sings so diabolically under my window by night.

If the grey tom cat think he sing
  Or if the song think it be sung,
They know not who would boot-jacks fling,—
  How many bricks at him I've flung!

When comes the night, to me he's near,
  Rainy or shiny, all the same,
He on the roof will still appear
  And caterwaul his tom-cat flame.

They reckon ill who bolt him out,
  For like a bird with mighty wings
He'll perch upon the water-spout,
  And twice as loud the tom-cat sing.

His voice will oft attract a brood
  Of female felines, six or seven,
To chaunt their hymns round my abode,
  As though it were the tom-cat's heaven.

Mutton.

If the fat butcher thinks he slays,
  Or he—the mutton—thinks he's slain,
Why, "troth is truth," the eater says—
  "I'll come, and 'cut and come again.'"

To hungry wolves that on him leer
  Mutton is sheep, and sheep the same,
No famished god would at him sneer—
  To famine, chops are more than fame.

Who hiss at him, him but assures
  That they are geese, but wanting wings—
Your coat is his whose life is yours,
  And baa! the hymn the mutton sings.

Ye curs, and gods of grander blood,
  And you, ye Paddies fresh from Cork,
Come taste, ye lovers of the good—
  Eat! Stuff! and turn your back on pork.

Anonymous.

Colonel John Hay.

JIM BLUDSO.

Wal, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
  Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three years
  That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jemmy Bludso passed-in his checks,
  The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint—them engineers
  Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
  And another one here in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim.
  And an awkward man in a row—
But he never flunked, and he never lied;
  I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
  To treat his engines well;
Never be passed on the river;
  To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,
  A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats have their day on the Mississip,
  And her day come at last.
The Movastar was a better boat,
  But the Belle she wouldn't be passed;
And so come tearin' along that night,—
  The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety valve,
  And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire burst out as she clared the bar,
  And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
  To that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin,' but Jim yelled out
  Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
  Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the burnin' boat
  Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
  And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
  Afore the smokestacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
  In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
  I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
  That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He'd seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
  And went for it thar and then:
And Christ ain't a going to be too hard
  On a man that died for men.

John Hay.

The Bloomin' Flower of Rorty Gulch.

It war Bob war the Bloomin Flower,
They know'd him on Poker Flat ;
He'd gouged a few down Gilgal way,
But no one complained o' that.
He scored his stiffs* on the heft of his knife—
Forty I've heern 'em say ;
It might have been more—Bob kept his accounts
In a loosish sorter way.

Bob warn't a angel ter look at,
And the Bible it warn't *his* book ;
He swore the most oaths that war swor'd in the camp,
Or blarmedly I am mistook ;
But he warn't a outen-out bad 'un,
And he'd got a heart you could touch ;
And he never draw'd iron† on boy, or man,
As didn't pervoke him much.

And you can't say fair as drinking
War counted among his sins ;
For at nary a sittin' would he put down
More nor fifteen whisky skins.
But one day we was drinkin' and jawin',
Round Haggarty s bar, and I fear
That Haggarty riled him, bein' so slow,
So he jist sliced off Haggarty's ear.

Then Haggarty went for him savage,
Instead of a-holding his jor ;
And Bob went for his 'leven-inch knife,
And scatter'd Hag's scraps on the floor.
One of Hag's friends then drew upon Bob,
And shot Joe Harris instead ;
And I take it the bar floor got at last
'Bout knee-deep in red.

But when the fun was over in there,
Bob ran a-muck in the street ;
And he speared and potted each derned cuss
As he chanced to meet.
And quiet folks shut up their doors—
They thought it safer, you see—
All but a man with his wife and child,
That was settin' down to tea.

Into their parlour rushed Bloomin' Bob,
To that father and mother's surprise ;
Jobb'd his bowie through one, and took
The tother between the eyes.
Then he clutched the innocent slumb'rin' babe,
Jist meanin' to knock out its brains ;
But at that moment there reach'd his ear
Some long-forgotten strains.

* * * *

Some soft and touching music this,
Music solemn and sweet,
Played by a common organ-man
Down at the end of the street.
And it went straight home to the digger's heart,
And he did not squelch the child,
But lay it down in its little cot,
And rocked the same—and smiled !

Talk soft ! They say the angels
That night smole down on Bob ;
And a sorter radiant halo
Gleamed brightly round his nob.
I can't swear to all this for certain,
And it do seem a queerish start ;
But I won't set by and hear none o' you say
Bob hadn't a tender heart !

This admirable parody was written by Mr. Charles H. Ross, Editor of *Judy*. In the first volume of this Collection it was erroneously styled a parody of Bret Harte.

:o:

THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL.

The darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall—
Tom Taggart's, of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never *could* git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doin's :
But I'll tell the yarn to you-uns.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar ;
The time was fall, the skies was far ;
The neighbours round the counter drawed,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

At last come Colonel Blood, of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus—like ;
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked "A whiskey-skin."

Tom mixed the beverage full and far,
And slammed it, smoking on the bar,
Some says three fingers, some says two,—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand ;
Blood drawed his knife, with accent bland,
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whiskey skin."

No man high-toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round.
Says he, "Young man, the tribe of Phinns
Knows their own whisky-skins ! "

He went for his 'leven-inch bowie knife :—
"I tries to foller a Christian life ;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two
My bloomin' shrub with you."

They carved in a way that all admired,—
Tell Blood drawed iron at last, and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

Then coats went off, and all went in ;
Shots and bad language swelled the din ;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
Like bull-pups, cheered the furse.

They piled the stiffs outside the door,
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin' school.

I ve sarched in vain, from Dan to Beersheba, to make this mystery clear ;
But I end with *hit* as I did begin,—
WHO GOT THE WHISKY-SKIN ?

JOHN HAY.

---

* Corpses. † To shoot.

Big Bill.

There's them that eats till they're bustin',
  And them that drinks till they're blind,
And them that snuffin' and spooney,
  But the best of all to my mind,
(And I've been around in my time, boys,
  And cavorted with any you like),
Was Big Bill, that lived in the slashes,
  We called him Big Bill o' Pike.

If he put his hand to his bowie
  Or scratched the scruff of his neck,
You could only tell by waitin'
  To see if you bled a peck :
And the way he fired 'twas lovely!
  Nobody knowed which was dead,
Till Big Bill grinned, and the stiff'un
  Tumbled over onto his head !

At school he killed his master ;
  Courtin', he killed seven more :
And the hearse was alway a-waitin'
  A little ways from his door.
There wasn't much growth in the country,
  As the census returns will show,
But we had Big Bill we was proud of,
  And that was enough to grow.

And now Big Bill is an angel,—
  Damn me, it makes me cry !
Jist when he was rampin' the roughest,
  The poor fellow had to die.
A thievin' and sneakin' Yankee
  Got the start on our blessed Bill,
And there's no one to do our killin'
  And nobody left to kill !

From *Diversions of the Echo Club*, by Bayard Taylor.

James Russell Lowell.

In the great American Civil War Mr. J. S. Lowell was a warm partisan of the Northern cause, and his most popular poems, *The Biglow Papers*, were written in favour of the emancipation of the slaves, and the suppression of the Southern, or Confederate States. *The Biglow Papers* have been principally parodied, in this country, by the Liberal newspapers, and of these only a few examples are sufficiently good to bear quoting.

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I du believe in Freedom's cause,
  Ez fur away ez Paris is ;
I love to see her stick her claws
  In them infarnal Pharisees,
It's wal enough agin a king
  To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
  That don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
  A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt—
  Purvidin' I'm in office ;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
  My eye-teeth filled their sockets
An' Uncle Sam* I reverence,
  Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
  O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
  I git jest what I axes ;
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
  Because it kind o' rouses
The folks to vote—an' keeps us in
  Our quiet custom-houses,

I du believe it's wise an' good
  To sen' out furrin missions,
Thet is, on sartin understood
  An' orthydox conditions ;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.
  Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
  The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
  O' prayin' an' convartin' ;
The bread comes back in many days
  An' buttered, tu, fer sartin ;—
I mean in preyin' till one busts
  On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
  To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
  For 'lectioneers to spout on ;
The people's ollers soft enough
  To make hard money out on ;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
  An gives a good-sized junk to all—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
  Ez long ez mine's paid punctooal.

I du believe with all my soul
  In the gret Press's Freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
  An' in the traces lead 'em ;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
  At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
  Inter the gov'ment printin' !

I du believe thet I should give
  Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
For its by him I move an' live,
  Frum him my bread an' cheese air ;
I du believe thet all o' me
  Doth bear his souperscription—
Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
  An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
  To him thet hez the grantin'
O' jobs—in every thin' thet pays.
  But most of all in Cantin' ;

---

* *Uncle Sam*. The people of the United States use this term of themselves, in the same way that Britons speak of "John Bull."

This doth my cup with marcies fill,
  This lays all thought o' sin to rest—
I *don't* believe in princerple,
  But, O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
  Or thet, ez it may happen
One way or t'other hendiest is
  To ketch the people nappin';
It aint by princerples nor men
  My preudunt course is steadied—
I scent wich pays the best, an' then
  Go into it baldheaded.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
  Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
  To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
Fer any office, small or gret,
  I could't ax with no face,
Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
  Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
  'll keep the people in blindness—
Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
  Right inter brotherly kindness,
Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball
  Air good-will's strongest magnets
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
  Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
  In Humbug generally,
Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
  To hev a solid vally;
This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
  In pasturs sweet heth led me,
An' this'll keep the people green
  To feed ez they hev fed me.

From *The Biglow Papers.*

The Pious Chancellor's Creed.

(Formulated by Prince Von Bismarck.)

I do believe in Providence,
  On grounds most firm and valid;
Its rulings have shown strength and sense,
  And with my views have tallied.
'Tis ever on the stronger side,
  And while my side's the stronger,
I shall acknowledge it with pride
  (But not a moment longer).

I hold to faith robust and stout,
  And, Heaven and I agreeing,
All duffers who presume to doubt,
  Deserve eternal d—ing.
I'm sole exponent of the truth,
  Of genuine Christianity,
Cleared from all cant of love and ruth,
  And humbug of humanity.

I do believe in days and dates,
  As I'm a (sort of) sinner;
I hold those fools defy the fates
  Who sit thirteen at dinner,
That Friday ventures badly fare,
  For reasons past explaining;
That he's an ass who has his hair
  Cut when the moon is waning.

I do believe most men are fools,
  And need despotic ruling
By one past-master in the schools
  Of force and clever fooling;
That dangers which beset the State,
  And risk that Kings environ,
Demand a will as stern as fate,
  A rule of blood and iron.

* * * *

I do believe free Parliament
  Means dawdling, drivelling, doting,
Save only when it is content
  With silent money-voting.
I hold, of all pretenders crass
  Who ever claimed dominion,
The worst is that gregarious ass
  Nicknamed "Public opinion."

In fine, I do believe in Force
  (Of fight, or faith, or feeding)
Uncramped by conscience, ruth, remorse,
  Good-nature, or good-breeding,
That strength should sway in council, fray,
  Love, piety, or potting,
Is Providence's special way
  And Heaven's own allotting.

Punch. December 7, 1878.

The Jingo's Creed.

I do believe that Gladstone likes
  The triumph of our enemies.
Look how his tongue at "Interests" strikes
  It simply full of venom is.
Now this belief, I'll freely own,
  Is what some folks would term "hot;"
But when has Gladstone ever shown
  The *spirit* of Macdermott?

I do believe the Russian Czar's
  A tyrant scarcely human;
I do believe that each Pasha's
  A gentle and a true man.
I shouldn't really like to try
  And have one as a neighbour;
But, cutting Russian windpipes—why
  They've saved us lots of labour.

I do believe, as Elcho says,
  Ketchwayo's a *gorilla*—
A brute who in his wars displays
  The fury of a Scylla.
So just for *peace*, it's evident
  (The thing is gospel *per se*)
Our missionary troops are sent
  To slay him without mercy.

I do believe in Beaconsfield,
  In Bartle Frere, and Lytton;
I do believe all men should yield
  T' the half-almighty Briton.

We're born to rule the human race,
And futurity shall see, oh,
'Mid the world's heroes take their place
That half-immortal Trio

Funny Folks. September 27, 1879.

THE UNIONIST EDITOR'S CREED.

WE du believe in freedom's cause,
Except when it in Dublin is;
We do detest Coercion laws,
But not when Erin troublin' is.
It's wal enough for men to spout
Of justice—in elections—
But when you're snuffin' Home Rule out—
You're bound to make corrections!

We du believe the Irish want
To do away with juries—
And, for our methods, now we can't
See what on airth more pure is.
When we bring men to common sense
We coax 'em—yes—with fetters.
But other things we reverence—
Partic'larly forged letters.

We du believe with all our hearts
In the great Press's freedom;
We hit out straight—but poisoned darts
Reserve for such as need' em.
Palsied the arm that forges lies!
Cussed be calumniators!
[N.B.—This rule nohow applies
When you fight agitators.]

We du believe whatever trash
'll keep the people in blindness;
Thet we the Irishmen can thrash
Right inter brotherly kindness;
Thet Balfour's bill, an' powder an' ball,
Air goodwill's strongest magnets;
Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
Must be druv in with bagnets!

G. W.

Pall Mall Gazette. April 28, 1887.

"J. C." TO HIMSELF.

From his favourite Poet.

"I DU believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions;
Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions;
I mean '£3,900' per ann.,
'*Two thousan*'' more for *outfit*,
An' me to recommend the man
The place 'ould jest about fit."

THE RIGHT HON.
PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN,
G.C.B., M.P., ETC., ETC.,
Returns to town after a short voyage.

PROFESSOR CHAMBERLAIN
Undertakes any Fishy Business for the
NOBILITY, CLERGY, OR GENTRY,
In the most distant
Foreign or Colonial Terri-*tories*.

Terms :—

First Mission	... ...	£3,900, G.C.B., and Baronetcy.
Second ,,	... ...	£10.900, *Dukedom*, and all the *Orders*.
Third ,,	... ...	£100,900, and the Reversion of the *Crown*.

N.B.—The American language spoken.

The Liberal and Radical. March 10, 1888.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE, &c.

A NUMBER of doctors, with zeal hyperbolic,
Have gravely consulted, and grandly decreed—
The *improper* prescription of things alcoholic
Is really very improper indeed:—
But Mr. F. C.
Skey says, says he,
This pompous announcement is fiddledee!

For you cannot prescribe—here he deals in ironics—
To skilful practitioners what they should give;
And the question must frequently turn upon topics
Of whether the patient's to die, or to live.
And Mr. F. C.
Skey says, says he,
An empiric's a quack though you write him M.D.

Let the *Saturday* shriek about drawing-room topers,
And tell us our wives ne'er go sober to bed;
I'll laugh at such medical fumblers and gropers,
And list to what skill and experience have said.
And Mr. F. C.
Skey says, says he,
With that manifesto he cannot agree.

ANONYMOUS.

ON RECRUITING.

THRASH away, you'll *hev* to rattle
On them kittle drums o' yourn—
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn;
Put in stiff, you fifer feller,
Let folks see how spry you be—
Guess you'll toot till you are yeller
'Fore you git ahold o' me!

Thet air flag's a leetle rotten,
Hope it aint your Sunday's best;—
Fact! it takes a sight o' cotton
To stuff out a soger's chest:
Since we farmers hev to pay fer't,
Ef you must wear humps like these
Sposin' you should try salt hay fer't,
It would du ez slick ez grease.

Them thet rule us, them slave-traders,
Haint they cut a thunderin' swarth,
(Helped by Yankee renegaders[*])
Thru the vartu o' the North!
We begin to think it's nater
To take sarse an' not be riled;—

---

[*] Renegaders.—People in the Northern States who sympathised with the slaveholders.

Who'd expect to see a tater
  All on eend at bein' biled ?

Ez fer war, I call it murder—
  There you hev it plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furder
  Than my Testyment fer thet ;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
  It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
  Ef you want to take in God.

Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
  Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
  Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but wut it's pooty
  Trainin' round in bobtail coats—
But it's curus Christian dooty
  This ere cuttin' folks's throats.

* * * * *

From *The Biglow Papers.*

RENEGADERS.

THRASH away, you'll have to rattle
  On that "*Union*" drum o' "yourn" ;
" 'Tain't" a knowin' kind o' cattle
  That gets ketched with mouldy corn.
Put it stiff you turn-coat fellows,
  You're a darned nice *liberal* (?) set,—
Gone to blow the tory bellows
  Now they want their irons "*het,*"

While their trusty chief's been trying
  To keep "the old state ship" afloat,
These backsliders 'ave been hieing
  Into Joseph's scuttled boat,
"Aint" they a prime set o' fellows,
  When they think on't won't they sprout,
Like a peach that's got the "yellows"
  With the meanness "bustin" out.

Tell you just the end I've come to
  After ciphering pretty smart,—
And it makes a handy sum too,
  Any "gump" may learn by heart.
Labouring man and labouring woman
  Have one glory and one shame,
Every thing that's done inhuman
  Injures all of them the same,

"'Tain't" by letting landlords loot folks,—
  Nor the people being brained,—
Nor police being set to shoot folks,
  That your own rights are maintained.
Those who Ireland hold in fetters,
  Sure as one and one make two,
When they've *used you* (their abettors),
  They'll try hard to fetter you.

"*The People's Tribune,*" God forgive him !—
  He's a kneeling with the rest,
He that ought to ha' clung while livin'
  In his grand old eagle-nest,
He that ought to stand so fearless
  While the wrecks around are hurled,—
Holding up a beacon peerless
  To the oppressed of all the world—
Gone, to help the stealer stealing
  Bigger pens to cram with slaves,—
Help the men who're always dealing
  Insults on their father's graves,—
Help the strong to grind the feeble,—
  Wrong the many for the few,—
Helping those who'd not be able,
  Renegaders, but for you !

Let our staunch old leader proudly
  Still plead on with trumpet tongue,
And proclaim for justice loudly
  For the weak against the strong.
Clang the bells in every steeple,
  Call all true men to disown
The traducers of the people,—
  The *deserters* of their own.

WM. GUISE.

The Liberal and Radical. January 14, 1888.

———:o:———

THE OFFICIAL EXPLANATION.

Anent the account of the interview with James Russell Lowell published by Julian Hawthorne, the *Chicago News* had the following clever verses in imitation of Hosea Biglow :—

ONE night aside the fire at hum,
  Ez I wus settin' nappin',
Deown from the lower hall there come
  The seound of some one rappin'.
The son uv old Nat Hawthorne he—
  Julian, I think his name wuz—
Uv course he feound a friend in me,
  Not knowin' what his game wuz.

And ez we visited a spell.
  Our talk ranged wide an wider.
And ef we struck dry subjects—well,
  We washed 'em deown with cider.
Neow, with that cider coursin' thru
  My system an' a playin'
Upon my tongue, I hardly knew
  Just what I was a sayin'.

I kin remember that I spun
  A hifalutin' story
Abeout the Prince of Wales, an' one
  About old Queen Victory.
But sakes alive ! I never dreamed
  The cuss would get it printed—
(By that old gal I'm much esteemed,
  Ez she hez often hinted).

Oh, if I had that critter neow,
  You bet your boots I'd larn him
In mighty lively fashion heow
  To walk the chalk, gol darn him !
Meanwhile, between his folks an' mine
  The breach grows wide an' wider,
And, by the way, it's my design
  To give up drinkin' cider.

Received from the Milwaukee Public Library. December 24, 1886.

———:o:———

TENNYSON'S LATEST.

(After Mr. Russell Lowell's "The Rose.")

IN his chamber sat the poet,
  Striving to make verses free.

"I've a poem," said he; "I'll show it—
They'll stand anything from me!
Public praise I know is hollow,
But to publish I'm opprest;
Cash will publication follow,
And I've had too long a rest."

Hies a reader on the morrow
Through the busy street called "Strand";
Sees the notice—hastes to borrow
From a friend the verses grand.
Gets them—reads them; thinks he, "Surely,
Tennyson, not this your own?
'Hands all Round'—'tis nonsense, purely,
Worthy Salisbury alone!"

In his chamber sits the poet—
Pale his face, his eye is dim;
See the table—gold o'erflows it—
Publishers have sent it him.
For a time no word he utters—
Fullest hearts the slowest speak—
But at length he feebly mutters,
"I'm astonished at my cheek!"

J. T. G.

The Weekly Dispatch. June 25, 1882.

The Saga of Ahab Doolittle.

Who hath not thought himself a poet? Who,
Feeling the stubbed pin-feathers pricking through
His greenish gosling-down, but straight misdeems
Himself anointed? They must run their course,
These later measles of the fledgling mind,
Pitting the adolescent rose with brown,
And after, leaving scars; and we must bear,
Who come of other stirp, no end of roil,
Slacken our strings, disorient ourselves,
And turn our ears to huge conchyliar valves
To hear the shell-hum that would fain be sea.

O guarding thorn of Life's dehiscent bud,
Exasperation! Did we clip thee close,
Disarm ourselves with non-resistent shears,
And leave our minds demassachusetted,
What fence 'gainst inroad of the spouting throng?

For Fame's a bird that in her wayward sweep
Gossips to all; then, raven-like, comes home
Hoarse-voiced as autumn, and, as autumn leaves
Behind her, blown by all the postal winds,
Letters and manuscripts from unknown hands.
Thus came not Ahab's: his he brought himself,
One morn, so clear with impecunious gold.
I said: "Chaucer yet lives, and Calderon!"
And, letting down the gangways of the mind
For shipment from the piers of common life,
O'er Learning's ballast meant some lighter freight
To stow, for export to Macarian Isles
But it was not to be: a tauroid knock
Shook the ash-panels of my door with pain,
And to my vexed "Come in!" Ahab appeared.
Homespun, at least,—thereat I swiftly felt
Somewhat of comfort,—tall, knock-kneed, and gaunt:
Face windy-red, hands horny, large, and loose,
That groped for mine, and finding, dropped at once
As half ashamed: and thereupon he grinned.
I waited, silent, till the silence grew
Oppressive: but he bore it like a man;
Then, as my face still queried, opened wide
The stiff portcullis of his rustic speech,
Whence issued words: "You'd hardly kalkelate
That I'm a poet, but I kind o' guess
I *be* one; so the people say to hum."
Then from his cavernous armpit drew and gave
The singing leaves, not such as erst I knew.
But strange, disjointed, where the unmeasured feet
Staggered allwhither in pursuit of rhyme,
And could not find it: assonance instead,
Cases and verbs misplaced—remediable those—
Broad-shouldered coarseness, fondly meant for wit.

I turned the leaves; his small, gray, hungry eye
Stuck like a burr; agape with hope his mouth.
What could I say? the worn conventional phrase
We use on such occasions,—better wait,
Verse must have time; its seed, like timothy-grass,
Sown in the fall to sprout the following spring,
Is often winter-killed: none can decide;
A single rain-drop prints the eocene,
While crowbars fail on lias: so with song:
The Doom is born in each thing's primitive stuff.

Perchance he understood not; yet I thrust
Some hypodermic hope within his flesh,
Unconsciously; erelong he came again.
Would I but see his latest? I *did* see;
Shuddered and answered him in a sterner wise.
I love to put the bars up, shutting out
My pasture from the thistle-cropping beasts
Or squealing hybrids, who have range enough
On our New England commons,—whom the Fiend,
Encouragement-of-Native-Talent, feeds,
With windy provender, in Waverley,
And Flag, and Ledger, weakly manger-racks.

Months passed: the catbird on the elm-tree sang
What "Free from Ahab!" seemed, and I believed.
But, issuing forth one autumn morn, that shone
As earth were made October twenty-seventh
(Some ancient Bible gives the date), he shot
Across my path as sped from Ensign's bow,
More grewsome, haggard-seeming than before.
Ere from his sinister armpit his right hand
Could pluck the sheets, I thundered forth, "Aroint!"

Not using the Anglo-Saxon shibboleth,
But exorcismal terms, unusual, fierce,
Such as would make a saint disintimate.
The witless terror in his face nigh stayed
My speech, but I was firm and passed him by.
Ah, not three weeks were sped ere he again
Waylaid me in the meadows, with these words:
"I saw thet suthin' riled you, the last time;
Be you in sperrits now?"—and drew again—
But why go on? I met him yesterday,
The nineteenth time,—pale, sad, but patient still.

When Hakon steered the dragons, there was place,
Though but a thrall's, beside the eagle-helms,
For him who rhymed instead of rougher work,
For speech is thwarted deed: the Berserk fire
But smoulders now in strange attempts at verse,
While hammering sword-blows mend the halting rhyme,
Give mood and tense unto the well-thewed arm,
And turn these ignorant Ahabs into bards!

From *Diversions of the Echo Club*, by Bayard Taylor.

These somewhat ponderous lines are written in imitation of Lowell's serious poems, such as "The Cathedral."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes.

An English edition of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* was published some years ago by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, with an Introduction by Mr. George Augustus Sala. Holmes was not then well known, or understood, in this country, yet surely such a veteran *littérateur* as Sala might have found some more appropriate opening sentence for his Introduction than this :—"Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is essentially what is termed a 'funny fellow.'"

Written of Artemus Ward, Bret Harte, or Mark Twain, the assertion might have been true, though not new, as applied to Holmes it is neither the one, nor the other.

Pathos there is in plenty, with dry humour and playful wit, which occasionally tempt a smile, as in the following poem, though most assuredly it cannot be termed "funny" in the ordinary acceptation of the word.

CONTENTMENT.

"*Man wants but little here below.*"

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few ;
I only wish a hut of stone
(A *very plain* brown stone will do),
That I may call my own ;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me ;
Three courses are as good as ten :—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen !
I always thought cold victual nice,—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land ;—
Give me a mortgage here and there.
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names ;
I would, *perhaps,* be Plenipo—
But only near St. James ;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles ; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things ;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,
Some, *not so large,* in rings,
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me ;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire
(Good, heavy silks are never dear) ;
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare ;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me ; I do not care ;—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt,*
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four—
I love so much their style and tone—
One Turner, and no more
(A landscape, foreground golden dirt,
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear ;
The rest upon an upper floor ;—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride ;
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool ;
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But *all* must be of buhl ?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much,*—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content !

From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

CONTENTMENT.

(*A Parody.*)

LITTLE I ask ; my wants are few
I only wish a hut of stone,
Or one of good plain brick will do
That I may call my own.
And close at hand in Downing Street,
Is just the house my wants to meet.

I care not much for gold or land—
Give me an office fairly paid.
The Premiership was wisely planned
For statesmen such as I was made.
And then, perhaps, five thou' a year
Is not too much of worldly gear.

Honours are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names ;

I could a marquis be, and so
Beat Beaconsfield at those small games.
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Sovereign's royal chair.

As for the Commons, why require
A very large majority?
One member for each rural shire,
One for each town will do for me.
No small vexation turns me sour
When I am once installed in power.

Though fond of praise to some extent,
Unmingled flattery I despise,
So that it be sincerely meant,
A daily dose or two I prize—
There is no god that I can find
Whose cult extends to all mankind.

The Classes! pooh! I heed them not,
The masses still are reckoned mine;
And if they say, "They will be shot
Ere they support me," why repine?
The asses surely will be true,
And they are neither far nor few.

Were I fastidious, I might tout
Among the great ones of the land;
Give me the lubbard and the lout,
Who bargain not to understand,
One vote as t'other's just as good,
And all heads count, although of wood.

Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for what I cannot get,
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them, yet
Too grateful for the blessings lent
Of simple wants and mind content.

The St. James' Gazette. W. E. G.

(Copied from John Bull) July 17, 1886.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way,
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, throroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*"),
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown:
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

* * * *

That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less.
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!
Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps it youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day.—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,

And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n' house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,

At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?

The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce.
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

O. W. Holmes.

From *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

Sequel to the "One-hoss Shay."

Doubtless my readers all have heard
Of the "wonderful one-horse shay,"
That "went to pieces all at once
On the terrible earthquake day."

But did they ever think of the horse
Or mourn the loss of him—
The "ewe-necked bay (who drew the "shay,")
So full of life and vim?

He was a wonderful nag, I'm told,
In spite of his old "rat-tail,"
And though he always minded the *rein*,
He laughed at the snow and hail.

He had the finest stable in town,
With plenty of oats and hay;
And to the parson's oft "Hud-dup"
He never would answer *neigh.*

To the parson's shay he was ever true,
Though the other *felloes* were *tired*,
To live and die with his *fiancée*
Was all his heart desired.

He was much *attached* to his ancient mate;
So the parson "hitched them together,"
And, when they went on their *bridle* tour,
His heart was as light as a feather.

We all remember her awful fate,
On that sad November day,
When nothing remained but a heap of trash,
That once was a beautiful "shay."

Oh! what could *stir-up* the equine breast
Like this fearful, harrowing blow?
Which put a *check* on his happiness
And filled his heart with *w(h)oa.*

As he *wheeled* about, a *shaft* of pain
Entered his faithful breast,
As he there beheld the sad remains
Of her whom he loved the best.

With a sudden bound and fearful snort,
He sped away like the wind;
And a fact most queer I'll mention here—
No *traces* were left behind.

Charles Follen Adams.

—:o:—

"Here is a little poem I sent a short time since to a committee for a certain celebration. I understood it was to be a festive and convivial occasion, and ordered myself accordingly. It seems the president of the day was a 'teetotaler.' I received a note from him in the following words:—"

Dear Sir,—Your poem gives good satisfaction to the Committee. The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have therefore consulted the clergyman of this place, who has made some slight changes, which he thinks will remove all objections, and keep the valuable portions of the poem.

Yours with respect, etc., etc,

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

(*With slight alteration by a teetotaler.*)

Come! fill up a bumper—for why should we go,
logwood
While the nector still reddens our cups as they flow?
decoction
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
dye-stuff
Till o er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.
half-ripened apples
The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled;
taste sugar-of-lead!
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!
rank poisons wines!!
For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines,
stable-boys smoking long-nines.
That were garnered by maidens who laugh'd thro' the vines.
scowl howl scoff cheer,
Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer.
strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer!
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

The Poet at the Breakfast Table.

Poet (in fine frenzy rolling).

Object redolent of grass,
Daisies, lowing kine, and that,
Fresh from hands of dairy lass,
Dear delightful yellow pat!

Hark! I almost hear the "swish"
Of the milk in tinny vat
("Pail" won't rhyme as I could wish),
Perfume-breathing moulded pat!

I recall one passing fair
Milking maiden, as she sat;
Sweet was she as you, with hair
Just your colour—golden pat!!

'Twas *her* fingers, I'll be sworn,
Churned you up, and rolled you flat—
Fingers rosy as the dawn—

Poet's Wife (speaking in the light of recent investigations).
Stuff, John Smith—it's bullock's fat!

Funny Folks. November, 1879.

There is a burlesque of O. W. Holmes in Bayard Taylor's *Diversions of the Echo Club*, entitled "The Psycho-Physical Muse," but it is not an interesting specimen of Taylor's power of imitation. A parody, "The Wheelless," relating to bicycling, appears in *Lyra Bicyclica*, by J. G. Dalton (published in Boston, U.S., in 1880), but it is not of general interest.

WALT WHITMAN.

It is the part, one might almost say, *the duty*, of the parodist to exaggerate the defects of his original, and in the case of Whitman assuredly no mercy, and little justice have been shown. This is to be regretted, because Whitman has not so many readers in this country, as his parodists can command, and it is distinctly an advantage to have read the original poem before getting imbued with the bathos, and intentional nonsense of a parody. It is comparatively easy to reproduce and caricature Whitman's *manner*. Consequently his mannerisms are far more familiar to most English readers than the vigour of his poetry, especially as owing to the mock-modesty of editors and publishers, many of his finest thoughts on the mysteries of nature, and the philosophy of life, have been omitted in English editions of his works.

Whitman is emphatically a poet for *men*, not for "Select Academies for the Daughters of Gentlemen only;" and whilst much that he has written is glorious poetry to those who will, and can imbibe its spirit freely, to those who cannot thus absorb it the Parodies will appear nearly as poetical as the original. His principal volume, "Leaves of Grass," as published by James R. Osgood & Company, of Boston, U.S., is a marvellous book, but one from which it is extremely difficult to make a satisfactory selection of quotations which, whilst doing justice to Whitman, shall, at the same time, illustrate the parodies.

Not to be chosen from his solemn *Salut au Monde*, nor the pathetic *Drum-taps*, nor even from the much abused *Children of Adam*, these must be read entire, or not at all.

Walt Whitman's egotism is a favourite topic with the parodists, here is a small extract from his

SONG OF MYSELF.

I CELEBRATE myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loafe and invite my soul,
I lean and loafe at my ease observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, formed from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back awhile sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check with original energy.

* * * *

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.
So they show their relations to me and I accept them,
They bring me tokens of myself, they evince them plainly in their possession.
A gigantic beauty of a stallion, fresh and responsive to my caresses,
Head high in the forehead, wide between the ears,
Limbs glossy and supple, tail dusting the ground,
Eyes full of sparkling wickedness, ears finely cut, flexibly moving.
His nostrils dilate as my heels embracing
His well-built limbs, tremble with pleasure as we race around and return.
I but use you a minute, then I resign you, stallion,
Why do I need your paces when I myself can out-gallop them?
Even as I stand or sit passing faster than you.

* * * *

I too, am not a bit tamed, I too, am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world.
The last scud of day holds back for me,
It flings my likeness after the rest, and true as any on the shadow'd wilds,
It coaxes me to the vapor and the dusk.
I depart as air, I shake my white locks at the runaway sun,
I effuse my flesh in eddies, and drift it in lacy jags.
I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass I love,
If you want me again look for me under your boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,

But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

He has been accused of irreverence, of materialism, yet he writes thus on

MIRACLES.

Why, who makes much of a miracle?
As to me I know of nothing else but miracles,
Whether I walk the streets of Manhattan,
Or dart my sight over the roofs of houses towards the sky,
Or wade with naked feet along the beach just in the edge of the water,
Or stand under trees in the woods,
Or talk in the day with any one I love or sleep in the bed at night with one I love,
Or sit at table at dinner with the rest,
Or look at strangers opposite me riding in the car,
Or watch honey-bees busy around the hive of a summer forenoon,
Or animals feeding in the fields,
Or birds, or the wonderfulness of instincts in the air,
Or the wonderfulness of the sundown, or of stars shining, so quiet and bright,
Or the exquisite delicate thin curve of the new moon in spring;
These with the rest, one and all, are to me miracles,
The whole referring, yet each distinct and in its place.

To me the sea is a continual miracle,
The fishes that swim—the rocks—the motion of the waves—the ships with men in them,
What stranger miracles are there?

This is not poetry of the tinkling rhyme, and those who require to hear the changes rung on the old, old peal of bells—love, dove, heart, part,—must seek elsewhere than in the writings of Walt Whitman. Lord Tennyson considers him a true poet, so did Swinburne till he took to renouncing all the opinions of his youth, and turned from the praise of revolution, and the anticipation of the happy time when "Prince that clogs and priest that clings, Be cast as weeds upon the dunghill of dead things," to become the reciter of Jubilee odes. Here are a few extracts from his verses *"To Walt Whitman in America:"*—

Send but a song oversea for us,
  Heart of their hearts who are free,
Heart of their singer, to be for us
  More than our singing can be;
Ours, in the tempest at error,
With no light but the twilight of terror;
  Send us a song oversea!

O strong-winged soul with prophetic
  Lips hot with the bloodbeats of song,
With tremor of heartstrings magnetic,
  With thoughts as thunders in throng,
With consonant ardours of chords
That pierce men's souls as with swords,
  And hale them hearing along.

As long ago as 1855, Emerson, a clear sighted critic, wrote: "I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of 'Leaves of grass.' I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it; I find incomparable things, said incomparably well, as they should be."

ON THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanks in old age—thanks ere I go,
For health, the midday sun, the impalpable air—for life, mere life,
For precious, ever-lingering memories (of you, my mother, dear—you, father—you, brothers, sisters, friends).
For all my days—not those of peace alone—the days of war the same.
For gentle words, caresses, gifts from foreign lands,
For shelter, wine, and meat—for sweet appreciation.
(You distant, dim unknown—or young, or old—countless, unspecified, beloved.
We never met, and ne'er shall meet—and yet our souls embrace, long, close, and long;)
For beings groups, love, deeds, words, books,—for colours, forms,
For all the brave, strong men—devoted, hardy men—who've forward sprang in freedom's help, all years, all lands,
For braver, stronger, more devoted men (a special laurel ere I go to life's war's chosen ones.
The cannoneers of song and thought—the neat artillerymen—the foremost leaders, captains of the soul;)
As soldier from an ended war return'd—as traveller out of myriads, to the long procession retrospective.
Thanks—joyful thanks—a soldier's, traveller's thanks.

Walt Whitman.

January, 1888.

:o:

Now for the Parodies. The first is taken from *Once a Week* of twenty years ago, it is prefaced by the satirical announcement:—

"The following is supposed to be an original poem by Whitman:
I am Walt Whitman.
  You are an idiot.
O, intellectual ingurtilations of creeds!
To such I am antiseptic.
I met a man
  Where?
In a gutter. We were at once friends.
O homogeneities of cotemporaneous antiloxo-dromachy!
He *would* try to stand on his head. O divinely crapulent hysteron-proteron!
"Our meeting," he said, is a palingenesis of Paradise; hast thou, O Philadelphian, hast thou eighteen pence?"
I embraced him—I wept, I have it not, I shrieked—or—

* * * * * *

Whom do I love? Whom do I admire? Not two lounging in a carriage, but twelve bulging out of a cart.
I am not respectable. You are an idiot.
  I am Walt Whitman."

Once a Week. (London.) December 12, 1868.

WALT WHITMAN ON OXFORD.

I am Walt Whitman—who are you?

Who art thou, O brother of me, art thou an Englishman, Welshman, Styrian farmer, or Last of the Red Indians? Oh, indescribable idiosyncracies! O, mighty grandeur of ratiocination!
I, Walt Whitman, I, the great I—ineffable I—I have been to Oxford!
O crumbling-ruinous monuments, O velvet-cloathed Proctorial espionage, I am an Americano, yet I am of you, I am you, you are me. Oh!
Yea, but the time all-democratic shall come, all will come to an end of this.
O, America! Libertad! thou shalt swallow up all. Oxford, thy days are gone, thou shalt cringe to Harvard.
O democracy! O my world-brother!
I am Walt Whitman! I have been to Oxford. I too am wise, I am learned.
I salute you! Je vous salue, Omnes! Omnes! I am a scholar.
Home of learning! Oxford, mingled up with the past, the Greek, the Roman, the Sanscrit, all these are thine. But there is America, there is Maine, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusets, Delaware.
Ah, Latitude 41°. Oh, Longitude 74°.
Ye are one! Red-skin and White-skin, Proctor and Bull-dogs, Boden-scholar and Vice-Chancellor, ye are all one! O glory of interjections! Oh!
I am one—I am all! Who is the great poet but I?
I am Walt Whitman. You are a fool.

From *The Shotover Papers.* Oxford, May 16, 1874.

Home—Sweet Home.

(With Variations.)

You over there, young man with the guide book, red bound, covered flexibly with red linen.
Come here, I want to talk with you; I, Walt, the Manhattanese, citizen of these States, call you.
Yes, and the courier, too, smirking, smug-mouthed, with oil'd hair; a garlickly look about him generally; him, too, I take in, just as I would a coyote, or a King, or a toad-stool, or a ham sandwich, or anything, or anybody else in the world.
Where are you going?
You want to see Paris, to eat truffles, to have a good time; in Vienna, London, Florence, Monaco, to have a good time; you want to see Venice.
Come with me. I will give you a good time; I will give you all the Venice you want, and most of the Paris.
I, Walt, I call to you! I am all on deck. Come and loafe with me! Let me take you around by your elbow and show you things.
You listen to my ophicleide!
Home!
Home I celebrate. I elevate my fog-whistle, inspired by the thought of home.
Come in! take a front seat. All you have to pay me is to take in my romanza."

* * * *

Part of a long parody which appeared in *Scribner's Monthly.* May, 1881.

This is a Poem.

I am the Poet of progress:
I sing the athletic life of the great University, the triumphs of the river, the apotheosis of muscle.
I sing the river, sluggish, opaque, sewage-breathing, but boat carrying,
I sing boating: the attempts of the beginner, the failures in feathering, the deep and jerky stroke, the play of the blades like the sails of the windmill, the frequent crab;
I sing the unsympathetic criticisms of the horny-handed denizens of the towing path, their laughter, profanity, and readiness in repartee;
I sing the toils of training; the troubles of regular exercise, the tired arms, legs, shoulders, neck and breastbone, the bothersome blister, the discomforts in diet, the unsatisfied craving for tobacco;
I sing the pleasures of boating, the joys of the practised oarsman.
I sing the excitement of the race.
The gun, the start, the flying banks, the encouraging shouts from the shore, the confused roar of the tow-path.
The swirl, the rush of the river, the frail ship shooting forward under the efforts of her oarsmen.
The crowd on the bank, the rush, the riot, the rattle, and the rumpus;
The bump, and the glory of the bumpers;
The bump, and the shame of the bumped.

* * * *

From *The Cambridge Meteor.* No. 7. June 14, 1882. Fabb and Tyler, Cambridge.

Camerados.

Everywhere, everywhere, following me;
Taking me by the buttonhole, pulling off my boots, hustling me with the elbows;
Sitting down with me to clams and the chowder-kettle;
Plunging naked at my side into the sleek, irascible surges;
Soothing me with a strain that I neither permit nor prohibit;
Flocking this way and that, reverent, eager, orotund, irrepressible;
Denser than sycamore leaves when the north winds are scouring Paumanok;
What can I do to restrain them? Nothing, verily nothing.
Everywhere, everywhere, crying aloud for me;
Crying, I hear; and I satisfy them out of my nature;
And he that comes at the end of the feast shall find something over.
Whatever they want I give: though it be something else, they shall have it.
Drunkard, leper, Tammanyite, small-pox and cholera patient, shoddy and codfish millionaire,
And the beautiful young men, and the beautiful young women, all the same,
Crowding, hundreds of thousands, cosmical multitudes,
Buss me and hang on my hips and lean up to my shoulders,
Everywhere listening to my yawp, and glad whenever they hear it;
Everywhere saying, say it, Walt, we believe it:
Everywhere, everywhere.

From *Diversions of the Echo Club*, by Bayard Taylor.

A Parody from San Francisco.

I dump my soul and seek repose;
I lay off in the shadow of the summer leaves and smoke Spanish;
I dump my soul and lay off—you'd better believe it.

I am the poet of fillibusters, the poet of Kinney ; [*]
But I do not refuse to be the poet of Walker also.
Yes, I am the poet of Kinney and of Walker, you may bet your life on it.
I could go to Nicaraqua and loll in my hammock,
I could go to a fandango and dance with negro beauties until I perspired very much,
Yes, sir-ee, I could indeed, and double !
I could eat tortillas and mark the dark-eyed quadroons making frijoles the greater part of the afternoon,
Well, I could.
I could fillibust the government, and make myself president,
And form a cabinet,
And do several things of that sort :—
I could do nothing shorter ! [†]
I could also colonize and do some agriculture,
And fix the flints of the natives, [‡]
And help my countrymen to go in for their chances,
And make the King of the Musquitoes clean my boots,
And make him dance a reel for my enjoyment ;
And I could come all sorts of gum games, [§]
Now mind I tell you.

The following are extracts from a very long parody which occurs in a curious book entitled "*The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys*," by Richard Grant White. Boston, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1884. An edition of this work was also published by Sampson, Low & Co., London.

I HAPPILY myself.
I am considerable of a man. I am some. You also are some. We are all considerable, all are some.
Put all of you and all of me together, and agitate our particles by rubbing us up into eternal smash, and we should still be some.
No more than some, but no less.
Particularly some, some particularly, some in general, generally some, but always some, without mitigation. Distinctly, some !
O ensemble ! O quelque-chose !
Some punkins, perhaps ;
But perhaps squash, [||] long necked squash, crooked-necked squash, cucumber, beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips, white turnips, yellow turnips, or any sort of sass, [¶] long sass or short sass, or potatoes, Men, Irish potatoes ; women, sweet potatoes.
Yes, women.
I luxuriate in women,
They look at me, and my eyes start out of my head ; they speak to me, and I yell with delight ; they touch me, and the flesh crawls off my bones.
Women lie in wait for me, they do. Yes sir !
They rush upon me, seven women laying hold of one man ; and the divine efflux that thrilled all living things before the nuptials of the Saurius, overflows, surrounds, and interpenetrates their souls, and they say, Walt, why don't you come and see us ? You know we'd be happy to have you.
O mes sœurs !

* * * *

Libertad, and the divine average !
I tell you the truth, Salut !
I am not to be bluffed off. No, sir !
I am large, hairy, earthy, smell of the soil, am big in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, strong in the knees, and of an inquiring and communicative disposition.
Also instructive in my propensities, given to contemplation ;
And able to lift anything that is not too heavy.
Listen to me, and I will do you good.
Loafe with me, and I will do you better.
And if any man gets ahead of me, he will find me after him.

VALE !

WHO am I ?
I HAVE been reading Walt Whitman, and know not whether he be me, or me he ;—
Or otherwise !
Oh, blue skies ! oh, rugged mountains ! oh, mighty, rolling Niagara !
Oh, chaos and everlasting bosh !
I am a poet ; I swear it ! If you do not believe it you are a dolt, a fool, an idiot !
Milton, Shakespere, Dante, Tommy Moore, Pope, never, but Byron, too, perhaps, and last, not least, Me, and the Poet Close.
We send our resonance echoing down the adamantine *canons* of the future !
We live for ever ! The worms who criticise us (asses !) laugh, scoff, jeer and babble—die !
Serve them right.
What is the difference between *Judy*, the pride of Fleet Street, the glory of Shoe Lane, and Walt Whitman ?
Start not ! 'Tis no end man of a minstrel show who perpends this query ;
'Tis no brain-racking puzzle from an inner page of the *Family Herald ;*
No charade, acrostic (double or single), conundrum, riddle, rebus, anagram or other guess-work.
I answer thus : We both write truths—great, stern, solemn, unquenchable truths—couched in more or less ridiculous language.
I, as a rule use rhyme, he does not ; therefore, I am his Superior (which is also a lake in his great and glorious country.)
I scorn, with the unutterable scorn of the despiser of pettiness, to take a mean advantage of him.
He writes, he sells, he is read (more or less) ; why then should I rack my brains and my rhyming dictionary ? I will see the public hanged first !
I sing of America, of the United States, of the stars and

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[*] Kinney and Walker were two leaders of the "fillibusters" who went "piratifying to extend the area of freedom" in Central America in 1855-60. Walker was shot, as he richly deserved, by the Honduras folks in 1860. He lived in San Francisco, 1850-55, and the southerners there (they are quite numerous and are called the "chivs," from chivalry), are still noticeably inclined to think his views were not far wrong.

[†] Nothing shorter. A circumlocutive intended to strengthen an assertion by means of affirming something through the exclusion of everything else. A similar form of speech is to say, when asked if you will do something, to say "I won't do anything else."

[‡] To fix one's flint : *i.e.*, to do for him ; to settle his hash ; to cook his goose ; to wind up his worsted.

[§] A gum game : *i.e.*, a swindle, fraudulent transaction, or imposition.

[||] Squash, a vegetable resembling a small pumpkin, tasting like vegetable marrow.

[¶] Sass. A New England term for vegetables for the table, known collectively as garden sass (or sarse). "Long sass" is applied to long vegetables, such as carrots and radishes, and "short sass" to round ones.

stripes, of Oskhosh, of Kalamazoo, and of Salt Lake City.
I sing of the railroad cars, of the hotels, of the breakfasts, the lunches, the dinners, and the suppers ;
Of the soup, the fish, the entrées, the joints, the game, the puddings and the ice-cream.
I sing all—I eat all—I sing in turn of Dr. Bluffem's Anti-bilious Pills.
No subject is too small, too insignificant, for Nature's poet.
I sing of the cocktail, a new song for every cocktail, hundreds of songs, hundreds of cocktails.
It is a great and a glorious land ! The Mississippi, the Missouri, and a million other torrents roll their waters to the ocean.
It is a great and a glorious land ! The Alleghanies, the Catskills, the Rockies (see atlas for other mountain ranges too numerous to mention) pierce the clouds !
And the greatest and most glorious product of this great and glorious land is Walt Whitman ;
This must be so, for he says it himself.
There is but one greater than he between the rising and the setting sun.
There is but one before whom he meekly bows his humbled head.
Oh, great and glorious land, teeming producer of all things, creator of Niagara, and inventor of Walt Whitman.
Erase your national advertisements of liver pads and cures for rheumatism from your public monuments, and inscribe thereon in letters of gold the name of *Judy*.

Judy. December 10, 1884.

WHITMAN IN LONDON.

OH, site of Coldbath Fields Prison !
Oh, eight and three-quarter acres of potential Park for the plebs ;
I gaze at you ; I, Walt, gaze at you through cracks in the black hoarding,
Though the helmeted blue-coated Bobby dilates to me on the advantages of moving on.
I marvel at the stupidity of Authorities everywhere.
I stand and inhale a playground, which in a week or two will be turned into a Post Office by Government orders !
Instead of plants growing here, bricks will be planted.
Instead of girlhood, boyhood playing here, cash will be counted, stamps will be affixed (savagely) by the public, and letters weighed when the young women have time, and also inclination, to do so.
I, from the wild Western Continent, wilder myself, weep for this Park soon to be devoured.
I am like a buck-jumper : I buck at it.
I am like the Giant Cowboy : only I am not gigantic, and I am cowed by it.
Oh, Northerly end of Farringdon Street ! Oh, Coldbath Fields Square ! Oh, dwellers in all the adjacent slums and rookeries, redolent of old clothes' shops, swarthy Italian organ-grinders, and the superannuated herring.
Are you going to see another House of Correction—a Postal one—built where the old one stood ?
If so, it is *I* who correct you : I, who am so correct myself !

And you, too, Clerkenwell Gaol !
What are the dodrotted Authorities going to do with *you ?*
Eh ? Clear you away, and build a Board School there?
But why build anything ?
Clerkenwell is mine : I am *à propos* of Clerkenwell : Clerkenwell is *à propos* of me.
Morally, if not legally, it is mine ; morally it is yours as well, you wizened, pallid, blue-nozed, dunderheaded Metropolitan Citizen !
In this jungle of houses, what is wanted is fresh air.
Everyone of you toilers should be given the real "Freedom of the City," by having free spaces bestowed on you.
It is better to learn how to expand the limbs, and play rounders, and leap over the frog, and fly kites,
Than to acquire in a school-room elementary education, consisting of algebra and Assyrian hieroglyphics, spelling, Greek, Italian, and advanced trigonometry.
Allons, then ! *Esperanza !* Also *cui bono !* Go to your Home Secretary, your Postmaster in General, and tell them that no Post Office, or School, shall be built on this spot.
Because I, Walt, hailing hoarsely from Manhattan, have spotted it,
And *Punch*, the lustrous *camerado*, the ineffable dispensator, will spot it too !

Punch. September 3, 1887.

A PENSION FOR WALT WHITMAN.

A prosaic bill, drawn up in the tiresome form of such measures, was introduced into the United States Congress in 1887, to give Walt Whitman a pension. He was a hospital nurse in the war, and earned such a recognition.

When the bill reaches the Senate, however, says the *Boston Record*, Senator Blair or some other poet, ought to substitute a bill couched in Whitmanese, somewhat as follows :—

"BE it enacted, solidified, plastered, pasted, nailed, tied, hem-stitched, and generally made invulnerable;
That Walt Whitman, bard, slinger of pronouns, server of mixed drinks in the form of verbs, adjectives, and other adverbs,
Be granted, allowed, made to swallow, consume, and digest the sum of dollars, ducats, promises to pay hereinafter mentioned, said, sung, and cast up."

ST. SMITH OF UTAH (A.D. 1844.)

A SONG of the Far West,
A song of the Great Salt Lake, of Utah, Nauvoo, Jackson County, and the new Jerusalem.
Listen, individuals, communities, sects, nations ;
I am (for this occasion only) a Transatlantic bard,
None of your smooth court-poets of worn-out Europian monarchies,
But a bird of the backwoods—a loud-throated warbler of the forest ;
My inspiration is the breath of the boundless prairie ; my mental food is the *roll* of the raging Atlantic.
Rhyme ?—I scorn it. Metre ?—Snakes and alligators ! what is that to ME ?
Libertad for ever ! I intend to sing anyhow—and all-how, just as I tarnation please.
Universe, are you listening ? very well, then ; here goes, right away.

SMITH ! ! ! !
Smith the Apostle ! ! !
Smith the Evangelist ! !
Smith the Discoverer of the Book of Mormon !
His name was Joseph, and he was raised at Sharon, Windsor, County Vermont, U.S.

His parents were tillers of the soil—poor, but dishonest,
When they wanted money, they took it; horses, they boned them; sheep, they annexed them;
But saints may spring from sinners, as a butterfly springs from a maggot.

Angels! heavenly visions!!
In white robes, with crowns, harps, and everything according,
Bless'd the youthful Smith with their presence beatific.
He went into solitude, loafing in caves, backwoods, and lonely canyons.
Those angels meant business; thrice in one night they sought him.
They told him all his sins were liquidated,
Told him the history of the world (*not* according to Moses),
Told him the Red Injuns was one of the lost tribes of Israel;
Told him where to find the sacred book of the Prophet Mormon,
Told him to bring it out, and make a good "spec" of the business.

Leap, O my soul, every 22nd of September,
For on that date Smith found the sacred volume!
Eighteen-twenty-seven—a year to be remembered!!!
Sheets of tin, with characters antique engraven—
Such was the wondrous Book of Mormon.
From that prophet Smith profited, and became a prophet also.
Mahomet, Brahma, Buddha, Confucius — Smith surpassed them all.
Getting behind a screen, he dictated to Oliver Cowdrey
(Smith was not a *literatus*, and couldn't have jerk'd it grammatically).
In eighteen-thirty, hurrah! the glorious Book was publish'd.
But carping critics of orthodoxy murmured "fraud!" and "humbug!"
"Where's your authority? Show us the original!"
Smith disdained to do so; he and his friends had seen it,
But nobody else has seen it, nor will they see it forever.
Yet did Smith triumph, and gathered in converts like hay in the sunshine.
Virtue will ever prevail, as long as the world circumvolvulates on its axis.

Huzza for the New Jerusalem!
At Kirtland, Ohio, Smith with his Saints located,
Till, in March, '32, there came a band of Nonconformists,
Seized Joseph the Saint, and Rigdon his mate, and gave them tar and feathers!
O my soul, boil, boil like a potato with indignation!
From county to county, and state to state, for years the Mormons were driven,
Sometimes camping out 'neath the snow-cold stars of winter.
At last they found a resting place—Clay county, in Missouri.
Thither came Brigham Young — at that time Brigham Younger.
Smith sent him out to bring to grace those sceptical down-easters,
Whilst Orson Pratt and Heber C. Kimball were missionaries in Europe.

In this world banks will break, and promoters be call'd swindlers:
This was the luck of Smith and his saintly companions—
Lo! the bank of Kirtland busted, the Mormons were clapp'd in prison,
Not long afterwards they received this heavenly revelation—
"Missouri's too hot to hold you"—they "vamoused the ranche," according.

O, Nauvoo, city of Beauty!
Land of delight, fertility, promise, and blossoming realizations!
When I beheld thee my soul was enthrall'd, and danced a spirited *can-can*.
Thither came 15,000 saints, and squatted in glory,
And the desert blossom'd as the rose, beneath the smile of Smith.
He preach'd the gospel, and got up a government-house and militia,
Was mayor of the town, high priest, and commander-in-chief of the army;
O, *gloria!* triumph! bravo! hosannah! huzza! halleluiah!
(These are the words of a soul jumping out of its skin with felicity.)

Once more "revelation" came, and spake unto Smith the prophet.
"The relation between man and woman is not only social but spiritual.
The social is bounded by two, the spiritual knows of no limit;
Wherefore, O Smith, you may take what number of wives you think proper,
Sanctifying them by sacred mysterious 'sealings.'"
(Reader, seekest thou further to know, then go and consult Hepworth Dixon.)

But the cold hard world disapproved of spiritual marriage;
War rose up against Smith, and again, with his mates, he was cast into prison,
"Revelation" helped them no more; no, nor did angels assist them;
But a gang of rowdies (A.D. 1844) broke into the prison,
Haul'd out Joseph Smith and his brother Hyram,
And with their too-true revolvers they sent them both to glory!

Sinners make martyrs, and martyrs make saints (this is logic.)
Smith was a martyr, and mourned by the Mormons according,
Especially Brigham Young, who came in for his fortune and fixtures.
In 1850 they established the Salt Lake City,
And two years later another great "revelation" set up spiritual wifehood, the glorious cause that Smith died for.
Thus, like a beautiful tree, grew up the doctrine of spiritual marriage,
Monogamy, bigamy, trigamy, quadrigamy, quinquigamy, and lastly polygamy—
Till, if you ask me, "How many wives has Brigham?"
I shall answer, "Go, count the waves of the boundless Atlantic!"

They made Smith a saint—a boss saint—and was he not worthy?
Far more than the worn-out Saints of your rotten Eur*ôp*ian Kingdoms!
Bully for Joseph! my eyes fill with tears; don't yours?
I admire Joe Smith—I *du*—I'll wrap up his memory in lavender,
And if you love me, reader (as I'm sure you cannot help it),
Go thou and do likewise.

Mourn for Smith; mourn, mourn, ye peoples!
O songsters, bards of all times, climes, regions, and generations,
O warblers, tenori, bassi, contralti, and mezzi-soprani,

O Christian men of every land and language,
O kings, priests, presidents, khans, kaisers, and subjects.
O infinitively diversified inhabitants of this revolving kosmos,
Sing, and sing, and sing, and keep on singing his honour and glory,
Echo and re-echo for ever the name of Joe Smith, boss Saint of the Mormons !

From *Lays of the Saintly*, by Walter Parke, author of "Songs of Singularity," "Rhoda," etc. London, Vizetelly and Co.

"*Poem of the Ride.* A parody-mosaic, by Walt Wheelman," is the title of a long parody relating to bicycling, contained in *Lyra Bicyclica*, by J. G. Dalton, Boston, U.S. 1880.

Pods of Pease, a parody of Whitman, occurs on p. 24 of *Rejected Tercentenary Songs* published in Edinburgh in 1884, to celebrate the Tercentenary of the Edinburgh University :

"And I ask, wherefore all this merry-making, this eating and drinking ?
And they tell me it is the three hundredth year of the University,
And so it is."

A Mad Parson, a short prose story by Julian Sturgis, appeared in *Longman's Magazine*, April, 1884. The parson in question is a kind of Walt Whitman in Holy orders, and his intensely democratic speeches are comical parodies of Whitman's poetry, but they cannot well be separated from the context. Then there comes upon the scene a wicked wit who mimics the well-meaning parson, and he out-Herods Herod :—

Covent Garden Market.
Onions, potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, asparagus French and English *(O bon jour*, French asparagus my brother !)
Good vegetables and bad musty vegetables !
Good sellers and bad musty sellers !
I devour the bad musty vegetables.
O bouquets for misses, and for opera girls !
Empty waggons and full waggons, empty baskets and full baskets, empty people and full people !
O Covent Garden Market !
O dirt and smell and slime indescribable ! I describe you all, I love you all, I wallow in you all. I too am a vegetable. I am likewise an animal and an angel.
Cool and sweet is the dewy grass, and the shore of the sea. Cool and sweet is the crowded London street.
I strip myself naked in the grass, on the shore of the sea, in the crowded street. I am free and naked ; the policemen run me in.
Them also do I call brothers !

* * *

"SHERIDAN'S RIDE."

Towards the close of the great Civil War, the United States General Sheridan made a movement against the Southern troops under the command of General Early, in the Shenandoah Valley. Sheridan wasted the valley, and broke Early all to pieces in a great battle, for which General Grant ordered a salute of a hundred guns. But soon Early, reinforced by Longstreet, was ready to move against the intruder in overwhelming force. The movement was a surprise. Sheridan had been absent at Washington, and he was returning to his post, when he met the whole army running towards him in panic and rout. Then began the famous "ride" from Winchester to the front. Deploying his cavalry across the valley to stop the first stragglers, he dashed forward with a handful of men right through his own beaten force towards the victorious foe. As he met each flying regiment he ordered the men to turn about, reminding them that, while they were making excellent progress, they were "going the wrong way." His desperate energy, and his *bon mot* together, saved the battle, and turned the rout into a victory.

General Philip Sheridan was born in Ireland, in March, 1831, and died at Nonquit, Massachusetts, on Sunday, August 5, 1888.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more—
And Sheridan twenty miles away !
And wilder still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar ;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold—
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
With Sheridan *twenty* miles away !

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down ;
And there, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight ;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed ;
Hills rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan *fifteen* miles away !

Still spring from these swift hoofs thundering south.
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet sweeping faster and faster ;
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster :
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls :
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only *ten* miles away !

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed ;
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind ;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on with his wild eyes full of fire :
But, lo ! he is nearing his heart's desire—
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only *five* miles away !

The first that the General saw, were the groups
Of stragglers, and then, the retreating troops !
What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
And striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there,
Because the sight of the master compelled it to pause,

With foam and with dust the black charger was grey:
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldier's Temple of Fame,—
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said in letters both gold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

SCHLOSSER'S RIDE.

RIGHD from der front one putiful day,
Bringin' der rear some fresh dismay,
A frightened sendinel broughd der news
(He looked as if he vas scared like der doose,
Der vay he kigged his legs so loose).
Delling der rebels were coming aheadt,
"Und shooding like hell," dot's vot he said.
De gallant soldiers, I haf no doubd,
Ad dis schweed news mid joy should shoud,
Bud as der news vas spread aboud,
Do dell der druth, dey looked down in der moud;
Exbecially von boor Dutchman dere,
Who, when he heard der guns in der air,
Almost did durn himself gray hair.
Pore Schlosser didn't like id ad all,
Do gid himself gud mit a cannon-ball.
Und dalk as you may, dot Dutchman vas righd—
In a baddle its petter do bin oud of sighd;
Do been shod und exploded dot ain't much fun,
So long as you hafe any chance for do run,
Und as dose shells did bust around,
Und knocked der soldiers on der ground,
Exbloding mit a gentle sound,
Dot Schlosser quick made ub his mind,
De first goot horse dot he should find,
He'd ride avay as quick as der vind,
Und leaf de baddle far behint.
Und soon he finds him a schblendid horse,
Und climbs on him midoud some pause;
Den shburs his side mid his big heel,
Und gallobs from der battle-field.
Dere is a road righd near dot schbot,
A first-rate road for a horse do drot,
Und dere dot frightened Schlosser rides,
Und kigs der poor horse in der sides,
Und shcreams so much at him besides;
Der drees, der road dey bass like a schot.
Fadigue and exposure dot cubble feel not,
Dey vish do get only avay from dot schbot.
Doo-forty dot hot horse he goes flyin' avay;
Der hills rise and fall, und Schlosser is gay,
'Cause he is more as fife miles avay.
Shdill der hoofs of dot old nag
For efen a minute did never lag;
He shtrained him efery sdhrength he got,
Und Schlosser, as he on him sot,
Vas heard to laugh in a cholly vay,
'Cause now he vas ten miles avay.
Und sdhill old Schlosser pushed him aheadt,
"I feel quite bedder now," he said,
Und his face god back ids natural red;
But nod a minute did he stay,
Und soon he was dwenty miles avay.
So goot dot horse his duty done,
Dot pefore der setting of der sun,
He carried his rider—dat son of a gun—
Away from der sount of any gun.
Und ven dot baddle vos at ids dop,
Und de swords mit awful noise did pop,
Und de ground mit heldy blood did sop,
Dot Schlosser as he rode along,
He singed himself a funny song.
He vasn'd dinkin' 'boud der fray—
He vas more as a hundred miles avay,
Dree cheers! dree cheers! for Schlosser, bold.
Four cheers! four cheers! for dot horse so old.

There is another parody, also in the Dutch *patois*, entitled *Schneider's Ride*, it relates how Schneider saved his contraband whiskey from the revenue officers. It does not follow the original very closely, and is not of sufficient interest to be inserted here.

Read, an artist as well as a poet, first came into notice as the author of several sweet and graceful lyrics. His best poems are those which have a pastoral character, of which the following, taken from *The Diversions of the Echo Club*, is an imitation:—

A SYLVAN SCENE.

THE moon, a reaper of the ripened stars,
  Held out her silver sickle in the west;
I leaned against the shadowy pasture-bars,
  A hermit, with a burden in my breast.

The lilies leaned beside me as I stood;
  The lilied heifers gleamed beneath the shed;
And spirits from the high ancestral wood
  Cast their articulate benisons on my head.

The twilight oriole sang her valentine
  From pendulous nests above the stable-sill,
And, like a beggar, asking alms and wine,
  Came the importunate murmur of the mill.

Love threw his flying shuttle through my woof,
  And made the web a pattern I abhorred;
Wherefore alone I sang, and far aloof,
  My melting melodies, mightier than the sword.

The white-sleeved mowers, coming slowly home,
  With scythes like rainbows on their shoulders hung,
Sniffed not, in passing me, the scent of Rome,
  Nor heard the music trickling from my tongue.

The milkmaid following, delayed her step,
  Still singing as she left the stable-yard:
'Twas "Sheridan's Ride," she sang; I turned and wept,
  For woman's homage soothes the suffering bard.

SONG.

TRUST not man for he'll deceive you,
  Treach'ry is his sole intent;

For he'll *court* you, then he'll *leave* you
Poor, deluded, to lament.

Formed by nature to undo us,
They escape our utmost heed,
Oh ! how *humble* when they woo us,
But how *proud* when they *succeed*.

So the *Bird* when once deluded
By the fowler's artful snare,
Pines out life, in cage secluded,
Fair ones, while you're young, beware !

A Parody.

Trust not *woman*, she'll beguile you,
All her smiles are form'd by Art,
First she'll *flatter*, then *exile* you,
Sighing with a broken heart !

Form'd by nature to pursue us,
They outstrip the fleetest men ;
Ah ! how sweet they bill and coo us,
But how proud they triumph then !

So the *fish* the bait admiring,
On the *angler's* fatal snare,
Gasps out life, in pangs expiring !
Lovers, of the hook beware !

From *The American Songster*. About 1770.

TEMPTATION AND EXPLANATION.

I just buttoned her glove
And her dress had no sleeve
You will blame me my Love ;
But I beg you believe—
That—(just what I can't prove),
But her dress had no sleeve,
And she made some slight move
And then—prithee sweet dove
Do not let yourself grieve.
For my heart did not rove
Though my wits all took leave,
By this mark of her glove
On my cheek you perceive
That—her dress had no sleeve.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A Newspaper Parody.

I just buckled the tug
And the whiffle tree fixed,
You will blame me, my love,
But I'm still somewhat mixed,
And (next week I can move).
The blamed whiffle tree's fixed,
The mule made a slight move
And then—prithee sweet dove
Bring the arnica here,
I went sailing above
Through the ether so clear.
By this mark of his hoof
On my cheek you will know
That—the bay mule must go.

YOU KISSED ME.

You kissed me ! My forehead drooped low on your breast
With a feeling of shelter and infinite rest,
While the holy emotion my tongue dared not speak
Flushed up like a flame from my heart to my cheek ;
Your arms held me fast, oh ! your arms were so bold ;
Heart beat against heart in their passionate fold.
Your glances seemed drawing my soul through my eyes,
As the sun draws the mist from the sea to the skies ;
And your lips clung to mine till I prayed in my bliss
They might never unclasp from that rapturous kiss.

You kissed me ! My heart and my breath and my will
In delirious joy for the moment stood still ;
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
No visions of pleasure, outside of your arms.
And were I this instant an angel possessed
Of the joy and the peace that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
And tear from my forehead the beautiful crown,
To nestle once more in that haven of rest,
With your lips upon mine, and my head on your breast.

You kissed me ! My soul in a bliss so divine
Reeled and swooned like a drunken man foolish with wine ;
And I thought 'twere delicious to die there, if death
Would come while my lips were yet moist with your breath ;
'Twere delicious to die, if my heart might grow cold
While your arms wrapped me round in that passionate fold,
And these are the questions I ask day and night :
Must my lips taste but once such exquisite delight ?
Would you care if your breast was my shelter as then,
And if you were here would you kiss me again ?

Josephine Hunt (*Chicago Tribune.*)

In publishing this a few years ago, the *New York Tribune* said, "The above exquisite poem was written in 1857, when the young lady, the author, was under 20. It was addressed to a certain young gentleman, the hero of the occasion portrayed. James Redpath thought so well of the poem that he published quite an edition on white satin ribbon. Whittier, the poet, wrote of it and its young author, that she had 'mastered the secret of English rhythm.' "

Thereupon the "bad man" of the *Chicago Tribune* broke out as follows :—

You kicked me ! my head dropped low on my vest
With a feeling as if I would like to go west,
While the cock-and-bull story about my rich love
For your daughter—my Mabel, had flown like a dove.
Your fist held me fast—oh, my back was so cold ;
Boot beat against pants, and each hearty kick told.
Your boot toe seemed knocking my spine through my eyes,
As the White Stocking boys knock the sky scraping flies.
Your foot clung to me till I prayed you might miss
Me just once, and your corn 'gainst the table leg kiss.

You missed me ! my heart and my breath and my will
In delirious joy for a moment stood still,
Life had for me then no temptations, no charms,
No visions of happiness, outside of your arms,
And were I this instant an angel possessed
Of the peace and the joy that are given the blest,
I would fling my white robes unrepiningly down,
I would tear from my forehead its beautiful crown,

To listen once more to that old man's wild whoop,
As he busted his bunion out on the front stoop.

"The above exquisite poem was written in 1881, when the author was a young man under 30. It was addressed to a certain old gentleman, the hero of the occasion portrayed. A Chicago editor thought so well of the poem that he once published quite an edition on wood pulp paper. Whittier the poet wrote of it, and its young author, that 'he had evidently been there.'"

The same "bad man" quotes, on another occasion, without giving the author's name, the following lines :—

FALLING leaf and fading tree
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising o'er you and me,
The swallows are making them ready to fly
Wheeling out on a windy sky ;
Good-bye, summer, good-bye, good-bye.

"Hush," a voice from the far away,
"Listen and learn," it seemed to say
"All the to-morrows shall be as to-day,
The cord is frayed, the cruse is dry,
The link must break and the lamp must die,
Then good-bye to hope, good-bye, good-bye."

"What are we waiting for, oh my heart?
Kiss me straight on the brows and part
Again ! Again ! My heart ! My heart !
What are we waiting for you and I?
A pleading look, a stifled cry,
Then good-bye, friend, good-bye, good-bye."

After which followed this parody.

EASY chair and soft young man,
Lovely girl on his kneepan.
Let him hold her while he can.
Her father is taking the chain off the pup,
On Tommy's pants he will shortly sup ;
Get up Myrtle ! get up, get up.

"Biff," a voice from the far away,
"Over the gate," it seemed to say ;
"Come round to-morrow the bill to pay."
The dog is hungry, the moon is pale,
God help the boy if the trousers fail,
Set sail, Tommy, set sail, set sail.

"What is he waiting for, O, my heart ?
Why don't he get another start ?
Again ! Again ! My heart ! My heart !
What are you waiting for Tommy dear?
Get up and hustle, the coast is clear ;
Some day that front gate will be his bier."

:o:

"THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS."

Harper's Cyclopædia of Poetry says Clement C. Moore (1779-1863) was the son of a bishop, and a native of New York City. In 1844 he published a volume of poems dedicated to his children. One of them, founded on an old Dutch tradition, is generally known as "The Night before Christmas," although the author christened it "A Visit from St. Nicholas."

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse ;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar plums danced through their heads ;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below ;
When, what to my wondering eyes did appear
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nic.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name :
"Now, Dasher ! Now, Dancer ! Now, Prancer ! and Vixen !
On Comet ! on Cupid ! on, Donder and Blitzen !
To the top of the porch ! to the top of the wall !
Now dash away ! dash away ! dash away all !"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too,
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof,
As I drew in my head and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot ;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled ! his dimples how merry !
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry,
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow ;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly,
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself ;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread ;
He spoke not a word but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to the team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS.

'TWAS the night *after* Christmas when all through the house,
Every soul was abed and as still as a mouse,
Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas' care

We emptied of all that was eatable there,
The darlings had lately been tucked in their beds
With very full stomachs, and pain in their heads.

I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
When out in the nuss'ry arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my sleep, crying, " What is the matter ? "
I flew to each bedside—still half in a doze—
Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes,
While the light of the taper served clearly to show
The piteous plight of those objects below.
For what to the fond father's eyes should appear
But the little pale face of each sick little dear,
For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick
I knew in a moment now felt like Old Nick.

I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stepped back,
And brought out a vial marked "Pulv. Ipecac,"
When my Nancy exclaimed—for their sufferings shocked her—
"Don't you think you had better, love, run for the doctor !"
I ran, and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalop's hoof.
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound ;
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit,
He had hardly had time to put this on his back,
And he looked like a Falstaff half fuddled with sack.
His eyes how they twinkled ! Had the doctor got merry ?
His cheeks looked like Port, and his breath smelt of Sherry.
He had'nt been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn't white as the snow.

But inspecting their tongues in despite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse,—saying—" Each little belly
Must get rid "—here he laughed—" of the rest of that jelly."
I gazed on each chubby plump sick little elf,
And groaned when he said so—in spite of myself,
But a wink of his eye when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn't prescribe, but went straightway to work,
He dosed all the rest ; gave his trousers a jerk,
And adding directions while blowing his nose,
He buttoned his coat ; from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalop a whistle,
And Jalop dashed off as if pricked by a thistle ;
The doctor exclaimed e'er he drove out of sight,
"They'll be better to-morrow—good night, Jones—good night ! "

"THE PICKET GUARD."

An American gentleman writes, that "one of the finest of the war productions was Thad Oliver's, 'The Picket Guard.' I send the enclosed copy of it, as it may not be at hand for you, and the parody takes hold of all of us who have ever had experience in broken banks, and know how convenient Canada is."

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
" Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing : a private or two now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle ;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,
Moaning out all alone the death rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming ;
Their tents in the rays of the clear Autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle light wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping ;
While stars up above with their glittering eyes
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack ; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,—
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken,
Leaped up to his lips,—when low murmured vows,
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—
The footstep is lagging and weary ;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark ! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves ?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing ?
It looked like a rifle : " Ha ! Mary good-bye !"
And the life blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river ;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket's off duty for ever.

THAD OLIVER.

ALONG THE ST. LAWRENCE.

All quiet along the St. Lawrence to-night,
Except now and then a cashier
Is seen as he crosses with gripsack in hand
And imagines a cop in the rear.

All quiet along the St. Lawrence to-night,
No sound save the rush of the water,
While amateur warriors curled up in bed,
Are dreaming of horrible slaughter.

" All hail to this snow-covered alien shore,"
Quoth the boodler, disporting a plug ;
" Far better the sweep of the boreal blast
Than a bed in the circumscribed jug.

" But, alas ! for the fellows who lingered too late ;
We think of them ever with pain,
For they lost the rich spoils of municipal war
By waiting too late for the train."

Was it the moonbeam so suddenly bright?
The starlight so wondrously flashing?
Ah, no: 'twas the glint of the glimmering glass,
And the cocktail is ebbing and splashing.

All quiet along the St. Lawrence to-night,
Though the cashier is crossing for ever;
While depositors rush on the bank which he left.
He draws on the bank of the river.

From *The New York World*.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAFE got a leedle boy
Vot gomes schust to my knee;
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue
As efer you dit see;
He runs and jumps, und smashes dings
In all parts of der house—
But what of dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dots out;
He spills mine glass of lager beer,
Puts schnuff into mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limberg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder boy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk pan for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der sthicks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine head vas schplit apart,
He kicks up such a touse—
But never mind, der boys vas few
Like dot leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
Who baints my nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoot blace out
Vrom der hair upon mine head?
Und vere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot shmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vas aschleep in ped
So quiet as a mouse,
I brays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

LEEDLE EDUARD STRAUSS.

THEY haf von very clever man
At der Inventorees.
To see him schust conduct der band,
Dats sometings if you please.

He hops und schumps und marks der time,
Und shows such taste and nous,
Dat dere's to equal him no vun,
Mine clever Eduard Strauss!

He fills our ears mit lofely sounds,
Applause "brings down der house,"
Dat happens to feu uder poys,
But leedle Eduard Strauss.

He dakes der viddle in his hands,
Und he schust blay it, too!
He dake der schtick to beat der time,
Mine gracious, dot vos drue.

His band blays not too loud nor zoft,
It kicks not up a touse,
Oh, peutiful! der schaps are few
Like leedle Eduard Strauss.

Und ven der beeble hear dot band
Dey at each oder glance,
Den vag deir heads, den move deir veet,
Und vish dot dey might dance.

Und ven dey blay der "*Danube Blue*,"
Vich vos vor an encore,
Dey velcome it as zomtings new,
Und call vor it vunce more.

Der beeble listen as dey blay
As guiet as a mouse,
Dere's none vor dance tunes any day
Like leedle Eduard Strauss.

Punch. June 13, 1885.

THE LESSONS OF THE BIRDS.

WHAT is that, mother? The lark my child!
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his maker's ear.
Ever my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the larks, to thy maker's praise.

* * * *

What is that, mother? The Swan, my love!
He is floating down from his native grove:
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,—
He is floating down, by himself, to die!
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings,
Live so, my son, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

G. W. DOANE.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

"WHAT is that, mother, that comes from the urn,
Fragrant and strong as we get it in turn?"
"An infusion of leaves from far Cathay,
Leaves of the alder, and leaves of the bay,
With a twang, and full flavoured, just as it should be,
And I think that there may be some leaves of the tea."

"What is that, mother, so coldly blue,
Like a wintry sky of azure hue?"
"That is milk of the city, that mixture, my dear,
The milk of the chalk-pit and pump that is near,
That would not be owned by a sensible cow,
For she never could make it, she wouldn't know how."

"What is that, mother, yellow as gold?"
"Butter, my boy; not the butter of old.
In the hey-day of youth we said tit for tat,
'Twas a prophecy when we said butter for fat;
That is butter, to those whom the scoffer calls green,
To the elect it is oleomargarine."

"What is that, mother? 'Tis the pepper of trade,
But the Lord only knows of what it is made;
Of roasted meal, of dust, and peas
With a dash of cayenne, to make one sneeze
It is hot and strong, but it's rather queer,
Of the ground pepper-corn, there is none of it here.

E. Lawson Finerty.

———:o:———

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

In the early part of the American civil war, one dark morning in the dead of winter, there died at the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati, a young woman over whose head only two-and-twenty summers had passed. Once the pride of respectable parentage, her first wrong step was the small beginning of the "same old story over again," which has been the only life-history of thousands. Highly educated and accomplished in manners, she might have shone in the best of Society. But the evil hour that proved her ruin was but the door from childhood; and having spent a young life in disgrace and shame, the poor friendless one died the melancholy death of a broken-hearted outcast.

Among her personal effects was found in manuscript, the "Beautiful Snow," which was seen by Enos B. Reed, a gentleman of culture and literary tastes, who was at that time editor of the *National Union.* In the columns of that paper, on the morning following the girl's death, the poem appeared in print for the first time. When the paper containing the poem came out on Sunday morning, the body of the victim had not yet received burial. The attention of Thomas Buchanan Read, one of the first American poets, was soon directed to the newly-published lines, who was so taken with their stirring pathos that he followed the corpse to its final resting-place.

The above account of the origin of the poem is that given by Mr. James Hogg, as far back as 1874, and repeated by him in the columns of "Notes and Queries" on July 3, 1875, but it is open to considerable doubt.

Some American writers ascribe it to Mr. James M. Watson, whilst others assert that it was written as far back as December, 1852, by Major W. A. Sigourney, and that his erring young wife was the miserable outcast described in the poem. It is also stated that on the night of April 22, 1871, Major Sigourney was found dead in the outskirts of New York, under circumstances leading to the belief that he had shot himself.

It is possible that Mr. Watson amplified and improved the poem from the original draft of Major Sigourney, which as usually printed, is shorter and far less pathetic.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet:
Dancing—Flirting—Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong;
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak;
Beautiful snow from the heavens above—
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go,
Whirling about in their maddening fun;
It plays in its glee with everyone—
Chasing—Laughing—Hurrying by.
It lights on the face, and sparkles the eye.
And the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humour and song!
How the gay sledges, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye!
Ringing - Swinging—Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow—
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky
As to make one regret to see it lie,
To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell—
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell
Fell to be trampled as filth in the street—
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat—
Pleading—Cursing—Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy;
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead,
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, and heart like its glow:
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face!
Father—Mother—Sisters, and all,
God and myself I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh;
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing so pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow,
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it should be when the night comes again
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting—Freezing—Dying alone.
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of the crazy town.
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning—Bleeding—Dying for thee.
The Crucified hung on the accursed tree.
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear—
"Is there mercy for me? Will He heed my prayer?
O God, in the stream that for sinners doth flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

Beautiful Snow.

The following is the version ascribed to Major Sigourney:—

Beautiful Snow ! Beautiful snow !
Falling so lightly,
Daily and nightly,
Alike round the dwellings of lofty and low.
Horses are prancing,
Cherrily dancing,
Stirred by the spirit that comes from the snow.

Beautiful snow ! Beautiful snow !
Up at the dawning,
In the cold morning,
Children exult, though the winds fiercely blow ;
Hailing the snow-flakes
Falling as day breaks—
Joyful they welcome the beautiful snow.

Beautiful snow ! Beautiful snow !
Childhood's quick glances
See the bright fancies
Decking the window-panes softly and slow ;
Forest and city,
Figure so pretty,
Left by the magical fingers of snow.

Beautiful snow ! Beautiful snow !
Atmosphere chilling,
Carriage-wheels stilling,
Warming the cold earth, and kindling the glow
Of Christian pity
For the great city
Of wretched creatures who starve 'mid the snow.

Beautiful snow ! Beautiful snow !
Fierce winds blowing,
Thickly 'tis snowing ;
Night gathers round us—how warm then the glow
Of the fire so bright,
On the cold winter night,
As we draw in the curtains to shut out the snow.

Beautiful snow ! Beautiful snow !
Round the bright fireside,
In the long eventide,
Closely we gather though keen the winds blow ;
Safely defended,
Kindly befriended,
Pity the homeless exposed to the cold, icy snow.

December, 1852.

London Snow.

O, the snow ! the beautiful snow !
Feathering down to the ground below.
Snow on the pavement, and snow on the street,
Snow on the boots of the people you meet.
Train, cab, or omnibus ? O, no !—no !
Nothing to-day but the beautiful snow ;
Nothing to go by and nowhere to go,
All through the fall of the beautiful snow.

O, the slush ! the ineffable slush !
Snow, mud, and fog churned to maddening mush,
Slush that slips in through the boots on your feet,
Slush that slops up to your chimney-pot neat.
Into town—into country—wherever you rush
Nothing to-day but ineffable slush :
Bedraggled merino, and velvet, and plush,
Trail through the swamps of ineffable slush.

The Globe. January, 28, 1886.

That Beautiful Kiss.

When Madame Patti was in St. Louis, U.S., in 1884, the then Governor, Mr. T. T. Crittenden, called upon her, and during some playful badinage, he kissed her. The newspapers got hold of the story and humourously enlarged upon it, one of them published the following parody, wickedly ascribing it to the Governor :—

Oh, that kiss ! that beautiful kiss !
Filling and thrilling my lips with its bliss ;
Reaching 'way down to the depths of my soul,
Voting early and often at joys inmost poll,
O, transport ecstatic ! O rapture I hail
More pleasant than pardoning crooks out of jail,
Throbbing,
Sense robbing,
Oh bountiful bliss,
I'd yield my political hopes for that kiss !

Once I was pure as that beautiful kiss,
But that was several years before this—
In the years ere executive honors o'er snowed
The spot whereon ringlets of raven once growed,
Ere I sainted that Bourbon, the good Jesse James,
And saved brother Frank from the high scaffolds claims.
Jobbery,
Snobbery,
All I'd eschew,
For the ravishing moment I snatched kiss from you.

O that kiss ! that staccato-like thud !
Sound as when cow pulls her hoof from the mud.
Nicolini stood by, but I cared not a whit
For him, or the fury of bold Mrs. Crit,
I let all ambitions bright hopes float in wrack,
Away on the wings of that one luscious smack,
That old houri,
Missouri,
For me holds no bliss
One half so entrancing as that Patti kiss.

It could scarcely have been the same newspaper writer who wrote the following unfavourable criticism upon Madame Patti's singing : "Her technique is bad, besides being too small. When a bran-new technique can now be had for three dollars, and a good second-hand one, holding over two quarts, for $1.75, there is no excuse for this. Of course we all know—all we critics—that there are no tears in Mrs. A. Patti's voice, which is the reason for her having to wet her whistle so early and often. There is a marked deficiency in breadth, and depth, and thickness in the upper register, which does not admit the air freely in consequence, and a far-off nearness, a sort of inanimate after-taste, so to speak, in the diminuendo of her flats, particularly her French flat. Her singular mannerism of holding her chin lopsided during her G ups is in bad form, and the first thing she knows, one of her sharps will come out edgeways and cut her throat. Then she opens her mouth too much and too often when she sings, which makes her chest-notes mouthy, and her mouth-notes chesty. It would be much better, to say nothing of more artistic, if she were to open only one side of her mouth at a time. This would save wear and tear of her teeth, and at the same time give the other corner time to rest and brace up. She exerts herself too much in her trills, and it would save her both breath and expense if she had them hereafter done behind the scenes, by a boy with a dog-whistle or something."

HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty;
Dey had biano-blayin;
I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,
Her name was Madilda Yane.
She hat haar as prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und vhen day looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I vent dere you'll pe pound;
I valtzet mit Madilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' round and round.
De pootiest Fraulein in de house,
She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,
Und efery dime she gife a shoomp
She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,
I dells you it cost him dear;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager beer.
Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in
De Deutschers gifes a cheer;
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Never coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Dere all was Souse and Brouse,
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany
Did make demselfs to house;
Dey ate das Brot and Gensybroost,
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,
Und vash der Abendessen down
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty;
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs;
I put mine mout' to a parrel of beer,
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs;
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,
Und she shlog me on the kop,
Und de gompany vighted mit daple-lecks
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—
Vhere ish dat barty now?
Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

THE FATE OF THE FOUR.

LORD Woodcock* had a Party,
Of high heroic strain;
They held that the Liberal lot were naught,
And Gladstone's vauntings vain.
They had principles of the patriot type,
True Neo-Tory Blue,
And when in muster full they met,
They numbered—just twice two!

Lord Woodcock had a Party;
Those Four were ever found
In the deadly breach with vote and speech,
When the word for fight went round;
The cockiest four in all the House,
There was Balfour, Wolff, and Gorst,
When Woodcock led those three to war,
Their foes might dread the worst.

* * * *

Lord Woodcock *had* a Party,—
Where is that Party now?
Where is the hyacynthin crop
That decked young Dizzy's brow?
Where is Adullam? Where Bob Lowe,
That star of free-lance fight?
All gone with the flash of yesterday's "fizz,"
Away "*in the ewigkeit.*"

Punch. March 5, 1881.

THE FATE OF THE FRONTIERSMAN.

After Joaquin Miller, an exaggeration of an exaggeration, for indeed much of Miller's verse is a travesty of poetry.

THAT whiskey-jug! For dry or wet,
My tale will need its help, you bet!

We made for the desert, she and I,
Though life was loathsome, and love a lie,
And she gazed on me with her glorious eye,
But all the same,—I let her die!
For why?—there was barely water for one
In the small canteen, and of provender, none!
A splendid snake, with an emerald scale,
Slid before us along the trail,
With a famished parrot pecking its head;
And, seizing a huge and dark brown rock
In her dark brown hands, as you crush a crock,
With the dark brown rock she crushed it dead.
But ere her teeth in its flesh could meet,
I laid her as dead as the snake at my feet,
And grabbed the snake for myself to eat.

The plain stretched wide from side to side,
As bare and blistered and cracked and dried
As a moccasin sole of buffalo hide,
And my throat grew hot, as I walked the trail,
My blood in a sizzle, my muscles dry,
A crimson glare in my glorious eye,
And I felt my sinews wither and fail,
Like one who has lavished, for fifty nights,
His pile in a hell of gambling delights,
And is kicked at dawn, from bottle and bed,
And sent to the gulches without a red.
There was no penguin to pick or pluck,
No armadillo's throat to be stuck,
Not even a bilberry's ball of blue
To slush my tongue with its indigo dew,
And the dry brown palm-trees rattled and roared
Like the swish and swizzle of Walker's sword.
I was nigh rubbed out; when, far away,
A shanty baked in the furnace of day,
And I petered on, for an hour or more,
Till I dropped, like a mangy hound, at the door.

No soul to be seen; but a basin stood
On the bench, with a mess of dubious food,

---

* Lord Randolph Churchill.

Stringy and doughy and lumpy and thick,
As the clay ere flame has turned it to brick.
I gobbled it up with a furious fire,
A prairie squall of hungry desire,
And strength came back; when, lo! a scream
Closed my stomach and burst my dream.
She stood before me, as lithe and tall
As a mosqueet-bush on the Pimos wall,
Fierce as the Zuni panther's leap,
Fair as the slim Apache sheep.
A lariat draped her broad brown hips,
As she stood and glared with parted lips,
While piercing stitches and maddening shoots
Ran through my body, from brain to boots.
I would have clasped her, but ere I could,
She flung back her hair's tempestuous hood,
And screamed, in a voice like a tiger-cat's:
"You've gone and ett up my pizen for rats!"
My blood grew limp and my hair grew hard
As the steely tail of the desert pard:
I sank at her feet, convulsed and pale,
And kissed in anguish her brown toe-nail.

You may rip the cloud from the frescoed sky,
Or tear the man from his place in the moon,
Fur from the buzzard, and plumes from the coon,
But you can't tear me from the truth I cry,
That life is loathsome and love a lie.
She lifted me up to her bare brown face,
She cracked my ribs in her brown embrace,
And there in the shanty, side by side,
Each on the other's bosom died.

She's now the mistress of Buffalo Bill,
And pure as the heart of a lily still;
While I've killed all who have cared for me,
And I'm just as lonely as I can be,
So, pass the whiskey,—we'll have a spree!

From *Diversions of the Echo Club*, by Bayard Taylor.

Several other parodies of American poets have already been quoted from *The Diversions of the Echo Club*, and it is only now necessary to say of the others that they are written in imitation of E. C. Stedman, Mrs. Sigourney, W. C. Bryant, T. B. Oldrich, Mrs. Stoddard, N. P. Willis, R. H. Stoddard, Henry T. Tuckerman, Jean Ingelow, George H. Baker, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and William Winter.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

This favourite old song was written by an American, General G. P. Morris, and several parodies of it were inserted in Volume IV., the following has since been received from the United States:—

The Woodman's Reply.

No, mum, this 'ere old tree
  Can't be no longer spared;
It ain't no odds to me,
  If Muster Brown was squared;
But Muster Brown says, "Green,
  You drop that there tree down,"
And what *he say he mean*,
  Sure-ly, do Muster Brown.

I don't possess the 'ed
  To hargify with you,
A lady born and bred
  Is safe to speak what's true.
But, put a case, I takes
  A job from Mr. B.
(And little 'tis I makes
  Out of the likes of he).

Your heart-strings, and all that,
  Round this 'ere tree may cling—
To contradict you flat,
  Would not be quite the thing;
But if you talk of shade,
  There's other boughs than these,
And other folks have played,
  Mayhap, round other trees.

It's very good to feel
  A mystning of the eyes,
For chairs of oak or deal,
  And old straw-hats likewise,
To keep, if you've a mind,
  The things as makes you weep;
I've got no fault to find,
  If they're your own to keep.

But this 'ere old oak tree,
  As you don't want cut down,
Excuse me, mum, you see,
  Belongs to Muster Brown.
To him you should apply,
  Though 'taint no use I think,
And if you please, mum, I
  Should like your health to drink.

Godfrey Turner.

* * *

Although, as has been seen, American writers have abundance of humour, it does not make them proud, and they will appropriate the comic writings of our authors, without acknowledgment, in the most condescending manner. A volume of amusing verse entitled "Songs of Singularity" was brought out by Mr. Walter Parke in 1874, it contained a ballad on the mother-in-law, a theme of never-failing fruitfulness to the satirist. That same ballad afterwards appeared in the *San Francisco News Letter*, duly appropriated and altered to suit the local market, without one word of acknowledgment to the original author.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

An Idyll.

"O gai!"—*French exclamation of delight.*

He stood on his head on the wild sea shore,
  And joy was the cause of the act,
For he felt as he never had felt before,
  Insanely glad in fact.
And why? In that vessel that left the bay
  His mother-in-law had sail'd
To a tropical country far away,
  Where tigers and snakes prevailed.
And more than one of his creditors too—
  Those objects of constant dread—
Had taken berths in that ship "Curlew,"
  Whose sails were so blithely spread.
Ah! *now* he might hope for a quiet life,
  Which he never had known as yet,
'Tis true that he *still* possessed a wife,
  And was not *quite* out of debt,

But he watch'd the vessel, this singular chap,
O'er the waves as she up'd and down'd,
And he felt exactly like Louis Nap.
When "the edifice was crown'd."
Till over the blue horizon's edge
She disappeared from view,
Then up he leapt on a chalky ledge
And danced like a kangaroo.
And many and many a joysome lay
He pealed o'er the sunset sea;
'Till down with a "fizz" went the orb of day,
And then he went home to tea.

WALTER PARKE.

HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

HE stood on his head by the wild sea shore,
And danced on his hands a jig;
In all his emotions, as never before,
A wildly hilarious grig.
And why? In that ship just crossing the bay
His mother-in-law had sail'd
For a tropical country far away,
Where tigers and fever prevailed.
Oh! now he might hope for a peaceful life
And even be happy yet,
Though owning no end of neuralgic wife,
And up to his collar in debt.
He had borne the old lady through thick and thin;
And she lectured him out of breath;
And now as he looked at the ship she was in,
He howled for her violent death.
He watched as the good ship cut the sea,
And bumpishly up-and-downed,
And thought if already she qualmish might be,
He'd consider his happiness crowned.
He watched till beneath the horizon's edge
The ship was passing from view;
And he sprang to the top of a rocky ledge,
And pranced like a kangaroo.
He watched till the vessel became a speck
That was lost in the wandering sea,
And then, at the risk of breaking his neck,
Turned somersaults home to tea.

From *The San Francisco News Letter.*

Mr. Parke, being a good natured man, might not, perhaps, have objected to the theft of his poem, but the mutilations must have been galling to his feelings.

He has since republished the poem, with some alterations to fit it for music, in "Patter Poems, humourous and serious." London, Vizetelly and Co.

———:o:———

ON THE PIER.

An American Idyll.

Our friend, Dapper English, on a Mississippi Pier, awaits the advent by river boat, of an Americaness whom he adores. A hunter, who will voyage by the same boat, drinks freely until its arrival, and thus urbanely accosts Dapper:—

LOOK ye hyar, young feller! Not you, ye wizen'd old stoat!
Him! that smarty chap. What flower 's that in your coat?
It looks so bright an' red 'longside 'o that sprig o' green,
I like the look of it rayther. Don't you know what I mean?

Don't yer know who I am? Look hyar! Y' see that knife?
It's dug out o' human an' grizzly the red and ragin' life.
I'm Grizzly Jim o' Nebraska! Hain't ye heerd o' him?
An' the human dies an' the grizzly that crosses Grizzly Jim.

Now, I like yer flower, young feller. Confound yer Britisher look:
Don't yer know what I mean? What I've liked I've allus took.
Jest you hand over that flower as humble as humble can be,
Or this 'll make winders and doors where yer won't like sich to be.

Laughin'. By thunder! Dog done it, ye're grit, an' I love yer spunk.
Come, tip us yer flipper, stranger; I reckon yer not such a skunk.
Why that *was* the grip of a man, yer a fellow the reds 'ud fear,
Let's have a drink. *Don't?* Moses! *Don't!* Why ain't that queer,

Not! an' a feller like you! Nor smoke? Eh? Well, that's rum!
What's the name o' yer flower, I say! *Gee-ray-nee-um.*
That's a comical name; and *fern's* that bit o' green,
Never know'd it before, though acres of 'em I've seen.

Where 'd you get 'em? Grew 'em? Come, sell me one, I say!
Here's half-a-dozen o' dollars: I want to throw 'em away,
Hain't got yer flowers clus by? Besides, you wouldn't trade.
You'd gi' me 'em if you had em. Well, yer a generous blade.

Too tarnal proper a chap by half for a Britisher.
But why wouldn't you gi' me *that* flower, you lyin' sneak of a cur?
Well, beg parding. You were'nt ask'd, that is, in a proper way;
Besides, goin' courtin' I s'pose. Ay, an' likely, too, I say.

Well, let's liquor up, old chap—my stars! I forgot, yer don't.
It's extrornery cert'nly, but if yer won't, yer won't.
I'd like to know you a deal, for you ain't so stiffish an' high.
Tarnation! hyar's the boat. Look hyar: keep the bowie. good-bye!

WILLIAM WILKINS.

From *Kottabos.* Trinity College, Dublin. Michaelmas Term, 1878.

———:o:———

JOSEPH SWIFE, OF POTIPHAR.

A Man after Twain's own "Harte."

THERE's been some whales 'mong the buoys I've know'd,
(They was *all* on 'em high above par);
But the rightest sperm as ever blow'd
Was Joe Swife o' Potiphar.
Joseph's heighth was seven fut three,
All mussell and grit when he stripp'd,
On his face a network of scars you'd see,
(That is, where the dirt had chipp'd.)

Whenever the buoys had a rowdy on,
Bet your currency Joe was there;
An' ef he didn't head inter the fun,
He'd see as all things went square;
'Twas a Fourth o' July to see him hop round,
Along of his 'leven-inch knife,
And the way his man would nose the ground
Was the pootiest sight in life.

His Bowie was now jest a 'leven-inch rip,
('Twas thirteen when it was bought,
But he wore two inches off the tip
With carvin' the men he'd fought.)
A plumb-centre shot was his Derringer,
He didn't let *that* iron rust,
He'd spot a couple a day with her,
Would Joseph—when on the bust.

We reckon'd his "down-pins" about fourscore,
But we hadn't the c'rect amount ;
'Cos arter he'd notch'd up to seventy-four,
He lost the run of his count.
Where is he now? I knows no more
Nor you, in them respeks,
'Cos one arternoon in sixty-four
He had to "pass his checks."

The way that it mayhap'd was thus :—
Up Potiphar they went "pard,"
An' made a pile, that some thievin' cuss
Stole—which *was* derned hard ;
I tell ye, they felt it pooty bad,
They wanted that skunk to knife,
An' the lad that 'peared to git most mad
Was him as I've named—Joe Swife.

To see that critter cavortin' around,
Was a sight to raise your hair,
Jest arx him if the thief was found,
If you wanted to hear a swear !
Joe left Potiphar then an' came here to Creek,
An' soon had a run o' luck,
He hadn't been prospectin' more'n a week
'Fore he said a big pocket he'd struck.

One day we was lappin' round Joggles's bar—
The Cunnel, an' Joseph, an' me—
When in totes Long Hiram from Potiphar,
An' we arxed him to drink 'long o' we ;
He call'd for a "spider"—(his fav'rite drink),
An' was liftin' the glass to his lips ;
But he dropp'd it smash on the floor in a wink,
When he saw Joseph haul out his chips.

Ses he : "Joe Swife, my gentle son,
You'll have for to strike your flag,
You stole the pile, you son of a gun—
Our dust was *in that bag* !"
He glared at Joe like a grizzly bear,
Then he draw'd a bead an' fired,
'Scavating a canon in Joseph's hair,
In a manner we all admired.

But Joseph's iron was ready to bark,
'Fore Hiram the dose could repeat,
Six shots, an' Hiram was stretch'd out stark,
In a style as couldn't be beat ;
With "conical" holes he was reg'lar scored,
From his scalp-lock, down his legs,
He'd ha' made a derned good cribbage-board,
If you'd on'y got the pegs.

Whar was Joe? Waal, I reckon he clear'd,
'Fore the fellows had time to *revanche*,
For the fust time in his life he was skear'd,
An' mosey'd out of the ranche ;
He know'd, with men as digs and delves,
He dursent trust his breath,
"Killin' a man was atwixt yerselves,"
But to go for his pile meant death.

When he found that the buoys were dead on "kill,"
Joe came for'ard an' giv' hisself up,
"You'll settle my hash with a leaden pill,"
Ses he—"DON'T string me up like a pup !"
Openin' his shirt, and slappin' his breast—
"Here's lodgings to let for a slug !"—
They fired, an' Potiphar's pride lay at rest,
Stiff an' stark, with a smile on his mug !

Funny Folks. April 29, 1876.

This is an imitation of the style of Colonel John Hay's poems, for which see page 246.

———:o:———

THE WIFE.

HER washing ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And passed the long, long night away,
In darning ragged hose.

But when the sun in all its state
Illumined the Eastern skies,
She passed about the kitchen grate,
And went to making pies.

From *Poems and Parodies* by Phœbe Carey, Boston, U.S. 854.

The same interesting little volume contains a number of clever parodies, of which those on the best known poets have already been printed in this collection. The remainder refer principally to American authors whose works are not very familiar to British readers. The book is out of print and very scarce, and although there is a copy of it in the Library, British Museum (11687. d), it is difficult to find, as it is improperly catalogued under *Cary*, instead of *Carey*.

Another curious American book is entitled "*Strange Visitors*, by the spirits of Irving, Willis, Thackeray, Bronté, Richter, Byron, Humboldt, Hawthorne, Wesley, Browning, and others, now dwelling in the Spirit World." Dictated through a Clairvoyant while in an abnormal or Trance State. New York. G. W. Carleton, publisher, 1869.

Most of the papers in this volume are in prose, the following only are in verse :—

To his Accusers ...	after	Lord Byron.
The Lost Soul ...	,,	E. A. Poe.
To her Husband ...	,,	Mrs. E. B. Browning.
Hold Me Not, ...	,,	Adah Isaacs Menken.
A Spirit Revisiting Earth	,,	N. P. Willis.
Alone	,,	Allan Cunningham.
The Spirit Bride ...	,,	Adelaide A. Procter.

All these imitations are serious, and even sombre, not to be styled parodies, although of little merit, except, perhaps, the imitation of Mrs. E. B. Browning.

Her spirit speaks thus :—

TO HER HUSBAND.

DEAD ! dead ! You call her dead !
You cannot see her in her glad surprise,
Kissing the tear drops from your weeping eyes ;
Moving about you through the ambient air,
Smoothing the whitening ripples of your hair.

Dead ! dead ! You call her dead !
Lift up your eyes ! she is no longer dead !
In your lone path the unseen angels tread !
And when your weary night of earth shall close,
She'll lead you where eternal summer blows.

NATIONAL and PATRIOTIC SONGS
OF THE
United States of America.

It is not within the province of this collection to enter into the history of the numerous National Songs belonging to the United States, nor to give the songs themselves, except in so far as may be necessary to contrast them with the parodies which have been written on them.

Those desirous of further information on an interesting topic should refer to the following works:—

Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies, collected by Frank Moore. New York. G. P. Putnam, 1864.

Poetry of the Civil War, selected by R. G. White. New York, 1866.

A History of National Anthems and Patriotic Songs, by Walter Hamilton, in *Our Ocean Highways*, London, 1872.

The Songs of the War, by Brander Matthews, in *The Century Magazine*, August 1887.

The Dictionary of Music and Musicians, by Sir George Grove. London. Macmillan & Co.

The following is a list of the more important songs,

Yankee Doodle. 1755.

Hail Columbia! 1788. By Joseph Hopkinson. Adapted to the tune of "The President's March." This was always sung when George Washington went to the theatre.

The Star-Spangled Banner, written by Francis Scott Key, and first printed in the Baltimore *American*, shortly after the defeat of the British by the Americans at Fort Mc Henry.

My Country 'tis of thee, sung to the air of "God save the King." As we stole this air from the Germans (or, as some say, from the French), so the citizens of the United States have appropriated it as one of their national songs.

John Brown's Body, 1861.

Marching through Georgia, written and composed by Henry C. Work, near the close of the Civil War.

Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, first published in The Atlantic Monthly. 1862.

We are coming, Father Abraäm, by John S. Gibbons, of New York. 1862.

Mr. George F. Root, of Chicago, was both the author and composer of the three following war songs:

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp; the Boys are Marching.

The Battle Cry of Freedom. This was often ordered to be sung as the men marched into action. More than once its strains arose on the battlefield and made obedience more easy to the lyric command to rally round the flag. With true American humor the gentle lines of "Mary had a Little Lamb" were fitted snugly to the tune; and many a regiment shortened a weary march, or went gayly into action, singing,

"Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

Just before the Battle, Mother.

When Johnny comes marching Home. Written by P. S. Gilmore, in 1863.

My Maryland, by James R. Randall. April, 1861. (Southern States.)

Advance the flag of Dixie, by General Albert Pike. 1861. (South.) There were several versions of this song, one of the earliest having been sung in New Orleans by Mrs. John Wood in the Burlesque "Pocahontas," in 1860.

SOUTHRONS, hear your country call you!
Up! lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted,
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
For Dixie's land we take our stand
And live and die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

ALBERT PIKE.

The Bonnie Blue Flag. By Harry McCarthy. (South.) 1861.

Lorena. (South.)

A National Hymn for the United States of America, written for the Centenary of the signing of the Constitution of the United States, by F. Marion Crawford. Printed in *The English Illustrated Magazine*, October, 1887.

———:o———

YANKEE DOODLE.

In the words of the Hon. Stephen Salisbury, "Yankee Doodle is national property, but it is not a treasure of the highest value. It has some antiquarian claims for which its friends do not care. It cannot be disowned, and it will not be disused. In its own words,

'It suits for feasts, it suits for fun,
And just as well for fighting.'

It exists now as an instrumental and not as a vocal performance. Its words are never heard, and, I think would not be acceptable in either public or private American entertainments."

Sir George Grove, in his *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, (Macmillan, London), fully examines the various theories as to the origin of this song. He inclines to the opinion that the words were written by Dr. Schuckburgh about 1755, with the title "The Yankee's Return from Camp." The tune was printed in 1784 in an opera by Arnold, entitled "Two to one," where it is first properly styled *Yankee Doodle.*

There has been much discussion as to the derivation of the word Yankee, one theory being that it is the Indian way of pronouncing *English.* The Indians cannot sound the letter *l*, so they lengthen and soften the vowels. Hence the more advanced among them only manage to pronounce *English* as *Eengeesh*, while a more common sound would be *Angees*, or *Ankees.* Possibly the Indians were more familiar with the French form *Anglais.* A writer in *Notes and Queries* stated the above fact, citing Hutchinson's "History of Massachusetts" as an authority; he added "Doodle is surely only an imitation of the crowing of a cock." The meaning, if any, of *Yankee Doodle* is "New Englanders, be on the alert," or "show your spirit." Another writer quotes a derivation suggested by Thierry, that the word *Yankee* arose from the collision and jeerings of the Dutch and English in New York and New England, and that it is from the Dutch *Jan*—pronounced *Yan*—John, with the common diminutive *kee*, and doodlen, to quaver; which would make the whole into "quavering or psalm-singing Jacky or Johnny."

Whatever may have been the origin of the term, it is only correctly applied to New Englanders, and not to the inhabitants of the other states.

Yankee Boy is trim and tall,
And never over fat, Sir,
At dance or frolic, hop or ball,
As nimble as a rat, Sir.
Yankee doodle guard your coast,
Yankee doodle dandy.
Fear not then, nor threat nor boast,
Yankee doodle dandy.

He's always out on training day,
Commencement, or election,
At truck or trade he knows the way
Of thriving to perfection.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, etc.

His door is always open found,
His cyder of the best, Sir,
His board with pumpkin-pie is crown'd,
And welcome ev'ry guest, Sir.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, etc.

Tho' rough and little is his farm,
That little is his own, Sir,
His hand is strong, his heart is warm,
'Tis truth and honor's throne, Sir.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, etc.

His country is his pride and boast,
He'll ever prove true blue, Sir,
When call'd upon to give his toast,
'Tis "Yanke doodle-doo," Sir.
Chorus—Yankee Doodle, etc.

The following verses are cited from an American Paper, "The Transcript," in Willis's Current Notes for 1852:—

The Origin of Yankee Doodle.

After the manner of the old Continental Ballad writers.

Once on a time old Johnny Bull,
Flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have
No trials, Sir, by jury!
That no elections should be held,
Across the briny waters!
"And now," says he, "I'll tax the tea
Of all his sons and daughters."
Then down he sat in burly state,
And blustered like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune
Called "Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee Doodle"—these are facts—
"Yankee doodle dandy!
"My son of wax, your tea I'll tax—
"Yankee doodle dandy."

John sent the tea from o'er the sea
With heavy duties rated;
But whether Hyson or Bohea,
I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began—
He laid a strong embargo—
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" so he
Threw overboard the cargo.
Then Johnny sent a regiment,
Big words, and looks to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land,
Play'd "Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle—keep it up!
"Yankee doodle dandy!
"I'll poison with a tax your cup,
"Yankee doodle dandy."

A long war then they had, in which
John was at last defeated—
And "Yankee doodle" was the march
To which his troops retreated.
Cute Jonathan, to see them fly,
Could not restrain his laughter:
"That tune," says he, "suits to a *T*,
I'll sing it ever after,"
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace,
Was flushed with beer and brandy,
E'en while he swore to sing no more,
This "Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle—ho! ah! he!
"Yankee doodle dandy—
"We kept the tune, but not the tea,
"Yankee doodle dandy."

I've told you now the origin
Of this most lively ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as "dull
And stupid"—what a pity!
With "Hail Columbia!" it is sung,
In chorus full and hearty—
On land and main, we breathe the strain,
John made for his tea-party.
No matter how we rhyme the words,
The music speaks them handy,
And where's the fair can't sing the air,
Of "Yankee doodle dandy?"
"Yankee doodle—firm and true—
"Yankee doodle dandy—
"Yankee doodle, doodle doo!
"Yankee doodle dandy."

George P. Morris.

A parody of "Yankee Doodle," too coarse for republication here, will be found in *An Impartial Collection of Addresses, Songs, Squibs, &c, published during the Liverpool Election*, October. 1812. It is principally directed against Henry (afterwards Lord) Brougham, one of the candidates.

The mighty Brougham's come to town,
To sweep away corruption,
And other filth, but ten to one,
He'll meet with interruption.
Yankee Doodle, etc.

* * * *

An Appendix to "Yankee Doodle."

Yankee Doodle sent to Town
His goods for exhibition;
Every body ran him down,
And laugh'd at his position.
They thought him all the world behind;
A goney, muff, or noodle;
Laugh on, good people—never mind—
Says quiet Yankee Doodle.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Yankee Doodle had a craft,
A rather tidy clipper,
And he challenged, while they laughed,
The Britishers to whip her.

Their whole yacht-squadron she outsped,
And that on their own water;
Of all the lot she went a-head,
And they came nowhere arter.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

* * * *

Your gunsmiths of their skill may crack,
But that again don't mention
I guess that Colt's revolvers whack
Their very first invention.
By Yankee Doodle, too, you're beat
Downright in Agriculture,
With his machine for reaping wheat,
Chaw'd up as by a vulture.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

You also fancied, in your pride,
Which truly is tarnation,
Them British locks of yourn defied
The rogues of all creation;
But Chubb's and Bramah's Hobbs has pick'd
And you must now be view'd all
As having been completely licked
By glorious Yankee Doodle.
Chorus.—Yankee Doodle, &c.

Punch, 1851.

"PUNCH" ON THE CIVIL WAR.

YANKEE Doodle went to war,
On his little pony,
What did he go fighting for,
Everlasting goney!
Yankee Doodle was a chap
Who bragged and swore tarnation,
He stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it Federation.
Yankee Doodle, etc.

Yankee Doodle, he went forth
To conquer the seceders,
All the journals of the North,
In most ferocious leaders,
Breathing slaughter, fire and smoke,
Especially the latter,
His rage and fury to provoke,
And vanity to flatter.
Yankee Doodle, etc.

* * * *

These verses are taken from a long parody which appeared in *Punch* (London), August 17, 1861, shortly after the defeat of the Northerners at Manassas Junction. The cartoon represented John Bull sneering and jeering at the retreating Yankee soldiers, and the tone of the whole poem was most insulting, whilst it showed that *Punch* (following in the wake of *The Times*) sympathised with the Confederate States.

It actually classed the protective duties levied by the Northern States for the encouragement of native industry, as equally immoral with the institution of slavery, which had given rise to so many horrors in the South:—

"These for negro slavery strike,
Those for forced protection.
Yankee Doodle is the pot,
Southerner the kettle;
Equal morally, if not
Men of equal mettle.

Unfortunately *The Times* was then considered abroad to represent the public opinion of Great Britain, and much ill feeling arose in consequence of its misrepresentations. At one time it seemed as if this country would become embroiled in the war, and what was worse, on the side of the slave owners.

During this excitement many songs and parodies were written about us in the States which were decidedly uncomplimentary, reminding Britons that in their previous wars with America they had suffered almost invariable defeat.

Several of these parodies are given in *The Poetry of the Civil War* (one, an especially bitter one, is entitled "John Bull, my jo John,") but it would serve no useful purpose to repeat them, now that the ill feeling has passed away with the causes which led to it.

Mr. James R. Lowell's dignified protest in the *Biglow Papers* may, however, be quoted:—

JONATHAN TO JOHN.

IT don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,—
Your cousin, tu, John Bull.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We know it now," sez he,
"The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet 's fit for you an' me!"

Blood ain't so cool as ink, John:
It 's likely you 'd ha' wrote,
An' stopped a spell to think, John,
Arter they 'd cut your throat?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
He 'd skurce ha' stopped," sez he,
"To mind his p-s an' q-s, ef thet weasan'
Hed b'longed to ole J B.,
Instid o' you an' me!"

Ef *I* turned mad dogs loose, John,
On *your* front-parlor stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet, ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'T would kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez well ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win,—ditto, tails?
"*J. B.*" was on his shirts, John,
Onless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
(I 'm good at thet,)" sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
For ganders with J. B.,
No more than you or me!"

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
You did n't stop for fuss,—
Britanny's trident-prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law for us.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Though physic 's good," says he,
"It doesn't foller thet he can swaller.
Prescriptions signed '*J. B.*',
Put up by you an' me "

We own the ocean, tu, John:
You mus'n't take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It's jest your own back-yard.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef *thet's* his claim," sez he,
"The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
To bust up friend J. B.'
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Why talk so dreffle big, John,
Of honour, when it meant
You didn't care a fig, John,
But jest for *ten per cent.*?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
He 's like the rest," sez he:
"When all is done, it 's number one
Thet's nearest to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 't was right;
It warn't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We 've a hard row," sez he,
"To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow
May heppen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, Think him so, J.B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
Ef't warn't for law," sez he,
"There'd be one shindy from here to Indy;
An' thet don t suit J.B.
(When 't ain't 'twixt you an' me!)"

We know we've gut a cause, John,
Thet's honest, just, an' true;
We thought 't would win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
His love of right," sez he,
"Hangs by a rotten fibre o' cotton:
There 's natur' in J.B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

The South says, "*Poor folks down!*" John,
An' "*All men up!*" say we.—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John;
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
John preaches wal," sez he;
"But, sermon thru, an' come to *du*
Why, there's the old J.B.
A crowdin' you an' me!"

Shall it be love, or hate, John?
It's you that's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside;
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
Wise men forgive," sez he,
"But not forget; an' some time yet
Thet truth may strike J.B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru' from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' being free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
God's price is high," sez he;
"But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J.B.
May learn like you an' me!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"YANKEE DOODLE" FROM THE SOUTHERN POINT OF VIEW.

YANKEE DOODLE had a mind
To whip the Southern traitors,
Because they didn't choose to live
On codfish and potatoes.
Yankee Doodle—doodle doo,
Yankee doodle dandy,
And so to keep his courage up,
He took a drop of brandy.

Yankee Doodle said he found
By all the census figures,
That he could starve the rebels out,
If he could steal their niggers.
Yankee, &c.

Yankee Doodle made a speech;
'Twas very full of feeling.
I fear, says he, I cannot fight,
But I am good at stealing.
Yankee, &c.

Yankee Doodle drew his sword,
And practised all the passes;
Come, boy, we'll take another drink
When we get to Manasses.
Yankee, &c.

Yankee Doodle soon found out
That Bull Run was no trifle;
For if the North knew how to steal,
The South knew how to rifle.
Yankee, &c.

Yankee Doodle wheeled about,
And scampered off at full run,
And such a race was never seen
As that he made at Bull Run,
Yankee, &c.

Yankee Doodle, oh! for shame,
You're always intermeddling;
Let guns alone, they're dangerous things;
You'd better stick to peddling.
Yankee, &c.

Yankee Doodle, you had ought
To be a little smarter;
Instead of catching woolly heads,
I vow you've caught a tartar.
Yankee Doodle, doodle doo,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Go to hum, you've had enough
Of rebels and of brandy.

From *Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies*, collected by Frank Moore. New York, George P. Putnam, 1864.

A Yankee Soldier's Song.

I hearkened to the thundering noise,
And wondered what 'twas for, Sir!
But when I heard 'em tell our boys,
I started up and swore, sir!
Yankee boys will fight it out!
Yankees brave and handy!
Freedom be our battle shout!
Yankee doodle dandy!

They said that traitors tore our flag,
Down there in Dixie's land, sir;
I always loved the stripèd rag.
And swore by it to stand, sir.
Yankee boys will fight it out, &c.

I knew them Southern chaps, high bred,
Had called us "Mudsills" here, sir:
If on these sills they try to tread,
I guess 'twill cost them dear, sir,
Yankee boys, &c.

Down South I marched, rat-tat-a-plan,
With heart brim full of pluck, sir;
I held my head up like a man;
A righteous cause brings luck, sir.
Yankee boys, &c.

* * *

From *Poetry of the Civil War*, selected by R. G. White. New York, 1866.

Cock-a-Doodle.

Mr. Stanley went to found
A Congo trading station.
The Stars and Stripes he hoisted up,
And cried "No annexation."
But M. de Brazza came along,
The natives to "canoodle;"
He gave them "tricolours" all round,
And sang out "Cock-a-doodle!"

Mr. Stanley, very cross,
Called de Brazza "Poodle!"
M. de Brazza said, "Pooh, pooh!
You're one Yankee Doodle!"
Whilst the natives took the flags,
As our view discloses,
Made them serve as coverings,
And to blow their noses!

Truth Christmas Number. 1882.

Randy Churchill.

Randy Churchill's gone to pot,
Melted just like candy;
Once he was, but now is not,
And that's the last of Randy.

When he thought that he was great,
Fellows thronged about him,
Swearing that affairs of State
Couldn't move without him.

Then a somersault he threw,
Tumbled in the gutter,
Spilt his salt, and sugar, too;
Lost his bread and butter.

Still the wheels will move, no doubt,
Running on quite gaily,
Doing better far without
That Brummagem Disraeli.

American Paper. January, 1887.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

The origin of this celebrated anti-slavery song is obscure and involved. John Brown attempted to incite the negroes to rebel against slavery, and although he did not succeed in this, he, with a few fanatical followers, seized a small fort at Harper's Ferry. The United States troops attacked them, captured or killed Brown's followers, and Brown himself was hanged on December 2, 1859. Insignificant as was this episode, it was the warning of the coming storm between North and South, and was the death knell of slavery. "John Brown's Body" appears to have been first adopted as a marching song by the Twelfth Massachusetts Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Fletcher Webster. The soldiers of this regiment sang it as they marched down Broadway in New York, July 24, 1861, on their way from Boston to the front.

A Radical Song.

To the tune of "John Brown's Body lies mouldering in the Grave"

Raise a shout of gladness for the dawning of the day,
Ever steady, onward to the foremost of the fray:
Every Tory barrier, boys, will soon be swept away
As we go marching on.

Chorus.
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
As we go marching on.

Tory knaves oppressed us in the ages long ago,
Tory knaves have left us all a heritage of woe,
Tories now must tumble, for we mean to lay them low,
As we go marching on.

Joseph's coat of colour now is fluttering in the wind,
Joseph and his brethren are the leaders of the blind,
Joseph and his "gentlemen" must all be left behind
As we go marching on.

Rally round the standard of our great democracy,
Rally round your leader, boys, and on to victory,
Rally as your fathers did, and Ireland shall be free,
As we go marching on.

Hand in hand our army with the workers o'er the wave,
Hand in hand we'll battle till the people we shall save,
Hand in hand for Torydom we'll dig a yawning grave,
As we go marching on.

Shout, for Time with victory our strife is sure to crown;
Shout, for million voices join the chorus of renown;
Shout, and at the anthem every wrong shall crumble down,
As we go marching on.

D. Evans.

The Weekly Dispatch. July 17, 1887.

* * *

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE.

This song was written in 1862 just after President Lincoln had issued a proclamation calling for 300,000 men to fill up the ranks of his army. The author was Mr. John S. Gibbons, a Quaker of New York. The poem was first published anonymously, in the "Evening Post" New York, on July 16, 1862, and was then generally ascribed to William Cullen Bryant, the editor of that paper.

We are coming Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before,
We are coming Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag, in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour,
We are coming Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more.

If you look up all our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more!

You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the fore of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming Father Abraam, three hundred thousand more!

John S. Gibbons.

An American Lyric.—To Abraham Lincoln,

On his demand for 300,000 *Men.*

We're coming, Father Abraäm, we're coming all along,
But don't you think you're coming it yourself a little strong?
Three hundred thousand might be called a pretty tidy figure,
We've nearly sent you white enough, why don't you take the nigger?

Consider, Father Abraäm, and give the thing a thought,
This war has just attained four times the longitude it ought;
And all the bills at Ninety Days as you have draw'd so free,
Have been dishonoured, Abraäm, as punctual as could be.

We've fought, old Father Abraäm, and fought uncommon bold,
And gained amazing victories, or so at least we're told;
And having whipped the rebels for a twelvemonth and a day,
We nearly found 'em liquoring in Washington in May.

Now, really, Father Abraäm, this here's the extra ounce,
And we are almost sick, you see, of such almighty bounce;
We ain't afraid of being killed at proper times and seasons,
But it's aggravating to be killed for Mac's strategic reasons.

If you'd be so obliging, Father Abraäm, as to write
To any foreign potentate, and put the thing polite,
And make him loan a General as knows the way to lead,
We'd come and list. Jerusalem and snakes! we would indeed.

But as the matter stands, Old Abe, we've this opinion, some.
If you say "Come," as citizens of course we're bound to come,
But then we want to win, you see; if Strategy prevents,
We wish you'd use the nigger for these here experiments.

Hereditary bondsman, he should just be made to know
He'd convenience us uncommon if he'd take and strike a blow.
The man as will not fight for freedom isn't worth a cuss,
And its better using niggers up than citizens like us.

So, Father Abraäm, if you please, in this here game of chess,
You'd better take the black men against the white, I guess,
And if you work the niggers off before Rebellion's slain,
Which surely ain't expectable,—apply to us again.

Shirley Brooks.

* * *

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! The Boys are Marching!

As we muster for the fray,
In our thousands every day,
By one hope and by one purpose we are buoyed.
We will never cease to fight
Until Ireland claims by right
That same freedom which so long we have enjoyed.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! we boys are marching!
Justice for Ireland there shall be;
For beneath our Leader's flag
Not a man shall lurk or lag,
Till old Ireland, like Great Britain, shall be free!

Chorus. Tramp! tramp! tramp! we boys are marching!
Cheer up! the foes begin to run!
See where Gladstone waves the flag,
And let no man lurk or lag
Till the Battle of the Ballot-box is won!

Since we last time joined in fight
We have lost some men of might,
Thanks to envy and to spite and to ill-will;
But we need to waste no tears
O'er these jealous mutineers,
For we have our grand old leader, Gladstone, still!
Tramp! tramp! tramp! with him we're marching!
Forward! we shall win the day!
For we will not flinch nor turn
'Till with purpose grim and stern
We have swept the Paper-Unionists away!

* * * * *

(Several verses omitted.)

If we Parliament divide,
By our foes it is implied
That a fatal risk too surely we shall run;
But 'tis better, we maintain,
To one Parliament make twain,
If thereby we can but make two nations one.
Tramp! tramp! tramp! for this we're marching!
Tramp! tramp! Gladstone's at our head,
And poor Ireland soon to be
From a Paper-Union free,
Shall be linked to us by heart and hand instead!

Truth. July 1, 1886.

MY MARYLAND.

This song was written in April, 1861, by Mr. James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore, and first published in *The Delta*, whence it was soon copied into every journal in the Southern States.

It is sung to the tune of a favourite college song, entitled "Lauriger Horatius," which itself is borrowed from a German air known as "Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum." Two young ladies, Miss H. Cary and Miss Jennie Cary, first set it to music, and sung it to the Confederate troops in their camp at Manassas.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!
My Mother-State, to thee I kneel!
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'Tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,
Sic Semper! 'Tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise, in majesty again,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with liberty along,
And chaunt thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire before thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder-hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb!
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come!
She'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

It should be mentioned that the metre (with a slight modification), and the style of the poem, are copied from "The Karamanian Exile," written by that eccentric genius, James Clarence Mangan, who died in 1849.

THE KARAMANIAN EXILE.

I SEE thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman !
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman ! O Karaman !
As when thy gold-bright morning gleams,
As when the deepening sunset seams
With lines of light thy hills and streams,
Karaman !
So thou loomest on my dreams,
Karaman ! O Karaman !

* * * *

From "*The Ballads of Ireland*," edited by E. Hayes, fifth edition, vol. ii. p. 392.

The following parody of the Rebel War song alludes to the failure of the Southern forces to hold Maryland, the object of General Lee's advance northward, and which was defeated by the battles of South Mountain and Antietam.

AH me ! I've had enough of thee,
Maryland, my Maryland !
Dear land, thou art too dear for me,
Maryland, my Maryland !
I'll take the nearest ford and go,
I'll leave thee, darling, to the foe,
But do not let him kick me so,
Maryland, my Maryland !

You've dashed my hopes, ungrateful State,
Maryland, my Maryland !
Go ! bless your stars I came too late,
Maryland, you understand !
I meant to dress you well in black,
And scar you with the battles track,
And I had scourges for your back,
Maryland, my contraband !

Oh, where are Longstreet, Hill and Lee?
Maryland, my Maryland !
And "Stonewall" Jackson, where is he ?
Maryland, my Maryland !
Four coat-tails streaming in the breeze,
And that is all a body sees ;
Better than dangling from the trees,
Maryland, my Maryland !

Gray geese are flying southward, ho !
Maryland, O Maryland !
It's getting cold up there, you know,
Maryland, O Maryland !
I should have thought it rather warm,
South Mountain yonder took by storm,
Antietam yielded in alarm,—
Maryland, O Maryland !

Blood-red my hand, and dead my heart,
Native land, my native land !
Columbia from her grave will start,
Murder'd land, my murder'd land !
Thy flag is like a sword of fire,
I'll fly, I'll fly its vengeful ire ;
Beneath its stroke its foes expire,
Native land, my native land.

From *Harper's Weekly*, also reprinted in *Poetry of the Civil War*, selected by R. G. White. New York, 1866.

A LIBERAL LYRIC.

THERE'S a crisis coming on,
Mary Ann,
That I dread to think upon,
Mary Ann !
In the papers there appears
Quite enough to raise our fears
For the Commons and the Peers !
Mary Ann !

For, apart from all the rows,
Mary Ann !
And the squabbles, threats, and vows,
Mary Ann !
That are sure to emanate
From the "Gifted, Good, and Great ;"
Oh, the Rads will demonstrate !
Mary Ann !

Though the delegates seem mixed,
Mary Ann !
And the date is hardly fixed,
Mary Ann !
There will be a meeting, mark !
In that innocent Hyde Park,
And most likely after dark,
Mary Ann !

An enthusiastic crew,
Mary Ann !
But what aim do they pursue ?
Mary Ann !
Well, I'm sure I cannot say !
Yet, wherever asses bray,
Fools are sure to go astray,
Mary Ann !

Oh, our policy once stood,
Mary Ann !
For the nation and its good,
Mary Ann !
Now, alas ! it only drains
From the senatorial brains,
To be howled in railway trains,
Mary Ann !

There are better times in store,
Mary Ann !
When these wrangling feuds are o'er,
Mary Ann !
And an interest for the State
Have usurped this Party prate ;
But you'll have some time to wait,
Mary Ann !

England. October 11, 1884.

YANKEE-LAND.

Novus Ordo Cyclorum.

THE destined wheel is on thy shore,
Yankeeland !
Its perch is at thy ample door,
Yankeeland !
Ascend the gay exotic goer
That flashed the streets of Boston o'er,
And beat the boneshaker of yore,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland !

Hark to the wondering son's appeal,
Yankeeland !
"My mother dear, I want a wheel,"
Yankeeland !
For life and health, for "go" and weal,
Thy beardless cavalry reveal,
And speed their beauteous limbs with steel !
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland !

They must not tumble in the dust,
Yankeeland !
Their beaming steel should never rust,
Yankeeland !
That slender firmness you may trust
Like slender blades in warlike thrust,
Held by those numbered with the just,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland !

Come, for the wheel is bright and strong.
Yankeeland !
Come, for thy carriance does thee wrong,
Yankeeland !
Come for thy young bard in the throng,
Who stalks with levity along,
And gives a new key to much song,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland !

This iron forms no tyrant's chain,
Yankeeland !
Britannia *now* sends not in vain,
Yankeeland !
She greets her kindred o'er the main—
Slick transit ! be the wild refrain
We shout in greeting back again,
Yankeeland, my Yankeeland !

The Wheeling Annual for 1885, quoted this parody without any acknowledgment of the source from whence it was derived. It was written by Mr. J. G. Dalton, and published in his volume of poems entitled *Lyra Bicyclica.* Hodges and Co., Boston, U.S. 1885. There was another cycling parody in *The Umpire* for May 5, 1888, on the same original, but not so good as the above.

——:o:——

HAIL COLUMBIA !

The new verses to "Hail, Columbia !" written by Oliver Wendell Holmes for the American Centenary are as follows :—

1798.

Hail, Columbia ! Happy land !
Home of heroes—Heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace their valour won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost :
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our Liberty.
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

* * * *

1887.

Look our ransomed shores around,
Peace and safety we have found !
Welcome, friends, who once were foes.
Welcome, friends, who once were foes.
To all the conquering years have gained
A nation's rights, a race unchained !
Children of the day new born,
Mindful of its glorious morn,
Let the pledge our fathers signed
Heart to heart for ever bind !

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One !

Graven deep with edge of steel,
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,
All the world their names shall read !
All the world their names shall read !
Enrolled with his hosts that led,
Whose blood for us—for all—was shed.
Pay our sires their children's debt,
Love and honour—nor forget
Only Union's golden key
Guards the Ark of Liberty !

While the stars of heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever may the circling sun
Find the Many still are One !

Hail, Columbia ! strong and free,
Firm enthroned from sea to sea !
Thy march triumphant still pursue !
Thy march triumphant still pursue !
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,
And make the Western land thine own !
Blest is the Union's holy ties,
Let our grateful song arise—
Every voice its tribute lend—
In the loving chorus blend !
While the stars in heaven shall burn,
While the ocean tides return,
Ever shall the circling sun
Find the Many still are One !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Before leaving the American Poets a few supplemental parodies of E. A. Poe may be inserted here. His works were dealt with in Volume II. of this collection (Parts 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18), but since then, May 1885, several excellent parodies of his poems have appeared, besides which a few others have come to light which had then escaped attention.

Annabel Lee was printed on p. 61, Vol. II., the following are some additional parodies of it :—

Deborah Lee.

'Tis a dozen or so of years ago,
Somewhere in the west countree,

That a nice girl lived, as ye Hoosiers know
By the name of Deborah Lee:
Her sister was loved by Edgar Poe,
But Deborah by me.

Now I was green, and she was green,
As a summer's squash might be,
And we loved as warmly as other folks,—
I and my Deborah Lee,—
With a love that the lasses of Hoosierdom
Coveted her and me.

But somehow it happened a long time ago,
In the aguish West countree,
That a chill March morning gave the *shakes*
To my beautiful Deborah Lee;
And the grim steam doctor (drat him!) came
And bore her away from me,—
The doctor and death, old partners they
In the aguish countree.

The angels wanted her in Heaven
(But they never asked for me),
And that is the reason, I rather guess,
In the aguish West countree,
That the cold March wind and the doctor and death,
Took off my Deborah Lee—
My beautiful Deborah Lee—
From the warm sunshine and the opening flower,
And bore her away from me.

Our love was as strong as a six horse team,
Or the love of folks older than we,
Or possibly wiser than we;
But death, with the aid of doctor and steam,
Was rather too many for me;
He closed the peepers and silenced the breath,
Of my sweetheart Deborah Lee,
And her form lies cold in the prairie mould,
Silent and cold—Ah me!

The foot of the hunter shall press her grave,
And the prairie's sweet wild flowers,
In their odorous beauty around it wave,
Through all the sunny hours,
The still bright summer hours;
And the birds shall sing in the tufted grass,
And the nectar-laden bee,
With his dreamy hum on his gauze wings pass,
She wakes no more to me;
Ah! never more to me;
Though the wild birds sing and the wild flowers spring,
She wakes no more to me.

Yet oft in the hush of the dim still night,
A vision of beauty I see,
Gliding soft to my bedside,—a phantom of light,
Dear, beautiful Deborah Lee,
My bride that was to be;
And I wake to mourn that the doctor and death,
And the cold March wind should stop the breath
Of my darling Deborah Lee—
Adorable Deborah Lee—
That angels should want her up in Heaven,
Before they wanted me.

ANONYMOUS.

American Paper.

CAMOMILE TEA.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a cot by the Irish sea,
A decoction I knew of which *you* may know,
By the name of Camomile tea;
A stuff which was brewed with no other end
Than to plague and be drunk by me.

I was a child, a mere bit of a child,
When I lived in that cot by the sea;
But I hated with hate which was more than hate
That horrible Camomile Tea.
A hate which was visible, I have no doubt,
To the eyes of my—Aunt Magee.

And this is the reason, I happen to know,
Why she always was down on me,
Whenever I had the least malady, filling
A tumbler with Camomile Tea,
And drenching me three times a day with the same—
The horriblest bore that could be—
And shutting me up in my bedroom for hours,
With a tract and more Camomile Tea.

Even now, strange it seems, I have hideous dreams
Of that horrible Camomile Tea;
Of its taste when I think I still shudder and shrink
At the nauseous Camomile Tea;
And I muse in amaze at that old woman's craze,
On the loathing, the loathing I felt in those days,
When I lived in that cot by the sea,
In that cot with my Aunt Magee.

Punch's Almanac. 1883.

"W. E. G."

'TIS not so much as a year ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
That a statesman was at the top of the House
Known as old W. G.;
And this statesman he lived with no other thought
Than a premier always to be.

I had a vote—not a faggot-vote—
In Midlothian by the sea,
And I gave, with a love that was more than love,
That vote for W.G.;
Tho' a vote that the Tories, striving in vain,
Tried muchly to win from me.

The Tories not feeling happy in mind
At the Budget which was to be;
And this was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That petitions came swarming from every pub.
And toppled o'er W. G.

And that was the reason this hurricane came
In this much-taxed land of the "Free";
Just a row o'er the tax, which completely snuffed out
This tree-felling W. G.
In his dark days a *Sunbeam* brightened the gloom,
In the shape of Sir Thomas Brass-ie,
Who took him a-starring to "Norroway's" shores—
To "Norroway" over the sea.

But my faith got a shake in Bill's taxing ways,
His liquor tax didn't suit me—
He should have piled it on to the tea;

And I've split with the "Libs." all over the shop,
And stick to Lord Randolph C.
And never—no, never—again will I vote
For the grand old W. G.

Judy. October 21, 1885.

ALBERT McGEE.

It was not very many years ago,
In a city by the sea,
That there lived a man whom none of you know,
By the name of Albert McGee ;
And this man he lived with no other thought
Than to read for his Math. Degree.

He was quite a child when he first came up
To this city by the sea,
But he read in a way that you'd scarcely believe
(For you didn't know Albert McGee),—
In a way that the bejants all agreed
Was really frightful to see.

And this was the reason he always said no,
When invited out to a spree
(His favourite excuse was a very bad cold,
But that was all fiddle-de-dee).
And always at midnight his landlady came,
Bringing him gallons of tea ;
And he wore wet towels around his head ;
And he always sat up till three.

* * * *

The examiner, not knowing half so much,
Envied this prodigy.
Yes ! that was the reason, I always thought
(And Albert agreed with me),
Why he ploughed him, not once but several times,
Finally killing Albert McGee.

But his ghost is more persistent by far
Than Banquo's (*Macbeth*, Act III.)
That appeared to Macbeth at a spree ;
And neither tonics, nor change of air,
Nor the best advice can set free
That wretched man from the haunting wraith
Of the injured Albert McGee.

For at night in his dreams he frequently screams,
"Go away, dear Mr. McGee ! "
And at morn he will rise with bloodshot eyes,
And the very first thing he will see,
There, sitting down by the side of his bed
With several towels around his head,
And an Algebra laid on its knee,
Is the spectre of Albert McGee !

The University News Sheet (St. Andrews, N.B.)
February 24, 1886.

———:o:———

E. A. Poe's "The Bells" was printed on p. 75, Vol. II. The following are some additional parodies :—

THE SWELLS.

Here the drive is filled with swells—
Noble swells !
What a mass of snobbery their toggery fortells
How they snigger, snigger, snigger
In the spicy air of day
At the girls who cut a figure
On their horses—looking bigger
And particularly gay.
In a trot, trot, trot
All about one spot
To the super-admiration, that so admirably tells
Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
And the laughing and the chaffing of the swells.

Here's the op'ra and the swells—
Full dress swells
What a taste for music each swell's countenance fortells
With their pretty well gloved paws
How they tap out their applause
At the prima donna's notes
All in time.
While the liquid music floats
Till it filters in their mouths and down their throats
Oh, sublime !
Oh, what are the gal'ry yells
To the gush of bravos that unanimously wells !
On the belles—
How it dwells !
On the singer—how it tells !
Oh the rapture it impels
Does the rapping and the tapping
Of the swells, swells, swells,
Of the swells, swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
Does the calling and the bawling of the swells.

Here's a drawing-room of swells—
Grand swells !
What a world of slowness their society compels
In the brilliancy of night
Don't we instantly take fright
At the melancholy drawling of their tone ?
Lisping through their tender throats
Dwelling on their upper notes
All their own—
That we plebeianic people
Would be rather in a steeple
All alone
Than be list'ning, list'ning, list'ning
To their dreary monotone —
Or elsewhere at some grand christ'ning
Where the children shriek and groan.
They are never never cheery,
Ever *à la* "Lord Dundreary"
Always dolls
And the best among them lolls
And woman extolls—
Lolls
In the presence of the belles
And his lisping voice it tells
Of the beauty of the belles
Who delight to dance with swells
Keeping time, time, time
In a manner quite sublime
To the joy of both the swells
And the belles ;
Keeping time, time, time
With exactitude most prime
To the squeezing by the swells
Of the belles, belles, belles,

To the pleasing of the belles
Keeping time, time, time
Oh ye swells, swells, swells,
In a way that's most sublime
To the throbbing of the belles,
Of the belles, belles, belles,
To the bobbing of the swells,
Of the swells, swells, swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
To the measure and the pleasure of the swells.

T. F. DILLON CROKER.

The Royal Dramatic College Annual. July, 1868.

THE POLLS.

HEAR the statements of the Polls,
Of the Polls!
What a world of partisans their publishing consoles!
How they've waited, waited, waited
In the morning or the night
Till the net result is stated,
When they scamper off elated
With delirious delight;
And they hip, hip, hip,
Hip-hurrah, and dance and skip
With the supererogation of a lot of frisky foals
From the Polls, Polls, Polls, Polls,
Polls, Polls, Polls,
From their triumphs of the Ballot and the Polls.

Hear the totals of the Polls,
Of the Polls!
What a large official staff their adding-up enrols!
After breakfast or at night
How they count with all their might,
Sorting papers, checking notes;
And, ere 'tis done,
How the scrutinizer gloats
As he pounces down on spoilt or unmark'd votes
One by one!
Then they end their calculation,
And at last is made the long'd-for declaration:
How it rolls,
How it trolls
O'er the human heads in shoals,
Which—Whig, Radical, and Tory—
Press round to hear the story
Of the Polls,
Of the Polls, Polls, Polls. Polls,
Polls, Polls, Polls,
The story and the sequel of the Polls

Oh, the troubles of the Polls,
Of the Polls
What a heap of candidates must find themselves in holes!
How they tremble with affright
For the verdict of the night,
Till the knell of their discomfiture it tolls!
Then they prate of promised votes
With the huskiest of throats,
And they haul their luckless agents o'er the coals;
And they give so many reasons for not having reached their goals,
That we gradually weary of the Polls,
And, perceiving one objection,
To a General Election,
We begin to dread the mention of the Polls,
Of the Polls, Polls, Polls, Polls,
Polls, Polls, Polls,
This persistent iteration of the Polls!

The St. James's Gazette. December 8, 1885.

THE BILLS.

O THE season of the bills—
Tradesmen's bills!
What a quaking in my bosom the sight of them instils!
How they flutter, flutter, flutter,
In upon me day and night!
From between my half-closed shutter
I can hear their bearers mutter
They be blowed if it's "all right!"
O the bills of Christmas time!
I feel positive that I'm
Quite bilious grown with terror that the Protean shape instils
Of the bills, bills, bills—
Of the never-ending deluge of the bills.

O the never-ending bills,
Christmas bills,
For the mince-pies, puddings, pastry, things which bring a thousand ills
In their train!
How they still come on me flocking,
With hateful "figures" mocking
My dazed brain.
And—ah, who's that I hear knocking?
Oh, it's positively shocking—
Doctor Squills!
With his recipes of powders, black draughts, pills,
To be followed by his bills,
Physic bills,
By the little boy in buttons, with his bills.
Oh, confound, then, Christmas-tide and all its bills!

Funny Folks. January 2, 1886.

THE SLEIGH BELLS.

HEAR the sleigh-belle, how she chatters
With her beau!
How she chatters, chatters, chatters,
Of innumerable matters,
While the horse's heel bespatters
Her with snow!

See the sleigh-belle with her lover!
How they feel
Like a pair of colts in clover,
This sleigh-belle and her lover,
Underneath the dainty cover
Of the seal!

See the people stand and stare
At the belle,
As, with loosely flowing hair,
And a smile beyond compare,
She is speeding through the air
With a swell.

Oh, such weather suits for riding,
Though 'tis rough;
And the sleigh-belle loves the gliding,
And such merry, merry sliding,
With her fifteen fingers hiding
In her muff!

The Topical Times. March 13, 1886.

AUTUMN BELLS.

HEAR the bakers with the bells—
Muffin bells!
What domestic happiness their melody foretell

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
As the man appears in sight,
With a mouth that's all a-wrinkle,
And an eye that's all a-twinkle
With a demon-like delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of flabby rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells,
With his yells, yells, yells, yells, yells, yells—
How we tolerate the torture of those yells!

Fun. October, 1886.

The Bells.

Hear the clamorous church bells!
Noisy bells!
What a sound of Pandemonium their ding-ding-dong foretells;
How they jingle, jingle, jingle,
Every morning, noon, and night,
Till I'm sure their deafening ring'll
Make my ears for ever tingle,
And my peace of mind quite blight.
Hear their dong-dong-dong,
Like a cracked old Chinese gong!
Oh, that tintinabulation's worse than all the street boy's yells.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
The jingling and the jangling of the bells!

Hear the Ritualistic bells,
Ceaseless bells!
What a discord most distracting in their noisy clappers dwells.
Ere has come the morning light,
I awaken in a fright
At their dong-dong-dong,
For 'tis matins all days long,
Till they ring for evensong.
Or 'tis Little Bethel's Bells
That from opposition steeple
Call the other kind of people.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a horror in me dwells
While the ear distinctly tells,
As the noise now ebbs, now swells,
That there's madness in the clangour of the bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
In the never-ending Babel of the bells!

C. H. Waring.

Fun. June 15, 1887.

The Christmas Party.

(American.)

The Reception.

Oh, the meeting of the Belles, and the greeting of the swells!
How the merry maidens chatter
While the men haw-haw and flatter,
And how roguish Cupid weaves his magic spells!—
Happy Belles!

The Dance.

Oh, the skipping of the Swells, and the tripping of the Belles!
As couples, clasped, advancing
In the whirling, twirling, dancing,
The merry laugh all starchiness dispels—
Solemn Swells!

The Supper.

Oh, the flirting of the Belles, the diverting of the Swells!
How memory fondly lingers
On a pressure of the fingers,
And thought upon a whispered nothing dwells!
Foolish Belles!

The Departure.

Oh, the parting from the Swells, the heart-smarting of the Belles!
Pledging no surcease of sorrow
Till the meeting on the morrow,
As with gleaming eyes they murmur their farewells—
Lucky Swells!

American Paper.

The Bills.

See the postman with the bills—
New Year's bills!
What a world of tribulation
Now their sending out fulfils!
How they rankle, rankle, rankle
In the startled dreams of night,
As the creditors' procession,
Of the chamber takes possession,
With a brutalised delight;
Calling "Time!" "Time!" "Time!"
In a sort of prize-ring rhyme.
To the dark and deep demnition
That so gradually kills,
From the bills, bills, bills, bills, bills,
From the tailors' and the hatters' little bills—
Bills!
Bills!
Bills!

The Umpire. January 7, 1888.

A parody entitled *Christmas Bills* appeared in "Pippins and Cheese," by Joseph Hatton; London, Bradbury, Evans & Co., 1868. Another, entitled *The Yells*, was written for recitation by Mr. John C. Morgan, of Kenmure Road, Hackney, and published by him, at the moderate price of one penny. These are too long to give in full, and extracts would not convey a fair idea of their merits.

:o:

"The Raven" was given on p. 27, Volume II., followed by numerous parodies. Since 1885 many others have been written, principally on political topics, but unfortunately political parodies are, as a rule, of only ephemeral interest. Consequently only a few of the best will be given complete, with extracts from some of the others.

An Appeal.

Once upon a midnight dreary, Gilbert pondered weak and weary,
Thinking of a curious title his new Comic Opera for,
When a volume from him flinging, suddenly there came a ringing,

As of some one madly clinging to the bell at his front door;
"It is D'Oyly Carte," he muttered, "ringing at my big front door,
Merely this and nothing more."

Poking then the glowing ember, for 'twas cold as bleak December,
Gilbert said "Ah, I remember in the olden time of yore,
Yea, and shall forget it never, though I were to live for ever,
How I vainly did endeavour once to see my 'Pinafore,'
Sat and suffered awful anguish in the stalls at 'Pinafore,'
Just that once, but nevermore."

"For the feeling—sad, uncertain—at the rising of the curtain,
Thrilled me, filled me with such terrors, that a solemn oath I swore,
And the oath have oft repeated, that though kings and queens entreated,
I would ne'er again be seated in the stalls as once before,
There to try and see the piece through, as I tried to do before,
Now to do so nevermore."

Open here was flung the portal by a pompous powdered mortal,
Who then ushered Mr. Carte in, as he oft had done before;
Not a moment stopped or stayed he, but a slight obeisance made he,
And in voice of thunder said he, "Mr. Carte"—then slammed the door,
And in tones stentorian said he, "Mr. Carte,"—then slammed the door.
Only this and nothing more.

Mr. Carte then said quite coolly, "Mr. Gilbert, tell me truly,
Have you found a proper title our new Comic Opera for?
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, as you hope to go to Aidenn,
Have you really, really made 'un? Tell, O tell me, I implore!
Tell me what its funny name is—tell, O tell me, I implore!"
Answered Gilbert—"Ruddygore!"

Carte uprose, alarmed, astounded, by this title much confounded,
For this word of dreadful meaning such a world of horror bore;
And he said, "This title gruesome, I feel very sure will do some
Injury, and we shall lose some thousands ere this piece is o'er
Such a name will surely ruin both your words and Arthur's score;
Therefore change it, I implore."

Then said Gilbert, calmly smoking, "D'Oyly Carte, you must be joking;
I have never found a title that I liked so much before,
For it gives the play the seeming of a drama that is teeming
With deeds of blood all streaming, which the people gloat so o'er;
Of those deeds all grim and ghastly that the people gloat so o'er;
Therefore be it Ruddygore."

And with title so unfitting, people still are nightly sitting
In the gallery, stalls, and boxes, from the ceiling to the floor;
And although they can't help glancing at D. Lely when he's dancing,
Think Miss Brandram's song entrancing, and give Grossmith an encore,
Still all cry, "Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, change this title "Ruddygore."
Not in spelling—we want more."

The Pall Mall Gazette.

About a week after the production of *Ruddygore* (January, 1887), when both the opera and its title were being adversely criticised, Mr. Gilbert jocularly remarked: "I propose altering the title of the piece, and calling it '*Kensington Gore; or, Not so good as the Mikado.*'"

AN ARTIST'S RAVIN'.

(*Apro-Poe of the Royal Academy Exhibition.*)

In my studio, listless, dreary,
As I pondered, weak and weary,
Over heaps of washy sketches I had painted years before,
Suddenly there came a tapping
(A curious wild mercurial tapping).
'Twas the postman's double rapping,
Rapping at the big front door.
Only this, and nothing more.

But it brought to me a feeling
Ever growing—never healing—
"Still so gently o'er me stealing,"
Which I'd often felt before.
The Academy were sending
Round those cards, those never-ending
Monitors to the offending
Limners they'd turned out before.
This it was—and nothing more.

As I sat there, half demented,
Our Jemima Ann presented
Several letters which were left me by that postman at the door;
And amongst them lay the verdict
The Academy had sent me,
And I swooned upon the floor—
Simply this—and nothing more.

Rising, on the verge of madness,
Should I—courting joy or sadness—
Find it now by bursting open the portentous seal it bore;
Or, in frenzy, should I burn it,
Or to the R. A.'s return it,
And their secrecy implore—
Their forgiveness—Evermore!

Or still feeling that without full
Knowledge, if a *Cross or Doubtful*
Might be lurking in the missive I've adverted to before,
Should I tenderly unfold it,
And in trembling digits hold it
To confront me Evermore
With its verdict—Evermore!

Musing thus, I opened wide the
Envelope, and looked inside the
Deep abyss, and found a curious card I'd never seen before:

'Twas the varnishing permission
For the coming Exhibition !
May I get it—Evermore ;
Be accepted—Evermore !

Funny Folks.

On October 31, 1886, *The Weekly Dispatch* (London), published five parodies on the "Raven" sent in for competition. The prize of two guineas was awarded to the following :—

ONCE beneath a tree at Hawarden, while I pondered in my garden
Over many a quaint and curious volume of Homeric lore.
While I nodded, nearly napping, came a noise like distant tapping,
Or shillelaghs gently rapping, on the verdant Shannon shore.
"'Tis more Irishmen," I muttered, "from the verdant Shannon shore—
Home Rulers, and nothing more !"

Ah, distinctly I remember—'twas in Eighty-six, November,
After every "Union" member had conspired my bill to floor—
In a state of agitation, I sought some vaticination
Which should show me if the nation would their G.O.M. restore :
If the public their old leader would to place and power restore
Once again, or nevermore.

Once again I heard the tapping ; then, his ebon pinions flapping,
O'er the wall there flew a Raven, of the stormy days of yore.
An old bird of aspect cheeky, with a croak extremely creaky,
And a bill extremely "Beaky," and a curl that hung before,
Like the curl once worn by Dizzy, which, you know, hung down before,
And he croaked out "Nevermore !"

Then methought the air grew denser, and he changed to Mr. Spencer,
And he gibbered, ghostly, ghoul-like, on the garden's tufted floor.
"Wretch !" I cried, "from distant Berlin, cease thy fierce moustache from twirlin' ;
Tell me, for my brain is whirlin', will the Fates my power restore ?
Will the dissidents surrender and once more my power restore ?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore !"

J. C. ROSE.

Highly commended :—

ONCE upon an evening dreary, as I pondered worn and weary
Over many a dusty packet of unsettled bills of yore,
As I sat serenely rocking, thinking it was very shocking,
Suddenly I heard a knocking—knocking at my study door.
"'Tis my tailor gay," I muttered, "knocking at my study door—
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah ! distinct my recollection, for I had a chest affection—
Out of cash—and in dejection I was gazing at the floor !
Vainly I had tried to borrow half-a-crown to meet the morrow,
But discovered, to my sorrow, none would trust me any more—
From the too-confiding butcher to my tailor, tradesmen swore
They would trust me—nevermore !

Then, my study door unbolting, in there stepped, with bow revolting,
He, my stern, relentless tailor, whom, I fear, I hated sore—
Made a most polite oration—didn't show the least vexation—
As he calmly took his station just within my study door,
With his bill upon the matting just within my study door—
Merely waited—nothing more.

"Tailor," cried I. "Imp of evil ! Tailor still, or else the Devil,
Whether Satan sent thee—whether 'bus thy body hither bore ;
Standing in thy frock-coat braided on my carpet very faded—
Having this my den invaded, tell me truly, I implore."
Is there, is there trust no longer ? Tell me, truly, I implore."
Quoth the tailor, "Nevermore !"

F. B. DOVETON.

"JOE" AFTER POE.

A Chamberlainian Dream.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and skeery,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of Midlothian lore ;
While I studied—deeply napping—suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping with something wooden on the door.
"'Tis some Radical," I murmured, 'with a cudgel at the door
Waiting for me—nothing more."

Presently my views grew broader ; "it must be that great marauder,
The big and hurly-burly Harcourt, sturdy limb of legal lore.
Yes, 'tis he of frame Titanic, massive jowl, and sneer Satanic,
That puts his foes to flight and panic when he occupies the floor.
Or perhaps it's Gladstone coming meekly pardon to implore—
"This it is, and nothing more."

Back I dashed the door, half crazy—had my wits turned mad or hazy—
For in there stepped a pompous raven, full of paunch and sleek galore,
And his look was grave and crafty, neither smiled, nor looked, nor laughed he,
As he slowly strutted past me, perching o'er my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Schnadhorst—somewhat broken—o'er the door,
Croaking "Caucus," nothing more.

* * * *

"Bird," I cried, "with voice so raucous—thou who pratest of that caucus
(Which once my highest praise and presidential honour bore)
Know that we're the Liberal party, and my brothers Dick and Arty,
We are the leaders—we—and Harty. And you shall return no more
Unless your vows and Grand Old Leader you throw over and ignore.
'Tis all we ask for—nothing more."

"Prophet," cried I, "thing of evil, prophet still, if bird or devil,
Whether Gladstone sent or lent thee thus to guide me back to shore,
Thro' that cloud the future veiling, say which way my bark is sailing?
Are our efforts unavailing? Shall I ever hold once more
My old position in our party? Tell me, tell me, I implore."
"Morley," quoth he, nothing more.

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend;" I cried, upstarting;
"All our conferential meetings only serve to part us more.
Get thee gone with this defiance, tho' we have no real reliance,
In the strength of our affiance—for 'tis rotten to the core—
This our aim, our hidden purpose, we don't want to cross the floor."
"Gladstone," croaked he, nothing more.

But that raven never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Demos—grimly mocking o'er the door;
And when Parnellites decrying, and stern common-sense defying,
All my former self belying, the shadow steals across the floor,
The prescience of a Dissolution stealing darkly o'er the floor—
Annihilation, nothing more.

W. L.

(Seven verses omitted.)

Pall Mall Gazette. April 13, 1887.

The Yankee Cryptogram.

A Tale of Shakespeare's Bacon.

Once within an autumn dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Of the only actress playing in my half-forgotten lore,
While I nodded—nearly napping, which is something oft does happen,
When some actors try the tapping, tapping of my written lore;
Someone muttered, "Not his writing." This has sure been said before.
Only this, and nothing more.

* * * *

Open then I flung the shutter, and with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a lengthy Yankee from Columbia's shore;
Not the least obeisance made he, not an instant stopped or stayed he;
But with haste like all the Yankees, wrote a book about my plays;
Wrote that it was Francis Bacon who had written all my plays,
Wrote and wrote, and nothing more.

Then the Yankee scribe beguiling all my sad soul into smiling
By the queer and strange arrangement of the nonsense that he wrote.
"Though thy pate's unshorn, unshaven, thou," I said, must be a craven,
Ghastly, grim, and lengthy Yankee, wandering from Atlantic's shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Baconian shore?"
"Donnelly, and nothing more."

Then the Yankee creature, holding Bacon's bust, spoke only
One long word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered, not a pamphlet even fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other men wrote thus before;
On the morrow he will leave me as the others did before.'
Said the Yankee, "Crypto! More!"

Startled at the stillness broken by the words so oddly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what he utters is his only stock and store,
Caught from an unhappy master, who some shocking brain disaster,
Turned into a poetaster, till his thoughts one burden bore—
Till the echoes of his thoughts one melancholy burden bore
Of Crypto—cryptogram!"

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed by an unseen censer,
Swung by creatures whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
Romeo cried, "Shakespeare hath sent me, to the world *he* lent me,
Showing through me and Juliet how it is true lovers love.
Leave, oh leave thy stupid fiction, and forget this cryptogram."
Quoth the Yankee "Nevermore."

"I am Richard! Man of evil! Hero still, though fiend and devil!
Whether tempter sent, or ill wind blew thee to our shore;
Take my word—me all undaunted—see Macbeth on ground enchanted,
Poor Macbeth by Banquo haunted—see them with a hundred more!
Hamlet and his murdered sire! Leave him, leave him, I implore."
Quoth the Yankee "Nevermore."

Said Orlando, "Thing of evil! Yankee man, be civil!
By the heaven that bends above us, by the God we both adore,
"Tell this soul all loving-laden, do you think that Francis Bacon

Could have made a sainted maiden, like the one called Rosalind?"
Made a fair and radiant maiden like to Shakespeare's Rosalind?"
Quoth the Yankee "Cryptogram."

"Be that word our sign of parting, Yankee fiend," I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back to Sampson Low's, or your own Atlantic shore,
Leave no proof-sheet as a token of the lie that you have spoken,
Leave my glory still unbroken, take that bust without my door,
Take thy book from off the press, and that bust without my door."
Quoth the Yankee "Nevermore."

And that Yankee never sitting, still is flitting, still is flitting,
With the pallid bust of Bacon to and from his printer's door,
And his tale has all the seeming of a madman who is dreaming,
And the Crypto o'er him streaming, holds him wriggling on the floor
And his book from out that Crypto wriggling with him on the floor
Should be published—Nevermore!

(Eight verses omitted.)

ITHURIEL.

The Topical Times. December 3, 1887.

Mr. Donnelly's ingenious, but absurd, theory that what we call Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon, has been utterly demolished by Dr. Nicholson, in "No Cipher in Shakespeare" (London, T. Fisher Unwin.) The theory was also most amusingly parodied in *The Cornhill Magazine* for August, 1888. In an article entitled "Who wrote Dickens's Novels" it was demonstrated, on Mr. Donnelly's system, that they were certainly written by Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

A VISION.

ONCE within my little study,* while the firelight gleaming ruddy
Threw fantastic lights and shadows on the wall and on the floor,
I was thinking of two nations that for many generations
Had known nought but deadly hatred and contentions sad and sore—
Nought but deadly strife and hatred and contentions sad and sore,
Going on for evermore.

And I thought, all this is blameful, 'tis not only sad but shameful,
All this plundering and oppressing and this spilling lakes of gore,
'Tis the nation that is stronger that has been the other's wronger,
Let her play this part no longer, but this cruelty give o'er,
Turn to ways of love and kindness, and this cruelty give o'er,
And have peace for evermore.

While unto myself thus speaking, on the stairs I heard a creaking
As of someone softly sneaking up to listen at the door;
Then said I, "You need not fear me, you can just come in and hear me,
Take a seat or stand a-near me, let us talk this matter o'er—
'Tis a grave and serious subject, let us talk it calmly o'er,"
Then I opened wide the door.

Then a being thin and shanky, white of visage, tall and lanky
Looking ill at ease and cranky, came and stood upon the floor;
In his hands some keys he dangled, keys that harshly clinked and jangled,
And over his right optic a large pane of glass he wore—
When it fell, he slowly raised it, and replaced it as before—
This he did and nothing more.

"Now," said I, the shape addressing, "don t you think 'twould be a blessing
If this Anglo-Irish conflict coming down from days of yore—
If this age-long woe and sadness could be changed to peace and gladness
And the holy ties of friendship could be knit from shore to shore
And no words but words of kindness pass across from shore to shore!"—
Quoth the lank one, "Tullamore."

At this word I marvelled truly, for it seemed to come unduly
As a misplaced exhibition of his geographic lore;
So my thread of thought resuming, I said, "There are dangers looming
Over England's wide dominion that 'tis useless to ignore,
What shall strengthen and sustain her when the battle-thunders roar?"
Answer made he, "Tullamore."

Then said I, "Across the waters Erin's faithful sons and daughters
Now have fierce and bitter memories burning in each bosom's core,
Think what peace and joy would fill them and what happiness would thrill them
If but England yielded freedom to the land that they adore—
If she spoke the word of freedom to the land her souls adore"—
But *his* word was "Tullamore."

"Think," said I, "of England's masses; every day that o'er them passes
Hears their murmurings and complainings swelling louder than before,
They object—and 'tis no wonder—to the rule of force and plunder
That so long has kept them under, squeezing blood from every pore—
Have you any word of comfort that their patience may restore?"
His reply was "Tullamore."

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* Mr. Sullivan's playful name for his cell in Tullamore gaol, where he was treated with a little less severity than some of his fellow political prisoners.

From my vision quick he glided; in my heart I then decided
That if this was England's message by this popinjay brought o'er,
She had missed a chance of glory that would brighten all her story—
But, I said, that lanky Tory was a humbug and a bore:
These words from both the peoples soon will ring from shore to shore—
"We are friends for evermore."

From "*Prison Poems*; or, Lays of Tullamore" by T. D. Sullivan, M.P. (Lord Mayor of Dublin). Dublin Nation Office, Middle Abbey Street. 1888.

On August 19, 1888, *The Weekly Dispatch* (London) published five competition parodies on the same topic. The following won the prize of Two Guineas:

TULLAMORE.

YE who Erin's history dreary oft have pondered, shamed and weary
Of our Saxon sway's inglorious volume of unrighteous lore;
Castle knaves her sons entrapping, cruel laws her vigour sapping,
Vampire landlords ever lapping at the blood her bosom bore;
Weep! for Mandeville is martyred, stilled the hero heart he bore—
Done to death in Tullamore!

Ah, distinctly we remember peasants, thrust, in bleak December,
From the peat-fire's smouldering ember, wandering on the barren shore,
Shiveringly to wait the morrow, vainly to attempt to borrow
Solace and surcease of sorrow—sorrow for their homes of yore—
For the poor dismantled cabins that they named their homes of yore—
Their one shelter, Tullamore!

Tyrant Balfour! slave of evil! Tyrant still if man or devil!
Whether Satan sent, or whether Cecil set thee at her door.
Erin's sons, who, all undaunted, hear thy tinsel bravery vaunted,
See their isle coercion-haunted—yet their patriots' lives implore.
Is there, *is* their hope of respite? Tell us, tell us, we implore!
Croaks brave Balfour, "Tullamore."

And brave Balfour, venom spitting, chief in council still is sitting,
While the pallid face of Dillon smiles behind his prison door;
For he sees, beyond all seeming, Erin's dawn of Justice beaming,
Knows that when the daylight streaming throws its radiance o'er her shore
Erin's soul from out thy shadow, that now desecrates her shore,
Shall be lifted, Tullamore!

SAMUEL MAPEHAM.

The following parodies are scarcely of sufficient interest to be included:—

The Union Bank Shareholder and the Rook, in "Lyrics and Lays," by Pips. Calcutta, Wyman Bros. 1867.

The Raving, in "Dublin Doggerels," by Edwin Hamilton M.A. Dublin, C. Smyth. 1877.

A parody on "The Raven," by Miss H. B. Winslow, in Graham's Magazine for June, 1848, Philadelphia.

Sequels to Poe's "Raven." A number of these were published in *Truth*, October 8, and November 19, 1885.

Ye Legende of ye Raven, in "The Yorkshireman's Comic Annual," 1885.

Dunraven, in the Christmas Number of "The World." 1885. Political.

Joseph and the "Caw-cus" Raven. "Truth," August 25, 1887. Political.

The Carol of a Cat. "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle." May 21, 1887.

Nevermore. "True Blue." January 29, 1887. Political.

Dunraven. "Punch." February 19, 1887. Political.

The Haunted Lifeboat. "Bridgend Chronicle." May 13, 1887.

The Dirge of Dead Letters. "The Porcupine." September 17, 1887.

The Voice of the People. The "Liberal and Radical." October 29, 1887.

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CHRISTMAS BOXES.

(*After E. A. Poe's lines* "FOR ANNIE.")

THANK heaven! the nuisance
Is over and past—
The fierce Christmas Boxers
Came eager and fast,
But my purse full of silver
Is emptied at last.

The scavenger—hang him!
Who howled "Dust ahoy!"
The lazy and blundering
Telegraph boy;
The lame crossing sweeper
Came "wishing me joy."

The turncock was grinning
"Merry Christmas"—what stuff!
His overpaid Company
Charge me enough;
And the sweep too's a claimant,
All sooty and gruff.

The postman, who often
Delivers next door
The note that should reach me
A whole day before,
Reminds me, the varlet,
"'Tis Christmas once more."

I've tipped the lamplighter
Though dark is my road;
Remembered coal heavers,
Though paid with each load—
Even poor-rate collectors,
Who no mercy showed.

And O! of all tortures
That torture the worst,
The Waits! who awoke me
From sweet slumber nurst,
And made the night hideous
With discord accurst.

Moonshine. January 8, 1887.

The Ladies, after Dinner.

See the ladies, ladies only,
Scattered lonely
Through the empty room and chill,
Ladies chatting each with other,
Wife and mother,
Ladies posing, posing still!

And their talk is faint and chilly
Almost silly!
Chatter about sun and rain,
Chatter about baby's teething,
Heavy breathing—
Wretched wee thing!—and his pain.

Talk about the latest story,
Gay or gory,
Blonde or *brune* has chanced to skim,
Talk of abbés, talk of verses,
Talk of Nurses,
Nurses, Baby,—more of *him!*

This, all this keeps going, going,
Overflowing,
Broken by a plaintive moan;
Luckless little ladies dreary,
How you weary,
How you weary all alone!

—:o:—

To William.

(At an immense distance after Poe.)

William, thy "glamour" is to me
Like these torpedo barks that oft
Go forth on the unvintaged sea
Fresh from the yards of Thornycroft;
Their mission—to blow ships aloft!

Through frantic speeches wont to foam,
Thy tongue, that could not be at peace,
Has brought us, for the "Rule" called "Home,"
To barter fame that matched with Greece,
And grandeur more than dwelt in Rome.

Lo, in thy dread historic niche
A bankrupt State shall see thee stand,
Thy wondrous Bills within thy hand!
Ah, William, these thy measures which
Have wrecked the land!

The Saturday Review. May 8, 1886.

Leonainie.

On April 28, 1886, *The Daily News* (London), published the following curious story about E. A. Poe:—

"*The New York Critic* has unearthed a story from *The Dispatch* of Kokomo about the youth of the author of 'The Raven.' There dwells a man in Kokomo (Ind.) whose grandfather kept a tavern in Chesterfield, near Richmond (Va.). The story states that, at the Chesterfield tavern, a dissipated-looking young man presented himself one evening about fifty years ago, and asked for a bedroom. When the servant went to call him in the morning he had disappeared, without the prosaic ceremony of settling his bill. In place of that he had left a book with a poem written on the fly-leaf 'as legible as print.' Now Edgar Poe's handwriting was as legible as Thackeray's, wonderfully clear and beautiful. The poem was signed E. A. P. We quote the first verse, and leave experts to decide whether it is, or is not, by Poe:—

Leonainie, angels named her,
And they took the light
Of the laughing stars, and framed her
In a smile of white,
And they made her hair of gloomy
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy
Moonshine, and they brought her to me
In a solemn night.

Here the angels and the absurd sonorous name Leonainie, and the midnight, are all very like Edgar Poe's manner, and very like his usual sentiment is the conclusion, when

My Leonainie drifted
From me in a dream.

But whether the resemblances are beyond the reach of parody it were rash to pronounce."

During his lifetime the inward application of spirits had a very bad effect upon Poe, and since his death spirits have done much to injure his reputation. It was bad enough for Miss Lizzie Doten and Dr. J. Garth Wilkinson to palm off their melodious twaddle as inspired by the spirit of Poe, the poems were nonsense, it is true, but nonsense written by educated persons. Whereas a work, published in New York twenty years ago, purporting to have been dictated by the spirits of deceased authors, contained a poem by the ghost of Poe which is noteworthy for the absence of any sense, and for the presence of grammatical errors which Poe, when living, would never have perpetrated.

As an authentic "spirit poem" it is curious, showing how Poets deteriorate when in Hades. The book is entitled "*Strange Visitors*," dictated by Spirits through a Clairvoyant. New York, G. W. Carleton, publisher, 1869.

The Lost Soul.

Hark the bell! the funeral bell,
Calling the soul
To its goal.
Oh! the haunted human heart,
From its idol doomed to part!
Yet a twofold being bearing,
She and I apart are tearing;
She to Heaven I to Hell!
Going, going! Hark the bell!
Far in Hell,
Tolling, tolling.
Fiends are rolling,
Whitened bones, and coffins reeking,
Fearful darkness grimly creeping
On my soul,
My vision searing.
She disappearing
Drawn from me
By a soul I cannot see,
Whom I know can never love her.
Oh! that soul could I discover,
I would go,
Steeped in woe,
Down to darkness, down to Hell!
Hark the bell! Farewell! farewell!

Rev. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

Born, December 6, 1788. | Died, June 17, 1845.

The author of the "Ingoldsby Legends" was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, he entered the Church, and eventually became a Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, London. He wrote for *John Bull*, *Blackwood*, *Bentley's Miscellany*, and was, for a time, editor of the *London Chronicle.*

Bentley's Miscellany was established in 1837, and in it appeared the famous "Ingoldsby Legends," a collection of poems unique for their fun and originality.

Popular phrases, the most prosaic sentences, the cramped technicalities of legal diction, and snatches of various languages are worked in with an apparent absence of all art or effort; not a word seems out of place, not an expression forced, whilst syllables the most intractable find the only partners fitted for them throughout the range of our language. These Legends have often been imitated, but never equalled.

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

A Legend of Jarvis's Jetty.

Mr. Simpkinson *(loquitur).*

'Twas in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frown'd, that little vulgar boy,—he deem'd I meant to scoff—
And when the little heart is big, a little "sets it off:"
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man,—it's striking Nine," I said,
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed,
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold—Oh! fie!
It is very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbb'd with agony,—he cried like anything.
I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—"Ah!
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma!!—

"My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!
And I am here, on this here pier to roam the world alone;
I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor '*brown*' to buy a bit of bread with,—let alone a tart.

'If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day and night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy;)
"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monument!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said,
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:
If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup,
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—
There's roast potatoes at the fire—enough for me and you—
Come home, you little vulgar Boy - I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said "she did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."
She with her apron wiped the plates, and as she rubb'd the delf
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch the beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call "a Bob")—
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"—

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see
The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;—
I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh dear!
I know 'twas on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen!—
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad brimm'd and lined with green;
My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand, that holds my sauce and soy,—
My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,
"Oh, Mrs. Jones, what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty go?—

That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to.night,
He's stolen my things and run away!!" Says she, "And sarve you right!!"

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound
To find that little vulgar boy, who'd gone and used me so;
But when the crier cried. "O yes!" the people cried, "O, No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,
There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down,
I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,
And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!" what that means I cannot tell.

The sailor-man he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,
A son of something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,
A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me, what could he mean?
With a "carpet swab" and "muckingtogs" and a hat turn'd up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"—
It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—
And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,—
It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say
He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning swim away
In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,
And they were now, as he supposed, "some*wheres*" about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"
He said, "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely "*stow'd the swag*,"—
That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track:
He ask'd me if "I didn't wish that I might get it back?"
I answer'd "To be sure I do!—it's what I'm come about."
He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,
And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd done me brown.
His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,
But he rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about.

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I described "the swag,"
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ!
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy.

Moral:

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma' tell,
"BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say "they wish they may be blow'd!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!

R. H. Barham.

The Vulgar Little Boy.

Mr. Simpkinson's Misadventure in London.

I was in London last July; I walked into the Strand;
I saw a vulgar little boy—a broom was in his hand;
The dirt upon his youthful face was quite against all rule,
I said, "You vulgar little boy, why don't you go to school?"

He laughed, that vulgar little boy—a roguish laugh had he—
He said, "The School Board schools are not for vulgar boys like me."
He put his finger to his nose his impudence to crown,
And asked me "if I could'nt give a little kid a brown?"

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man, it's really striking three?—
An hour when boys should be at school to learn their A B C.
The School Board man will take you up but only for your good,
And *make* you go to school." Says he, "I only wish he would.

"If there's a school for such as me will teach me how to write,
And read and spell and do a sum, I should be then all right,
I should be jolly glad, for then I might find some employ;
But Walker as to that!" says he—he was a vulgar boy.

I gave that boy a sixpence. Passing on I heard him cry,
"Ain't that old buffer werry kind!—oh, ain't he? Oh, my eye!"
And then he turned a somersault, which boys a "coach-wheel" call:
He was not so ungrateful, though so vulgar, after all.

Revolving this within my mind, next morn I thought it fit
To seek the river Palace—where the School Board people sit.
I thought I'd go and tell them as they hadn't found it out,
That loit'ring in the streets they might find several boys about

That I had heard the School Board schools were meant for such as these,
And not for little undergrads to go and take degrees;
But schools where London's little lads might go and learn to write
And read, and vulgar little boys be taught to be polite.

I gave my card, was ushered in, and told to take a chair ;
I saw a portly gentleman—it might be the Lord Mayor ;
I told him of these vulgar boys, and plainly put my case.
He laughed, that portly gentleman—he laughed right in my face.

"We do not care for vulgar boys," he said. "We use our powers
To shut up private schools, and get their pupils into ours.
We go in for 'accomplishments,' for music, and—who knows?—
Some day a School Board pupil may an opera compose!"

I said, "I thought it might be so (for rules true Genius spurns),
And from the gutters there might spring another Robert Burns."
But still he shook his portly head, and said, "Don't make a fuss,
If such there be, depend on it they'll get no help from us.

"'Tis not on vulgar little boys that we spend every year
Four hundred thousand pounds. You see that education's dear,
And is not to be wasted upon every boy you meet
Sweeping crossings, selling matches, loafing, begging in the street."

I said, "I thought the Act was passed that vulgar boys might share
Some little education, that they couldn't get elsewhere
That schools might fill, and gaols, in time might really empty be."
He said, "Well, now we've *got* the Act, that's what we cannot see."

Now, ratepayers, when election comes, remember to a man
Who caused all this extravagance—return them if you can ;
And so, 'twixt Board and ratepayer, to end this bitter strife,
Again I say return them all—but into private life.

ANONYMOUS.

MISADVENTURES AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

A Legend of the City.

'TWAS at Guildhall, a year ago, I chanced to hear a cheer,
And saw an Alderman stand forth ; thought I: "What make you here?"
There was upon his face a look of somewhat common joy ;
Again I thought : "Oh, can it be, you ever were a boy?"

But, strange to say, they cheer'd him still, and gave him such applause,
I looked into his face again, to try and seek the cause ;
Till some one in a wig announced he had not pass'd the chair,
And asked the citizens if they would make him their Lord Mayor.

They said they would ; I'm bound to say I didn't like the plan,
He seem'd to be, you see, a very pompous Alderman !
And put on very bumptious airs, and puff'd his shirt front out ;
Twas sad to hear the h's that he thickly dropp'd about.

"Come, rule o'er us," the Cits exclaim'd, "and be our new Lord Mayor,
And to the Mansion House we beg you to at once repair ;
You'll find the City annals there, its prestige and its fame,
And bear in mind that for a year we trust you with the same."

Well, he went to the Mansion House, amidst fresh marks of joy,
That pompous Alderman, who must have been, years since, a boy.
And there the City, with the trust and kindness that it shows,
Left him to do as he thought best, and did not interpose.

Some Aldermen were rather cross, and made a little noise,
And held themselves in readiness to be a counterpoise.
But meanwhile left him to himself, and murmur'd: "We shall see!"
And sundry ominous remarks when at their calipee.

* * * * *

I had to go to Jericho, and stay'd ten months or so,
And once more chanced, on my return, towards the Bank to go,
When passing by the Mansion House I saw a crowd about,
And heard a citizen remark : "Well, here's a nice set out!"

He seemed of some important fact to have his civic head full ;
"What's up?" I asked. Said he: "Oh lor'! he's served the City dreadful!"
"Who? what?" I cried, and thereupon the citizen began :
"Why, don't you know? I mean, of course, the pompous Alderman!"

"He's served you badly, eh?" said I ; the citizen replied :
"Oh, yes ; he has done much to wound our ancient City's pride.
Our name of hospitality, no trace of it is left!"
And taking out his handkerchief I noticed that he wept.

"I've just been in the Mansion House," said he, "and have look'd round ;
'Twas really very sad indeed, the state of things I found.
There's all our Civic Prestige gone ; of National Respect,
Although I searched both high and low, I could no sign detect.

"Of Popular Esteem, too, now there seems no stock, I see ;
And very little 'Charity' to what there used to be ;
He's even stripped the very Chair—the one in which he sat—
Of its Traditions ; did you ever hear the like of that?

"There's nothing left worth mentioning of all we valued so ;
Now can you wonder that I say, 'Now, here's a pretty go!'
That pompous, stubborn Alderman, to so our trust requite,
And turn upon the City thus!" Said I: "It serves you right!"

"It serves you right!" said I again. "The chair you should not fill.
With men like this ; their very ways suspicion should instil.
Your City should have shown more sense, and had sufficient *nous*,
To know that he should never be throned at the Mansion House."

Truth Christmas Number. 1879.

The Little Vulgar (Scotch) Boy.

The following appeared in *Punch*, August 13, 1881, with a cartoon, by Sambourne, representing the pedantic, pompous, prosy, priggish Duke of Argyll, in Highland Costume, "taking a sight" and putting out his tongue at the occupants of the Treasury Bench, whom he has just styled "Jelly-fish":

It was a little vulgar boy, exceeding sharp, and Scotch,
At Westminster Aquarium he stood the fish to watch.
He willingly had got at them, but, helpless so to do,
Indulged, *like* little vulgar boys in general, in "*Yah-boo!*"
He was a very cock-nosed boy, which tempted him, no doubt,
"To put his thumb unto that nose, and spread his fingers out."

Says he, "O yus, you *look* O.K." (the boy meant "Orl Korrect")
"You fancy you're big whales and things with backbones, I expect.
Yah-boo! you flabby, flopping, floundering flats, as limp as small,
You're only helpless jelly-fish, with not no spines at all!"
The creatures in the Tank appeared his cheek to quite enjoy,
But took no other notice of that little vulgar boy.

Sixty Years After.

I was in Margate once again. I limped along the pier;
I saw a great big vulgar man—I said, "What make you here?
The bloom upon your bulbous nose suggests the pewter can;"
Again, I said, "What make you here, you great big vulgar man?"

He scowled, that great big vulgar man, he deemed I meant to laugh,
He said (he was a vulgar man) he wouldn't "stand no chaff."
He turned the quid within his mouth, and from his seat he rose;
He stretched his hand wide out, and put his finger to his nose.

"Hark! don't you hear, my vulgar friend? it's striking ten," I said;
"An hour when every decent man should surely be in bed;
Go home and get your supper, or your wife will—Oh dear me!
It's very wrong for great big men to use a great big D."

The curses on his ready tongue burst forth as buds in spring;
His bosom swelled with anger, and he swore like anything!
I listened; and, between his oaths, he said "Upon my life,
I haven't got no supper, and I haven't got no wife!

"My wife is dead, and I have been in quod since Sixty-two,
I've got no work to do-oo-oo, I've got no work to do,
I haven't had this blessed day a mouthful or a drop;
I haven't got a bloomin' thing (so 'elp me!) I can 'pop.'

"If any gent 'ud give me food, or put me on a job,
By day or night I'd work all right to earn an honest bob;
But if there ain't, I tell you plain, it is my fixed intent
To hold a great mass meeting under Nelson's monument."

"Come home with me," I kindly said, "come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Brown—we must not keep her up.
There's devilled kidneys at the fire—enough for you and me;
Come home, you great big hungry man; I lodge at Number three."

(I used to lodge at Number two—the second in the row,
But Mrs. Jones is dead, and that was sixty years ago.)
I took him home to Number three, and called to Mrs. Brown,
And asked her kindly to step round into the Rose and Crown.

She looked at my companion; then she answered rather rough—
"It seems to me as if you'd had already quite enough.
Who is that horrid-looking man? and, when she'd wiped the delf,
Said, "Go unto Jerusalem and fetch your beer yourself!"

I went not to Jerusalem; I went to Mister Head.
I changed a thick'un:—that was Greek for sovereign, he said.
I got the liquor for the man (he did not come along);
I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it strong!"

When I came back, I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair,
I could not see that great big man—because he was not there!
I looked into the coal-box, and beneath the sofa too:
I said, "You great big vulgar man, why, what's become of you?"

I put my glasses on my nose, and looked, but could not see
The rat-tailed spoons I've always used these sixty years at tea;
I could not see my sugar-tongs, my good gold watch—oh, dear!
I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer,

I could not see my Inverness—it was not to be seen;
Nor yet my season ticket, with a strap and bound in green
My Gladstone bag! my "Tantalus"! my silver warming pan!
My devilled kidneys!—all are gone! and so's that vulgar man!

I touched the bell for Mrs. Brown, for she was down below;
"Oh! Mrs. Brown! what do you think? ain't this a pretty go?
That horrid great big vulgar man whom I brought here to-night,
He's stolen my things and run away!"—Says she, "And serves you right!"

* * * *

Next morning I got up and wrote a letter to the *Times*,
The *Morning Post*, the *Daily News*, *The Globe*, and *Church Bell Chimes*.
I asked if anybody knew the man who'd used me so,
And said "for information I would give a *quid pro quo*."

I told the Margate bobbies all the trick I had been played;
And all of them distinctly winked and promised me their aid;
And when I go to them and ask, they've always "got a plan"—
But never to this day have got that great big vulgar man.

The Globe. January 1, 1887.

THE LITTLE BULGAR BOY.

(A woful ballad of the Balkans.)

Sorrowful Suzerain *loquitur*:—

IT was at Philippopolis, in August of this year,
I saw a little Bulgar boy,—I said, “What do you *here?*”
The glow upon his youthful cheek, bespake exceeding joy.
I said, “What *is* your little game, you little Bulgar boy?”

He sniffed, that little Bulgar boy, he seemed inclined to scoff;
My heart has been so often bruised, a little sets it off.
He put his finger to his—— Well, my haughty bosom rose,
And I applied *my*—hem—my handkerchief unto *my* nose.

“Hark! don't you hear, my little man, your Suzerain speaks?” I said.
“How would you like a sack, a cord, the Bosphorus for a bed,
Run home to your Bulgarian home, or I shall scold, Oh, fie!
This is a most improper game for Bulgar Boys to try.”

The mockery in his little eye began again to spring;
His bosom shook with giggling strong—he laughed like anything!
I stooped, and, 'midst his chortling low, I heard him murmur “Bosh!
I haven't got no Suzerain, so *that* kibosh will not wash!

“If you into your Bosphorus, to your exceeding joy,
Can land me right, then blow me tight!” (A vulgar Bulgar Boy!)
“And now I'm here, old Pint o' Beer, it is my fixed intent
To raise to diplomatic rot a lasting monument.”

“Tut! tut! my little man—tut! tut!” I genially said.
“You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head.
If you go breaking Treaties thus, as though they were but eggs,
Either we'll have to stretch your neck, or you to stretch your legs!

“Go home at once, my little man, or scimetar and Krupp
Will have to take a turn at you—and won't they keep it up?
Don't pull the chestnuts from the fire for Mister Romanoff.
Cut home, you little Bulgar Boy! Skedaddle, slope, be off!”

“Home?” chuckled he. “Oh, certainly, with willingness and joy!
This *is* my home, old Bubblyjock!”—a vulgar Bulgar Boy!
“I said, “Remember Mrs. Bull, the kindest of her sex!
Will you snarl up her Berlin wool, and her kind bosom vex?”

But Mrs. Bull did *not* seem cross, she made but little noise.
She said *she* didn't care to “sit on” little Bulgar Boys.
She said, “Old Turkey-Cock, 'tis time you were upon the shelf.
Spank him? Go to—Roumelia, and spank the Boy yourself!”

I went not to Roumelia—I didn't like the job.
My purse was low; I scarce could raise what Cockneys call “a Bob.”
The Powers that be looked shy at me, they saw that I was riled,
But said, “We can't have rows all round, so please to draw it mild!”

When I went back I gazed about—I hunted everywhere,
I could not see my little foe—because he was not there
I peeped at Philippopolis, and at Sofia too,
I cried, “You little Bulgar Boy, what *has* become of you?”

I could not see my Tribute, no!—I looked, but could not see
The little fiddle-faddle sham they call my Suzerain*tee*.
I could not see my Treaty-rights—my Balkan-range—oh, dear!
The whole great Bizzy-Dizzy game was a great fraud, I fear!

I could not see my *status quo*—it was not to be seen!—
Nor yet my Pan-Islamic Flag, that flag—like me—so green.
My Carpet-bag, that held them all, my sole remaining joy,
Is gone, for ever gone!—and so's that little Bulgar Boy!

I ran to Mrs. Bull—her Salisbury *once* admired me so!—
“Oh, Mrs. Bull! what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty go?—
That horrid little Bulgar Boy you thought we'd tied so tight,—
He's stolen my things and run away!!!”—Says she, “*And sarve you right!!!*”

Punch. October 17, 1885.

There was another political parody entitled “*The Boy and the Bear*, a ballad of Bulgaria” in *Punch* September 24, 1887, but it was not so interesting, nor so close a parody as the above.

———:o:———

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there Like a dog in a fair,
Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!
With saucy air, He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peer'd in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
‘We two are the greatest folks here to-day!’
And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
Said, ‘The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!’

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due,   Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more   A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in 'permanent ink.'

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white:
From his finger he draws   His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight   By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout,   And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
The friars are kneeling,   And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew   Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels,
In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs,
They examine the mugs:—
But, no!—no such thing;—
They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that, 'when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it!'

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying,
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!—
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise   To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone,   The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn:
When the Sacristan saw,   On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay,   As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;—
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim,   So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, 'THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's RING!'
The poor little Jackdaw,   When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
'Pray, be so good as to walk this way!'
Slower and slower,   He limp'd on before,
'Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw,   Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression   Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
—When those words were heard,   That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.
He grew sleek, and fat;   In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!
His tail waggled more   Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about   With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumber'd in prayer-time, and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw   Would give a great 'Caw,'
As much as to say, 'Don't do so any more!'
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they 'never had known such a pious Jackdaw!'
He long lived the pride   Of that country side,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint,   His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint!
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonised him by the name of Jim Crow!

R. H. BARHAM.

First published in *Bentley's Miscellany*, 1837.

The Story of the Latest Curse

THE Pontiff sat in St. Peter's Chair,
Cardinals, too, quite a host, were there,
Cardinal this and Cardinal that,
Cardinals lean and Cardinals fat,
Cardinals sitting in style and state,
Cardinals full of importance great,
With Cardinal Vicars of high degree,
In sooth, a goodly company;
And as they sat in full conclave thus
Momentous matters did they discuss;
And presented reports of a wide-spread scope
To their Holy Father and Sovereign Pope.

And chief of points to attention claim
The perennial Irish Question came,
With its *pros* and *cons*, which no ending knew,
And the Tory Government's biassed view,

And the Duke of Norfolk's suggestions, too,
Of the course the Pope should henceforth pursue.
They quoted once more
All the legal lore
That, as they said, on the question bore.
They wrangled, too,
(Which was nothing new)
And made a fuss and a great to-do;
And argued, some for the twentieth time,
That to join in the "Plan" was a heinous crime,
And loudly declared, through thick and thin,
That "Boycotting" was a deadly sin;
Whilst others maintained
That no course remained
Save that to patriots gagged and chained!
But the Pope meanwhile
Gave a ghastly smile
As the Cardinals talked about Erin's isle,
And exclaimed, "This matter must settled be,
Or else it will be the death of me!
Draw up a report without delay,
And present it to me this very day;
For I've promised the Duke
That I'll rebuke
My Irish flock in a pastoral way!"

* * * *

So the Cardinals did what the Pope demanded
And their Report to him duly handed,
Denouncing the "Plan" and those who used it,
And any Priest who at all excused it;
Condemning "Boycotting," too, as wrong,
In Latin phrases extremely strong.
And having read it, the Pope made known
That its sentiments were, in good sooth, his own;
And heedless quite
Of the cause of right,
And grossly misled by party spite,
'Till he was moved to believe the worst
Of Ireland—libelled, maligned, aspersed—
The Pontiff published that famed "Decree,"
And filled the Unionist camp with glee.

Yes, it filled the Unionists' hearts with hope,
For "Lo!" said they, "that obliging Pope
Has cursed with bell and with book and candle
The cause of Home Rule—that crying scandal!
In holy anger and pious grief
He's solemnly cursed each Irish thief!
He has cursed Parnell and his plundering crew
In all they say or attempt to do.
He has cursed the League, he has cursed its chiefs,
And its helpless serfs, and its threatened fiefs.
He has cursed O'Brien and Dillon, John,
And his curse is O'Connor (Tay Pay) upon.
He has cursed McCarthy and T. M. Healy,
And all of the Irish leaders, really;
He's cursed them abroad, and he's cursed them at home,
With all the anathemas used at Rome;
He's cursed them both in and out of gaol,
He's cursed the few now at large on bail;
He's cursed them in eating, he's cursed them in drinking,
He's cursed them in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
From the souls of their feet to the crowns of their heads,
He's cursed them awake, and asleep in their beds;
He's cursed them in standing, in sitting, in lying,
He's cursed them in speaking, and selling, and buying;
He's cursed the Gladstonian Party, too,
For daring to make that alliance new.
In short these Unionists all averred
So dreadful a curse had never been heard!

Forsooth these Unionists talked away,
Of this Papal curse all the live-long-day,
And gloated with quite a savage glee
On what must come of the Pope's "Decree."
"They must be crushed, these vile Irishmen,"
They daily repeated with tongue and pen.
"No more shall we hear of Parnell's fresh crimes!"
Exclaimed, in "leaded bourgeois," the *Times*,
"Confusion has stricken the League's curs'd host,"
Was the warning cry of the jubilant *Post*.
"There's an end forthwith to the sorry set!"
Was the evening shriek of *St. James's Gazette*.
But all the time they were writing thus,
And making this daily fume and fuss,
Declaring the Nationalist cause was done,
And the Parnellites doomed were every one.
Whilst still they were bidding the world to see
What ruin was wrought by the Pope's "Decree,"
And everywhere stating, in prose and verse,
There never was heard such a terrible curse!
This fact gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

* * * *

Stay! some one *seems* a good deal the worse
For this much-debated Vatican curse;
And that is the Pope himself, for he,
By even the issue of his "Decree,"
Made public the fact, beyond recall,
That he knows of Ireland nothing at all.
The Irish Bishops 'tis true, have tried,
To soften the blow to their Pontiff's pride;
While the Irish people have treated his curse
As a Papal weakness, and nothing worse.
So far, so good!
But the Pontiff should
Bear in mind in how false a place he's stood;
He must ne'er again base denunciation
On false and on biassed information;
And certainly never give vent to a curse
For which *he* only is any the worse!

Truth. June 7, 1888.

——:o:——

THE EXECUTION.

A Sporting Anecdote.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day:
It was half after two. He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim Was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come, tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?"—

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door released, behind him bang'd:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuse. And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope-dancers a score, I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more;
But to see a man swing, at the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing."

* * * *

R. H. BARHAM.

THE FROLICS OF BOREAS.

OLD BOREAS sprung up one day—says he,
"*Blow* me tight, but I'll have a spree—
I must be very much missed, no doubt,
'Tis a long time since I had a *blow out;*
And as things in town are dreadfully dead,
I'll stir them up, though as heavy as lead.
Yes, now for a rollicksome, frolicksome chase,
I'll raise the wind in every place."
So away he went, through the Strand so gay,
Blowing up everything in his way—
Upsetting dozens (in spite of their squalls,)
Of old women's apple and lollipop stalls.

Never was heard such a terrible shout,
As the apples and brandy balls rolled about;
The old women swore, while the urchin shouts
After the stock, and runs off with the fruits.
On went Boreas playing his rigs,
Blowing off bonnets and ladies wigs—
Making their hairless heads apparent,
Which none would do but a rogue so arrant.
Puffing and blowing onwards he bounds,
Frisking the skirts of the ladies' gowns—
Forming completely, as gentlemen say—
And ladies, sometimes, a *show leg day.*

Away he went blustering through Pall Mall,
To the discommotion of every swell—
Giving their stay-laced figures a twirl,
Blowing their whiskers quite out of curl—
Piercing their benjamin waterproofs,
Blowing their *tiles* from off their *roofs*—
Whirling old bachelors into the mud,
And old maids upon them—oh, gemini, lud,
Knocks down of chimneys a terrific lot,
Sends a respectable family to pot;
Upsets a woman with flowers a growing,
Just as she squall'd out *all a blowing!*

On went Boreas, mighty and strong,
Puffing out lamps as he went along—
Putting a thief in the way of a job,
Of *dissecting* a pocket, or lightening a fob:
Leaving the Peelers quite in the dark,
Doing a turn for an amorous spark;
Giving the drunkard a chance, at most,
Of running his cranium 'gainst a post.
Upon the Park he flies to attend,
And gives the boughs a bit of a bend—
The brave old oaks in the air he heaves,
Without so much as *axing* their *leaves.*

Down he rushed to the river side,
Sunk the loose barges, and *blowed up* the *tide;*
Led the wherries a wherry rum chase,
Gave Father Thames some *blows in the face.*
Among the rigging he played his *rigs,*
And capsized quite the captain's gigs;
The fishes swore they were quite *dead bait,*
And rolled about in a *floundering* state.
At last his frolics came to an end,
He couldn't *raise wind*—he was *bellows to mend,*
So, as a *wind-up,* he, with all his might,
Blew himself to *Wind*—sor to spend the night.

ANONYMOUS.

A PARLIAMENTARY LEGEND.

THE Marquis Bobby sat down one day,
Feeling himself in a very bad way:
His was the delicate porcelain clay
Not made for *the shelf,* like mere common delf,
And he felt that the world wanted something—himself;
For he loved to stand in the light of day,
To have his own way, and to say his own say—
To slaughter and gibbet and mangle.
Now he thought to himself, here's the devil to pay,
Never a chance of a row or a wrangle,
No Afghan affairs to get in a tangle.
Gladstone before and old Johnny behind;
With a wide-awake Postmaster, even if blind;
Everything bound to go to the bad:
His place, too, filled by a rascally "Rad."
Things seemed to his lordship gloomy—very,
So he rose and rang for his Secretary.

Mr. Sec.—was a gentleman born
Who hated a "Cad" with a noble scorn:
He had learned at the best of public schools,
To sneer at snobs, and the wretched fools,
Who earned bread and cheese upon office stools,
And his clothes were got on credit from Poole's;
He knew men were fools who trusted *two* stools,
So wisely followed *her Ladyship's* rules.
He entered in haste, tho' with dignified gait
(It *wasn't allowed* for Lord Bobby to wait).

The noble Marquis raised his head,
And to his underling he said;
"Beaconsfield's dead, and Northcote is led
By the nose, and whatever the last man has said,
Richmond's a donkey; Cairns is a parson;
Who but myself can carry this farce on?
People agree that there must be a head;
And there's only myself in the old man's stead;
Tell me, Sir Secretary, what think you,
What can a born statesman find to do?"
He paused, and the gentleman scratched his head,
"There's only the Land Bill, my lord," he said,
"And the news of the evening, as you will see,
Is that the Commons will not agree."

Then the Marquis Bobby jumped up in haste,
And he muttered a something that sounded like "baste."
And something resembling "bate 'em;"
He felt that the fun wasn't yet quite done,
Though he'd issued his "ultimatum."
"Enough—call it done, my son of a gun—
I'll show 'em a game ere with me they've done:
Go call my henchmen liel and true:
Call Cranbrook, Carnarvon and 'canny' Buccleuch,
And call that fool of a Marlborough, too,
Fetch the rest of the noble crew,
With heads so thick and blood so blue;
And by way of a 'rat' and a tit for a tat,
Look up the Grey and the Fortescue;
And even Gladstone shall learn to rue
That with Irish landlords he'd aught to do;"
Then his lordship sighed as he thought of the grouse,
Put on his hat and went down to the "House."

The clock strikes twelve, it is really midnight,—
But "their Lordships' House" is a blaze of light;
The "parties have met and been pretty hard set,
To amend the amendments and manage to get
A Bill which *looks* something substantial—and yet
Isn't the thing that is wanted quite
In this nice little island so bright and so tight.
The Marquis Bobby has had his fling—
Denounced the whole as a villainous thing,
A theft—a blunder—a sham—and a sin,
And sworn that the Lords will *never give in.*

Gad, 'tis a very fine sight to see
A very fine Aristocracy,
Proud of port and stern of eye,
With a look that says plainly—"Never say die,"
Stemming the tide of Democracy.
The clock strikes "one" and the thing isn't done.
The Marquis Bobby has munched a bun,
Some aged nobles have "cut and run;"
But sternly arrayed, as to say, "Who's afraid!"
The rest wait for the message too long delayed.

The clock strikes "four," and at the door
Sounds a something that isn't exactly a roar—
A sort of a scuffle and underbred shuffle,
As of Commons who wouldn't their lordships ruffle;
Impatience just tempered with awe.
But the message is plain—as plain as the day,
"*My Lords, the Commons will not obey.*"

Then the Marquis Bobby in wrath arose,
And he—well, I'm almost afraid to disclose;
Well—he took up his hat and he blew at his nose,
And—did as do Fakirs, or people called Quakers,
Or a gentleman namesake of his, "Bobby Acres,"
And exclaimed, "Why, hullo! here's a rum go.
That fellow has made us do just what he chose.
We certainly might have saved all our jaws.
Thank God," with a pause, "there's *the wild duck clause;*
But they'll laugh at and quiz us all over their town,
We're all of us done so uncommonly brown."

What act could be done? Well, it wouldn't surprise one
To know that they did a very unwise one,
But now in their favour, there's this to be said,
They thought better of it, and you may have read,
That my Lords and Lord Bobby—*went home to bed.*

From *Grins and Groans*, Social and Political.
Published by W. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., about 1882.

The Lord of Intrigue.

Pollaky sat in his oaken chair,
Carte de visite and letter lay there,
Princely coronet, lordly crest,
Many a mystery, many a quest,
With missive and *billet* of lesser degree,
In sooth an extraordinary company;
And they seemed to ask, "Oh! unravel me,"
Never, I ween,
Was a subtler seen,
Concerned in divorce, or elopement, or league,
Than love's autocrat, Pollaky, lord of intrigue.
In and out
Through the motley rout,
The Lord of Intrigue goes hunting about,
Here and there,
Like a dog in a fair,
Through flights and divorces,
Elopements and curses,
Through a lady's love and a husband's grudge,
Proud as a Cardinal, sharp as a Judge;
And he smiles in the face
Of the scrawl of his Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"Oh, the duchess must fall in our trap to-day."
While his clients with awe
As such schemes they saw,
Said, "Pollaky's sharper than Hades, you know."
Never, I ween,
Was a subtler seen,
Concerned in divorce, or elopement, or league,
Than love's autocrat, Pollaky, lord of intrigue.

From Benjamin D——. *His Little Dinner.* 1876.

The Devil's Billiard Match.

Mr. Peeler was known to be one of the milliards
Who go in for spending their talents on billiards;
And by diligent training,
And careful abstaining
From gin and tobacco, succeeded in gaining
Such skill at a hazard, a cannon, or "pot,"
And was voted so "hot"
When he got "on the spot,"
That no one would play him, not e'en the great Cooker,
(Who some people say is a bit of a fluker).
He gave points to Jobenit, Bobs, and Michelli,
And knocked the whole lot of 'em into a jelly;
He often would make
A two-thousand break,
And only left off when he found his arm ache,
Such a wonderful use did he make of his "stick,"
That everyone thought he was leagued with Old Nick;
And they went down to see this most wonderful "coon,"
Evening and noon,
In December or June,
At the Royal Aquarium Billiard Saloon.
And some time ago,
As perhaps you may know,
A match was arranged, and this time Peeler's foe
Was Signor Michelli, who often made lots
Of very good shots
And consecutive "spots,"
And the odds Peeler gave to this man of such fame
Were five hundred points in a one thousand game.
Now Signor Michelli, though very much saner
Than many, was far from a total abstainer;
And whether the cheer of the festival season

Or hard mental work had deprived him of reason
I cannot affirm, but I'm positive quite,
That he *looked* to be tight,
On the advertised night,
In spite of his tie and his linen so white ;
For when he came in he walked up to the slate,
And proceeded at once in a manner sedate,
To rub out the figures just under his name,
And said that he "Wanted no pointsh in thish game,"
And would play "the young d——l,"
A thousand up level ;
After making which modest and courteous remarks,
He proceeded at once to be up to his larks ;
Made a very bad shot
To screw in off the spot,
(Instead of just giving the usual miss)
Which was baulked by his making the two balls to kiss,
And left a good cannon
For Peeler, who ran on
Ran off, and ran out, and finished the game,
Amidst a loud cheering and general acclaim ;
Whilst Michelli, who'd wanted to shine as a hero,
Stared aghast at his chalks, which were standing at zero.
At this point a gentleman stepped forth from the audience,
Who'd apparently tried
All colour to hide,
And to drive from his raiment all tints that were *gaudy* hence ;
His clothes were all black,
At the front and the back,
His handkerchief, watch-chain, and locket, and tie,
His shirt and his studs, and his collar so high,
His boots and his buttons, his hat and his rings—
In short, every one of his visible things
Was as black as a crow, and—keep down your sniggers—
His face and his hands were as black as a nigger's !
He took his hat off
And uttered a cough ;
Then with cynical satire, and many a scoff,
He called Mr. Peeler
A "ginger-pop dealer,"
And snapped out "Nicolo Scratchini's my name,
And I'll play Mr. Peeler a ten-thousand game ;
And these points I will my opponent assign—
Nine thousand nine hundred and ninety and nine !
And the stakes——" here he whispered in Peeler's left ear,
And that eminent cueist turned giddy with fear ;
But covered the tip of his cue well with chalk,
And led off the game with a miss into baulk.

But his sable opponent then smirked a queer smirk,
And flourished his cue as he'd flourish a dirk,
Put his ball in the D, and aimed right at the red ;
And with such awful twist on his flying ball sped,
That it screwed into baulk in the right corner pocket ;
As a ruby gleam flashed from the Stranger's black locket,
Then he got "on the spot" and made three thousand hazards ;
Whilst the audience stared as if knocked on the mazzards ;
Then made scores of cannons—the kind known as "nursery"—
Whilst Peeler was making remarks that were curse-ory ;
And at last, being "cushioned" or "under the bank,"
Fetched his ball such a twank,
Such a terrible spank,
That it gave to the red a most thundering clank,
And both smashed to bits,
And knocked into fits
The marker who sat where he commonly sits ;
And the audience yelled, when they saw all this steam on,
"My ! ain't he a scorcher ! O, ain't he a demon !"
Then Signor Scratchini, as meek as a lamb,
Looked up, and most quaintly remarked, "Yes, I am !"
And his polished black boots turned to black hoofs with corns,
And his black curly hair to a black pair of horns,
His cue to a pitchfork, his black eyes to coals,
His fingers to claws, and his studs into holes
From whence there came out such a fire and a smoke
That everyone felt just as though they would choke ;
And he grabbed hold of Peeler, with eyes darting flame,
But Peeler had presence of mind to exclaim—
"You've not won me yet, you old cheat ! fie for shame !
Fair play's a jewel, Nick ! Finish the game."

Nick let go his hold, for though only a curs't 'un
He felt he was bound, by the framed rules of Thurston,
Since he'd broken the balls, to be honest and plain,
And call upon Peeler to "break them" again.
So P. in a stew
Took up his cue
And aimed at the red in a manner so true,
And put on his ball such a *quantum* of screw,
That without more ado
It vanished from view
In the top corner bag—and the red went in too.
Old Scratch gave a scream
That curdled the cream,
And was gone from their gaze like a horrible dream,
(Which is not an original line, by the way,
Though where I have read it I really can't say.)
And then Mr. Peeler
Called a four-wheeler,
And drove home at once without any delay,
And never played billiards again from that day,
But turned to a rigidly moral and *mental* man,
And was troubled no more by the black-dressed Old Gentleman.

Moral.

Don't think that a man who's a total abstainer
Is therefore as good as a saint—to be plainer,
Don't be sure that a chap who'll not drink, smoke, or marry
May not all the same be in league with Old Harry.

You'll get much more good from Æneids and Iliads
Than by wasting your time and your money on billiards,
For take it as true, be you sage or buffoon,
You are sure to find Nick in a billiard saloon.

One word more,
If a score
Will make the game o'er,
Just "shop" your opponent, and bolt through the door.

From *Rare Bits*, in which paper several other imitations of the Ingoldsby Legends have appeared.

A Row in the Upper Circles.

A Legend of the Haymarket.

BANCROFT the manager sits in his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
And he says as he slaps his hand on his knee,
"I mean to abolish the P. I. T.
The P. I. T. of the Hay-mar-ket,
When turned into stalls, will be nightly let
For a sum that I own will be pleasant to get ;

And all will agree
'Twould be ruin to me
To keep on the Haymarket P. I. T."

The green baize rose to the prompter's bell,
But the hubbub that followed no words can tell;
Shriek and whistle and howl and yell,
Like fiends let loose from the nethermost ——L.
"P. I. T! P. I. T!
That's the place whence the play we'd see.
BAN-CROFT! BAN-CROFT!!"
('Twas thus they shouted from high aloft)—
"Upper circles for *us?* Pooh! Bah!
Pish! Tush! Humbug and swindle—yah!
Manager Bancroft, don't forget
We've been used to a pit at the Hay-mar-ket.

Bancroft the manager rose from his chair,
And his brow was shaded by sorrow and care,
And he walked to the footlights, and made his bow,
As Manager Bancroft so well knows how:
"Ladies and gentlemen," he did say,
"What may you please to want to-day?"
"P. I. T! P. I. T!
This is the thing we want to see;
These high upper boxes are fiddle-de-dee,
And we don't care a snap for your piteous plea,
And there really must be
A nice P. I. T."

Bancroft the manager tries to speak,
But his voice is drowned in a shout and a shriek.
"A P. I. T.
Won't pay," says he;
"There's the company, scenery, taxes, and rent,
You don't know the money already I've spent,
But, believe me, I grieve at your discontent,"

"P. I. T— P. I. T—
If we don't have that we won't come and see
The plays you produce if you let us in free."
Manager Bancroft tries to be heard,
But the Public will listen to never a word,
Till, tired of shouting, they cry anon,
"You'd better go off, and the play go on!"

So this was the end of the flurry and fret
That marked the first night at the Hay-mar-ket,
So long live the manager, long live he,
Here's success both to Mr. and Missis B.,
And may we all often go there to see
The plays they produce to delight you and me,
E'en though they've abolished the P. I. T.

Judy. February 11, 1880.

In the *old days* of the Haymarket Theatre under the management of J. B. Buckstone, the pit was the most comfortable in London; but, Buckstone died in debt, whilst after abolishing the pit the Bancrofts made a fortune in a few years.

Mirth and Metre, by Frank E. Smedley and Edmund H. Yates, published by G. Routledge & Co., 1855, was a small shilling book of poetry, written avowedly in imitation of Barham's *Ingoldsby Legends,* besides containing several excellent parodies of other authors.

The following extracts from one of the imitations, written by F. E. Smedley, show that he had caught the knack of Barham's versification. Unfortunately the poem is too long to quote in full:—

THE ENCHANTED NET.

THERE were sundry strange monsters existing of old,
Could we only give credit to half we are told,
As evinced (on the *ex pede* Herculean plan,
Which from merely a footstep presumes the whole man)
By our *Savans* disturbing those very large bones,
Which have turned (for the rhyme's sake, perhaps) into stones,
And have chosen to wait a
Long while hid in *strata,*
While old Time has been dining on empires and thrones.
Old bones and dry bones,
Leg-bones and thigh-bones,
Bones of the vertebræ, bones of the tail,—
Very like, only more so, the bones of a whale;
Bones that were very long, bones that were very short
(They have never as yet found a real fossil merry-thought;
Perchance because mastodons, burly and big,
Considered all funny-bones quite *infra dig.*)
Skulls have they found in strange places imbedded,
Which, at least, prove their owners were very long-headed;
And other queer things—which 't is not my intention,
Lest I weary your patience, at present to mention,—
As I think I can prove, without further apology,
What I said to be true, sans appeal to geology,
That there lived in the good old days gone by
Things unknown to our modern philosophy,
And a giant was then no more out of the way
Than a dwarf is now in the present day.

Sir Eppo of Epstein was young, brave, and fair;
Dark were the curls of his clustering hair,
Dark the moustache that o'ershadowed his lip,
And his glance was as keen as the sword at his hip;
Though the enemy's charge was like lightning's fierce shock,
His seat was as firm as the wave-beaten rock;
And woe to the foeman, whom pride or mischance
Opposed to the stroke of his conquering lance.
He carved at the board, and he danced in the hall,
And the ladies admired him, each one and all.
In a word, I should say, he appears to have been
As nice a young "ritter" as ever was seen.
He could not read nor write,
He could not spell his name,
Towards being a clerk, Sir Eppo, his (†) mark,
Was as near as he ever came.
He had felt no vexation
From multiplication;
Never puzzled was he
By the rule of three;
The practice he'd had
Did not drive him mad,
Because it all lay
Quite a different way.
The Asses' Bridge, that Bridge of Sighs,
Had (lucky dog!) ne'er met his eyes.
In a very few words he expressed his intention
Once for all to decline every Latin declension,
When persuaded to add, by the good Father Herman,
That most classical tongue to his own native German.
And no doubt he was right in
Point of fact, for a knight in
Those days was supposed to like nothing but fighting;
And one who had learned any language that is hard
Would have stood a good chance of being burned for a wizard.
Education being then never pushed to the verge ye
Now see it, was chiefly confined to the clergy.

* * * * *

HANDY JACK.

(A Lay of Alexandria.)

"The sailors, after proving themselves excellent gunners and most useful infantry, have to-day shone in the capacity of engineers."—*The Standard.*

OH! for what are you *not* good and game,
Handy Jack?
For what are you *not* good and game?
Upon Egypt's far strand
You seem turning your hand
To almost any job one can name,
Which same
Should resound, my dear Jack, to your fame!

You're exceedingly good with a gun,
Handy Jack!
As we know from the deeds you have done.
At infantry duty,
A regular beauty,
On land and on water you're one
Whose fun
Is to fight and do aught—except run.

* * * *

You are brave, and no end of a brick,
Handy Jack!
Jack-of-all-trades, as cheery as quick;
Amphibious of gift,
Ambidextrous and swift,
And as awkward to flummox as lick;
The pick
Of our Blues would not strike to Old Nick.

Here's your jolly good health and good luck,
Handy Jack!
And the flag you so seldom have struck.
Ashore or afloat,
On a bridge, or a boat,
You're a picture of *nous* and of pluck
Never stuck.
They who say that Jack has altered talk muck!

Punch. August 19, 1882.

THE CARDINAL'S HAT.

A tremendous outcry against the Roman Catholics was raised in 1850, when the Pope created Cardinal Nicholas Wiseman—Archbishop of Westminster, and divided all England into Romish dioceses. But the agitation ended in smoke, it is true the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passed in 1851, yet it has practically remained a dead letter, and it was wittily said of Lord John Russell that, after chalking up "No Popery" on Cardinal Wiseman's door, and ringing the bell—he ran away.

Amongst the many pamphlets written on the topic was one published by Henry Beal, Shoe Lane, London, entitled "*The Cardinal's Hat:* How, when, and where it was made, and what became of it." By Ipsedixit. 1851. This is an imitation of the Ingoldsby Legends, and like them is very uncomplimentary to Roman Catholic priests, consequently, several passages have been omitted in the following reprint, as being not only offensive and ungenerous, but also untrue:—

WE have all of us heard of the CITY OF ROME,
The fountain of Catholic blessings, and curses,
Where those who are lucky in having long purses
Go, to stare at the huge Coliseum and Dome
Of St. Peter's, and bring curiosities home,—
Such as medals, and casts; and indeed, whate'er fixes
Their fancies,—rags—relics—beads—bones—crucifixes;
Grand portraits of Saints, who cured fearful disease
By the sufferer's merely going down on his knees,
And telling some beads, and by offering some fees,
For Saints, like the men who take M.D. degrees,
Their practice conduct in an orthodox way,
And grant no relief to the souls who can't pay.

Well—in this great and world-renowned City of Rome,
Within the broad shadow that's cast by the dome
Of St. Peter's aforesaid, is the Strada del Popolo,
In which stands the house of the famed St. Jacopolo;
And there reside thirty or forty stout monks, to see
Whom, much reminds one of Smithfield obesity.
All day long
Goes ding-dong
Their bells—and their song
Alarms you at eve as you're walking along:
But at midnight, a wild and demoniac yelling
Is heard from within, of some mystery telling;
And I've heard
It averred,
That a vile brimstone smell in
The Strada del Popolo, oft causes those
Who're passing—the orifice nasal to close;
And, like old Daniel Tucker, of whom, I dare say
You have heard—to make tracks "and git out of the way."

Now—scorning the aid of that personage odious,
The two-sticked dark gentleman known as *Asmodeus;*
We have unroofed the house of these portly old men,
And gaze without obstacle into their den!
St. Peter's great bell tells one more day is dead;
Respectable persons lie snugly in bed;
Only a beggar or woman with shrewd eye,
Is prowling about, to pick up a few *scudi;*
But Jacopolo's altar is all in a blaze,
Ten thousand wax tapers emit their bright rays,
And at first you are almost struck blind as you gaze:
The Abbot is clad in his finest attire
Of satin and silk, at a price rather higher
Than an *un*-worldly man, one might think, would desire;
But what puzzled one most—and what seemed very queer,
Was—that all the fat Monks of Jacopolo there,
Instead of performing prescribed genuflexions,
Or praying to Saints, to forgive their defections:
Or joining (melodious old souls!) in the quire,
All stood in a circle around a huge fire,
Over which was a vessel of brass—yes, 'twas *that* metal,
And in heretic lands 'twould be known as a HAT-KETTLE:

What are they doing?
Some mischief is brewing!
In the cauldron like that one in *Macbeth,* is stewing
Something I warrant for somebody's ruin!
See how the burly monks plunge, each a fist
Into the kettle, from which goes a mist
Creeping and curling like snakes to the ceiling:—
For something right down at its bottom they're feeling;
Now they have got it, and like Monks of mettle
They dab a wet mass on the rim of the kettle.
Shapeless and dark is it!—but with a shout
The Monks of Jacopolo maul it about;
Bow to it—pray to it;—each one caresses it,
E'en the Abbot himself lays his hand on, and blesses it:

They roll it, and wrinkle,
Punch it, and sprinkle:
A silver bell's tinkle
Is heard—then the Abbot proceeds to un-padlock
A casket, and from it with prayers takes a hat-block.
[The last rhyme, dear reader, I very well know
Just as well as yourself, is not quite *comme il faut*,
But I'd rather make such a slight slip, than I'd fit a lie
For the sake of mere *sound* to this true tale of Italy.]

Yes, the Abbot devout,
A HAT BLOCK took out,
And 'twas hailed by the Monks with a song and a shout :—
Not a block of the shape of a hat worn in town ;
But much like a wide-a-wake's—low in the crown,
Only not shaped like those of drab, white, green or brown,
But level as rail-road—in short, 'twas a flat
Block, such as is used for a milling cove's hat.
Mr. Bendigo wears such a one—think of that,
And without further parley you have the thing pat.

"Hail Mary !" the Abbot cried—"Look upon that
I ne'er saw a handsomer CARDINAL'S HAT !
In England, I fancy—'twill rather surprise Man,
Woman, and Child, when 'tis worn by NICK WISEMAN."
(And really, to give the old Abbot his due
The latter remark was undoubtedly true ;)
"And," he added, "Proceed, your good work and divine in,
As now 'tis our duty to put in the lining."

* * * *

All this being done—said the Lord Abbot—"That,
I fancy, completes our NEW CARDINAL'S HAT !"

Yes, the Cardinal's Hat was completed at last,
And NICHOLAS WISEMAN went rather *too* fast,
To ROME where that feeble old Potentate PIUS,
Who, it seems, a fresh chance for our souls, won't deny us,
Plac'd the hat on his cunning old pate, and said "Rise Man,
ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER—CARDINAL WISEMAN !"
And his newly-made Eminence rose from his knees
As proud and designing a Priest as you please !

But a very short time had passed by, and the HAT
Was dingy and shabby, and crushed almost flat :
For on it, John Bull, set his sturdy old heel,
Saying—"Pius, my Bishoprics *you* shall not steal ;"
And to Wiseman—"Old Craftyman—vanish from here—"
And he went with a Protestant flea in his ear !

But the CARDINAL'S HAT !
How fared it with that ?

Why from Westminster it was sent into RAG FAIR !
But the Jews wouldn't have the vile article there,
And the last time 'twas seen, it was kicked with disdain
From the filthiest old Clothes' shop in Petticoat Lane !

———:o:———

TEMPTATION OF THE GOOD ST. GLADSTONE.

THE good St. Gladstone sat on his stool,
A-reading a big black book,
With a steadfast patience, as was his rule,
For *he* never frivolled or played the fool,
Like a wanton urchin a-weary of school ;
But, though 'twas the rollicking season of Yule,
He studied in quiet, and kept himself cool,
On his stool of repentance—a hard-bottomed stool—
And ne'er from that sage
Constitutional page
His reverent gaze he took.

"We will woo," cried Old Nick, "good St. Gladstone's eyes
Off from that excellent book.
We will cluster around him in strange disguise,
And plague him with shindies and Party cries,
And bother his bosom with phantasies,
That he upon *us* may look."

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew
A heterogeneous rout.
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked yellow, and some looked blue,
And they passed and varied before his view,
And twisted themselves about.
But the good St. Gladstone kept his eyes
Fixed on that excellent book.
From it they did not sink or rise,
Nor sights, nor laughter, nor shouts, nor cries
Could win away his look.

One black imp came in a masquerade
Most like a ghoul's attire,
With a face like a skull in dried parchment arrayed,
And bat-wings dingy that fluttered and played
About St. Gladstone through light and through shade,
Till they made the Saint perspire.
And another one came apparalled
In silk and velvet stuff,
With a sort of tiara upon its head,
And a shadowy alb, and a ghostly cope,
And a scowl of anger, and fear, and hope
Upon a phiz that seemed carven from soap ;
And the row *it* raised,
As it blustered and blazed,
Was noisier than enough.
Another yet, of diminutive size,
And with hairy lip and with goggle eyes,
A winged weird creature, wee.
He pounced like a hawk, and he whisked like the wind,
And he whooped and hawed, and winked and grinned,
And his eyes stood out with glee ;
And the more the Saint he deafened and dinned,
The more exulted he.

But the good St. Gladstone bent his eyes,
Upon that excellent book.
He heard the shout and the laugh arise,
But he knew that the imps had a naughty guise,
And he did not care to look.

* * * *

Last comes an imp—how unlike the rest—
A beautiful female form !
With two dark Irish optics that ogle with zest,
With a blooming cheek and a buxom breast,
And a shamrock brooch in its snow doth rest,
And her lips are soft and warm.
As over his shoulder she bends the light
Of her dark eyes on the page,
She fires his heart with its ancient might,
With thoughts of old seasons of glorious fight,
'Neath the Shamrock Shield in the cause of right.
To aid hapless Beauty is still his delight,
Though he's grey with the frosts of age.
So gentle she seems, so appealing, so sure
Of his help, as of old ; 'tis a parlous lure !
Pride, pity, and promise of fame !—
What lurketh *behind* it, that beautiful mask,
Will the good Saint see, will the good Saint ask ?
Will he know that the Devil is at his old task ?
Will he twig *this* last form of his game ?

Ha! the good St. Gladstone boggles his eyes
Over that excellent book.
Ho! ho! at the corners they seem to rise.
He feels that the thing hath a lovely guise,
And—*will* he decline to look?

There are many devils that walk this world—
Devils large and devils small;
Devils saint-meagre, and sinner-stout;
Devils with cow-horns, and devils without;
'Cute devils that go with their tails upcurled,
Bold devils, that carry them bravely unfurled;
Meek devils, and devils that brawl;
Serious devils, and mocking devils;
Imps for churches, and atheist revels;
Devils cheeky, and devils polite;
Blue and buff, and black and white;
Devils that gossip, and devils that write;
Devils that slaver, and devils that bite;
Devils that posture as angels of light;
Devils that fill green youth with spite;
Devils that dim Old Age's sight;
Devils foolish, and devils wise;
But a blarneying Colleen with two bright eyes
Is the temptingest devil of all!

Punch. January 9, 1886.

Ye Papyrus Roll-Scroll of ye Sette of Odd Volumes.[*]

Mr. J. Brodie-Innes, Master of the Rolls of the Sette of *Odd Volumes*, has a great talent for Ingoldsby versification. On May 4, 1888, he read a paper at Willis's Rooms bearing the above title, in which the peculiarities of the members were graphically, comically, but withal genially hit off. The opening lines ran thus:—

Some fifty centuries, more or less
Over this planet have pass'd, I guess,
Since a monarch there lived of wond'rous fame
In ancient Egypt, whose mighty name,
Known to all both near and far,
Was Mr. Pharaoh Rameses Ra.

One morn to his great High Priest, said he,
"You're a doctor versed in divinitie,
A man of parts,
And a Master of Arts,
And the starry learning of old Chaldee;
Now, don't you see,
It's shocking to me,
But I haven't a ghost of a librarie.
The wisdom of centuries past lies hid
In the mystic depths of the Pyramid;
And future ages
Of seers and sages
Ought to read in history's pages,
With what *eclât*,
That radiant star,
Mr. Pharaoh Rameses Ra,
In mortal garb on this earth once trod,"
Then the High Priest mutter'd, "Odd! very Odd!
To record the events of your Majesty's reign
Were a task beyond mortal skill 'tis plain;
But marvellous, mystical, magical lore
I have learn'd from the sages, and seers of yore;
And I think I can furnish just the commodity,
Apex of learning, and quaintness, and oddity.
In a chapel built by the old Chaldees,
I'll show you the cream of Libraries,
Hidden away in the bowels of earth
Since long before Creation's birth;
And all the volumes hidden there,
Learnèd, curious, quaint, and rare,
Hieroglyph carved, or papyrus roll,
Every one hath a human soul."

Over the sod
Mr. Rameses trod,
Softly and slow to the shrine of the God;
The High Priest solemnly waved his rod,
The doors roll'd back,
And there in a crack
The books stood reveal'd, such a queer-looking squad,
They gave each other a nudge and a prod
As the High Priest said, with a wink and a nod,
"Lo, there are the Volumes,—they're Odd, very Odd,
There are volumes little and volumes big,
Bound in calf and leather of pig,
Volumes great and volumes small,
Duodecimo midgets and copies tall,
And from least to greatest all worthy are
To grace the car
Of the Persiah Shah,
Or of Mr. Pharaoh Rameses Ra."

After describing the various members, and enumerating their literary or artistic works, the High Priest observes:—

"Such your Majesty's picture books are,
Mr. Pharaoh Rameses Ra!"
The monarch smiled with approving nod,
And muttered, "All charming—but Odd! very Odd!"

MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION. 1837.

Och! the Coronation! what celebration
For emulation can with it compare?
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair!
'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen
Making a skrimmage at half after four,
And the Lords and Ladies and the Miss O'Gradys,
All standing round before the Abbey door.

* * * *

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,
Crying "God save Victoria, our Royal Queen!"
—Och! if myself should live to be a hundred,
Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen!
And now, I've ended, what I pretended,
This narration splendid in swate poe-thry.
'Ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,
Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry.'

---

[*] *Ye Sette of Odd Volumes*, a small and very exclusive literary society founded in 1878 by Mr. Bernard Quaritch. The Brethren (as they style themselves) are united once a month to form a perfect sette for the purposes of Conviviality, and Mutual Admiration. The Brethren are, for the most part, men of note in Art, Literature, or the Drama. Each "Odd Volume" has his special title and office in the "Sette," many of the observances at the meetings are quaint and peculiar, whilst the dainty little *Opuscula* containing reports of their proceedings are eagerly sought after by collectors of literary curiosities.

Barney Maguire, Junior's, Account of the Jubilee.

Sing, swate Muse, the grand occasion of that joyful celebration,
When the Nation, with elation, rushed tumultuously to see,
In her glory and her splendhour, the Faith's feminine defendher,
On the dawning of the morning of her Day of Jubilee!
Sure the flags was wavin' glorious, and the tumult was uproarious;
All the route was lined before yez with Hussars and bould Dhragoons;
While from ivery clangin' steeple bells was deafenin' the people,
An' the bands were all discoorzin' different sorts of loyal tunes.

Then did cheerin' most stupendous greet a cavalcade tremendous,
Formed of gorgeous foreign splendours—all from Misther Gam's hotel
(Buckingham Palace, as they tould them, being far too small to hould them;
Though its thrue we've Kew an' Windhsor, too, and Kensington as well)!
Och! the Chinese swells Imperial dhressed in silver-gilt material;
Indian potentates, severial; Poles and Turks and Arab Sheikhs;
An' the Queen of swate Hawaii, faith to see her does repay ye,
Though its mighty little English that the darlin' crathur spakes!

When along the line came bowlin' wid a sound like thunder rowlin',
All the dignitaries howlin' that grate Europe has to show;
Dhressed in glitterin' stars an' laces, sittin' proudly in their places,
Like their images that graces Madame Twoswoords' wax-work show;
Spanish High and Mightinesses, Russian military dhresses,
Belgium, Austhria, Grase, and Dinmark, all like Court cards smilin' there,
Germans stout and sentimental, jooks and Princes Continental,
Ownin' a conthracted rental, but a precious dale of hair!

Then, with polished sword-blades glancing, goulden tags an' feathers dancing,
Came the princely escort prancing all beside a gilded coach
Drawn by eight crame ponies—Ginnett or Bill Holland wasn't in it,
Was the cry the very minnit that procession did approach.
And Victoria, Britain's Queen, there, of her subjects' eyes was seen there,
Lookin' glorious and resplendent in her Sunday satin gown,
Wid a dacent white lace bonnet wid a bunch of feathers on it,
Though 'tis said that Salisbury begged her on his knees to wear her crown.

There was Our Princess the blessin'! She's the wan for stylish dhressin,'
Wid her charrums that do be increasin' as the years go rowlin' by;
Cambridge bloomin' like a picthur, foine-looking young Albert Victor,
An' the Heir Apparent watchin' with a twinkle in his eye—
Edinborough's Royal Sailor, who does ride like any tailor—
Savin' of his noble presence! while, upon the other hand,
Battenberg, moustached and dhressy, Saxe-Meiningen and Hesse,
Caracoled unto the music of a joyous German Band!

In the Abbey there was hustling—aye, an' bustling too, and tussling,
All the ladies' dhresses rustling like a silken-sounding sea;
Shoals of swarthy foreign visithers, Press reporthers and iuquisithers,
The whole Cabinet of Ministhers, Salisbury and William G.
Bar and Bench. The House of Lords, too, in silk stockins, shoes, an' swoords too;
M.P.s married—aye, and single—wid their wives and daughters swate;
But Parnell and his supporters stayed at home in writhin' torthers,
An' the Socialists were absent at a gay teetotal thrate;

Then the organ loudly sthruck up an' the choirs the chune tuk up,
The Archbishop quickly wuk up, while the trumpets 'gan to blare;
And in glory and in honour shone June's Royal sun upon Her,
As she sat there like a cherub in ould Edward's ancient chair.
Glitthering in full regalia. Faix, for brightness I'll go bail ye
Jacob's vision most Elysian with the sight could not compare,
As a pathriot was remarking when the polis caught him larking
Wid a fuse all fit for sparking, underneath the pulpit stair!

Och! the crowds of notabilities celebrated for abilities,
Octogenarians and juvenilities, lions old and lions new,
Buffalo William and his Injin, Misther Marius and Miss Sinjin,
Wid the belle of the Aquarium in a costume of tattoo!
Great Augustus Imperator, who for public weal does cater
At the National Theayter, sure they ought to knight him too!
Editors in shoals and batches, thieves intent on priggin' watches,
The Brown Potter, Lady Colin, and the *Saturday Review!*

But the day that day succeeded its excitement superseded
When the Board Schools all was weeded of their flower an' their pick;
An' the title Levy Lawson long had hoped to get his claws on,
Hung convanient widin' reachin' of the handle of his stick!
Sure the work was warm an' tirin', and the taychers all perspirin',
Into buns some children wirin', while the dhrinks went round about,
Bands and banners wildly clashin', Jubilee mementos smashin',
Punches squeakin', airballs squashin', was there ever such a rout!

But at last the fait was over, guardian angels ceased to hover,

Pickpockets retired in clover, and the cats began to roam,
Whilst the parents of the threated bore away the more repleted
Or conveyed the flattened darlin's to the shelter of the home.
Off wint Navy, off wint Army, with the sex that's born to charm ye;
Off wint Press, Police, and Public; home wint Royalty to tea,
And Her Majesty did utther, as she tuk the bread and butther
Misther Battenberg had cut her—"Well, We've Had Our JUBILEE.

Lady's Pictorial. July 2, 1887.

A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN'S, FLEET STREET.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN! O Sir Christopher Wren!
How slumbered your keen architectural ken
When you planned Temple Bar,
Nor foresaw from afar
How the witlings would spit you,
And editors twit you,
And Levi the Thunderer[*]
Proclaim you a blunderer!
How the D.T., the pet, pink, and pride of the Press,
Would feel itself called time by time, to address
Learned Leaders, the joy of its large circulation,
Intended to scorch up the whole Corporation:
All through you, dear Sir Christopher,
Who made such a fist of a
Gate in the twist of a
Narrow street-way, to be cursed at and hissed of a
Horse-steerer class of Her Majesty's lieges
Who howled in the squeezes
With trenchant phrase hippic
And forceful philippic,
Like epics Satanic declaimed by some sham Milton
Or a wild Jingo speech by his lordship Jaw Jamilton.

Not a sigh shall escape for the relic that's gone.
Nor a thought be bestowed on one rotten old stone;
But till London shall tumble
To pieces and crumble,
And bookworms shall stumble, and mumble, and fumble
O'er records fantastic,
With lore periphrastic;
Till memory fail
And custom grow stale,
And history pale
Before scenes, men, and things, long forgotten, and cast
By the ocean of time on the shores of the past,
Shall the halo of genius hover around,
And the street christened Fleet shall be classical ground.
But a pace, and we face
St. Bride's tower of grace
'Neath whose shadow reposeth the gentle Lovelace
He who sang sweet and clear
Of Althea, his dear
And whose soul burst the bonds of imprisonment drear;—
Then hard by St. Bride,
In Shoe Lane there bide,
Beneath the cold stones,
The mouldering bones
Of the "marvellous boy" that perished in pride.
Here Sackville of Dorset, Congreve, Wycherley, Raleigh,
With Seldon, Rowe, Fielding, Burke, Cowper, held parley;
And now, as we gaze on St. Dunstan's grey fane,
We think of the pious and learned Romaine;
Then bringing our list to a period, we halt on
The gentlest of anglers and men, Isaak Walton;
Just pause in a hurry
To note old John Murray,
And finally pass on, just glancing at Tonson,
To the typical three, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Johnson.

Did the heads of the rebels above the old Gate
Give a Jacobite grin at a possible fate[*]
That might haply await
The roystering three as they wandered home late?
First the Doctor and Goldie, with Bozzy close after,
The midnight air shaking
And "Charlies" awaking
With echoing peals of Cyclopean laughter.

Now the Bar has departed,
Its stones have been carted
Away to the limbo of things undesired;
But—fateful perversity
With even a worse City
Nuisance the minds of the "fathers" are fired;
As with bent pertinacious
Some civic Horatius
"Keeps the gate" by suggesting
A structure congesting
The traffic anew that the Bar had let loose;
Nor heeding the trumpet-stop scorn and abuse
Of that monarch of censors, the wordy D.T.,
Presses forward his motion
With pugnacious devotion,
And triumphantly carries it through the C.C.[†]
So now "joy for ever," and aye "thing of beauty"—
That is, till its outlines grow smoke-dried and sooty—
The obstruction erect, with the Griffin a-top,
Designed with the Bar situations to chop,
Is to stand, spite of those whose loud protests it smothers,
And subsist as "a refuge for lawyers and others."

MORAL.

If you chance to possess, in the confabulation
Of nobodies picked from the great Corporation,
Voice in measures that deal with the citizens' weal,
Be sure you appeal
With might and with zeal
To statutes obscure
That cannot with modern requirements endure,
And resist every movement
That points the plain way to a public improvement.
Don't be daunted in playing your part of an ass,
But bray out your motions with trumpet of brass.
Above all, stick a Griffin
In Fleet Street, and if in
Your wisdom you choose as a station most meet
For your emblem the narrowest part of the street,
Air your crotchet at will
In the Common Coun-cil,
And reply to the Thunderer's wrath, my boy,

---

[*] Proprietor of the Daily Telegraph, London.

[*] "*Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.*" Dr. Goldsmith quoting *Ovid.*

[†] The Common Council of the City of London.

That the best of all modes
To widen one's roads
Is to steal a few yards from the path, my boy.

From *The Jingoldsby Legends.* By Jonas Jingoldsby, Esquire Published at 84, Fleet Street, London, about 1882.

After many years of discussion, it was decided to remove Temple Bar, principally because it interfered with the traffic, but the City authorities, egged on by a nobody who shall be nameless, decided to erect a monument in its place. Hence the hideous Griffin obstruction which it was said cost London £12,000; it was so detested and ridiculed that for a long time after its erection two constables had to guard it night and day, or it would probably have been demolished. As it was, great damage was done to it on several occasions, but it still stands, a costly monument of toadyism, folly, and bad taste.

Pigeon Shooting at Hurlingham.

In this Sport every element of manly courage and skill is brought into play. The poor caged birds are generally so bewildered on being released that they can scarcely fly, and the skilled marksmen often wound them, so that they flutter about for hours with broken legs and wings. This affords excellent entertainment to the tender-hearted ladies of fashion who witness the sports, and bet on the results.

Occasionally a bird is killed at once, others escape from the grounds and are either captured, or tortured to death by that respectable class of the community which usually congregates around fairs, race meetings, and prize fights.

Altogether, Pigeon-shooting is *the* sport which, for the sake of our National reputation, should be encouraged.

When we have persuaded the Spaniards to abolish their Bull fights as cruel and unmanly, we may bring them to the innocent delights of battue shooting, hare coursing, fox hunting, or even to Pigeon Shooting, and so realise Poet Wordsworth's noble ideal :—

> "One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
> Taught by what nature shows and what conceals,
> Never to blend our pleasure or our pride,
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

The subject is treated from the Pigeon's point of view, in the following imitation of Barham's style.

(The pigeon is in its trap, awaiting its turn to be shot at by kind-hearted, sensible men.)

Well, here I am, and precious hot I find it,
I wish I were a Fantail not to mind it ;
Ten to the foot's too warm for any sinner,
I'd quite as soon be in a pie for dinner ;
In fact, it would be cooler to be bakèd,
For they've the decency to cook us naked
And leave our feet outside ; but here, I tell ye,
My toes are cramped and trodden to a jelly.
So, this is Hurlingham ! Accursed place !
The fell destroyer of our harmless race,
Centre of fashion, haunt of lords and ladies,
A whited sepulchre, a dazzling Hades.
From Monday here we're massacred till Saturday,
But murdered worse than ever on the latter day ;
For then conspire the "Upper Ten" to vex us,
"*Omnis ætatis utriusque sexus,*"
With jealous hearts, intent to shed the blood
Which, like their own, dates backwards to the Flood,
As for a pretext, they can find a reason
For killing us each day throughout the season.
Some people talk as if the sport were quite meant
To give the birds some innocent amusement,
And say a little shooting to us Rocks is
Just the delight that hunting is to foxes.
Poor beasts ! How can they possibly avoid it ?
They'd "be surprised to hear" how they enjoyed it.
One says that killing pigeons is as good
As murdering barn-door pheasants in a wood.
Granted. But please to prove that shooting's pleasant
When looked at from the aspect of the pheasant.
They all insist that death attends the shot,
(Some think precedes a trifle and some not) ;
And then they cry, in ecstasies of virtue,
"Poor things ! we kill you, but we never hurt you."
Who was it made the theory so astutely
That pigeons cannot feel at all acutely ?
Well, of a want of feeling when he spoke, we
Might well return him a direct *tu quoque.*
"You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things."
Was said of men's hard hearts, not Rocks with wings.
One comes to bet and thinks the shooting rubbish,
Another shoots, but votes the betting snobbish.
This little episode a moral teaches ;
Which of the two is right ? I fancy each is.
If we are only slaughter for the larder,
I wish they'd miss us clean or hit us harder.
This amateur despatching ten times worse is
Even than the wicked poulterer's tender mercies ;
And why should man be justified in maiming us,
Because he had the privilege of naming us ?
"You ladies ! You whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse," what make you here
Are those the eyes to gaze on slaughtered doves,
The chosen birds of Venus and the Loves ?
Alas ! what hypocrites of half-a-score, to
Watch the death agonies *oculo irretorto.*
But when some wretch surmounts the fatal paling,
Sick unto death with sight and pinions failing,
To clap your hands, of pure compassion quite full,
And cry "He's safe, poor darling ! How delightful !"
So young, so fair, and can ye lack compassion ?
It cannot be ; ye are but slaves to Fashion,
Bowing yourselves, as did the Jewish nation,
Before the monster of your own creation.
Shake off the chains, or take a bird's advice—
Serve if ye list, but do not sacrifice.
You, upon whom all fashionable men dance,
From noon to eve, assiduous attendance,
Hence ! fair ones, hence ! nor, like Herodias' daughter
Bring by your charms the guiltless to the slaughter.

* * * *

My turn at last ! I wish he'd leave off squeezing ;
I think I've scratched him ! Serve him right for teasing !
Alas ! the middle trap he lays his hand on,
"Ye (birds) who enter here all hope abandon."
And now he's pulled my tail out by the roots,
I feel as helpless as a Puss-in-Boots.
(Ah ! our poor tails, they won't believe we need 'em
Or else they're fitting us for *endless* freedom.)
They say it's to prevent my being hit.
(It's very good of them to mention it.)
They tell me I'm a clipper ! and shall wobble,
"And yet I am not happy" for their trouble ;
And if they want me to get safe from harms off,
Why don't they pull the sportsman's legs and arms off ?
Fast in the middle trap. To test the cunning
Of the great guns, it's fallen nine times running ;
And now, to baffle their unerring aim,
The next that falls is sure to be the same.
A chilly fear of death is stealing o'er me,
And all my *peck*adilloes flash before me.

It's very sad to die—to die—to sleep—
To sleep, perchance to dream; I'll take a peep—
Oh! that fair grove, and yon delicious pine,
Towering beyond the fatal boundary line.
And there he stands, the fatal swell of Hurlingham:
His little black moustaches, how he's twirling 'em'
Here comes his gun! If he forgets to cock it,
I'm off to Alabama like a rocket.
I wish he'd use a hundred pound torpedo,
And make the people mount in air, as we do.
There go the rocks? "Click, click?" A moment more
And I am free, that never was before!
Yes. "Free among the dead," though some, I heard,
Were betting "ten to five upon the bird."
But can their jargon from the land of death
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Or will my ghost be glad, when I am gone,
That I was "freely backed at two to one?"
Well, come what will, "This Rock," at least, shall make
For life one flutter ("Lady of the Lake").
Suppose I fly slap at him, and suppose
I make him think I mean "to have his nose."
Perhaps he'd miss me, but perhaps he wouldn't;
And then, how very awkward if he shouldn't;
He'd be quite sure to hit me if I crawled;
I think I'll try what Juvenal has called
"*Excelsæ turris tabulata.*" Bless it!
I fear the story goes on, "*unde altior esset*
Casus," *&c.*, ending with a *ruinæ*.
It's quite enough to make one "shed the briny."
Would that like Milton's demons I could clime
"Part on the earth, and part in air sublime!"
He'd not know which to fire at, and the puzzle
Might make him put his shoulder to the muzzle.
By Jove, I have it! Plan untried by "Rocks,"
I'll light (like Bryant's matches) on the box;
The line "*In medio tutissimus ibis*,"
Perhaps as truthful of the *Pigeon* tribe is.
He might not like to shoot me till I stir;
"And thus far will I trust thee, gentle sir,"
I'll sit on top, and try how long I *can* sit,
Time's precious! "Ready? Pull!" Here goes; I'll
chance it!

* * * *

'Tis done—'tis done! Down swept the leaden trail;
And must have killed me had I had a tail;
Behind the trap there was "such scanty room,
It missed my (absent) *helm* but razed a plume."
Even as it was, so closely came each pellet
That as it passed I could distinctly smell it.
Thanks, courteous trap, for rescue in the nick;
But what a silly man to fire so quick.
So far so good, but doubtless he has reckoned
On "dropping me superbly with his second"
(This sporting euphemism consoles the worst shots
For missing quite absurdly with their first shots).
But I won't budge an inch, and, if he tries,
He'll find it hard to *drop* me till I rise.
He hesitates, uncertain which to let off,
The gun or me; perhaps I still may get off.
But no! the gentle audience sees his doubt,
And playfully resolves to help him out;
And fifty throats exclaim, with laughter splitting,
"Wire in, my boy, and shoot the beggar sitting!"
Will he "forego his vantage" and retire?
Ah, no! he quietly proceeds to "wire."
The gun is raised! A flash! And so I die—
No, missed me clean, with none to wipe his eye!
Swift to the clouds I wing my way with joy,
While peals of scornful laughter greet "My boy."
Quite so! *Væ victis!* They will spare a brute,
If they can find a human substitute;
For 'tis agreed by Christian, Jew, and nigger,
"Of two given victims, always choose the bigger."

R. L. Francis.

:o:

Every one who has read the Ingoldsby Legends (and who has not?) will be sure to remember the pathetic little poem with which they conclude:—

AS I LAYE A-THYNKYNGE.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye!
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his gallant heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thinkynge, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkynge, most pitiful to see!

* * * * *

As I laye a-thynkynge, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glittered on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest:—
"Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay,"—
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
"Here is rest!"

AS I SATE A-DRYNKYNGE.

THE LAST WORDS OF JONAS JINGOLDSBY.

(Before going to by-by).

As I sate a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she hopped about the floore;
There came a gay reporter
Of a "daily," nothynge shorter,
And he ordered halfe of porter,
And he swore,
As I sate a-drynkynge, to have a lyttel more.

As I sate a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge,
Swetely sang the Birde as she perched upon the bar;
There came a lovely maide,
Who took the coyne he payde,
And giving change, she sayde,
"Here you are."
As I sate a-drynkynge, her face was as a star.

As I sate a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge,
Blythely sang the Birde as she pecked about my shoes;
This journalistic childe
Continuously smyled,
And got to mixing "mild"
With Chartreuse.
As I sate a-drynkynge he was upon the booze.

As I sate a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge,
The Birde declined to sing, having started on the feed :
This youth did sing and shout,
Till there came a chucker-out ;
But he stood hym halfe of stout
And a weed,
As I sate a-drynkynge—he did in very deed.

As I sate a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as it finished up its feast,
The maiden she did say,
"Now, there's one and nyne to paye
So you had better goe awaye,
Tipsy beast !"
As I sate a-drynkynge, I thought it rude, at least.

As I sate a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge.
Sleepily the Birde did its song again begin.
There came a gallant crew
Of officeres in blue,
And I shuddered—so would you
At their grin.
As I sate a-drynkynge, they took and ran him in.

As I sate a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge, a-drynkynge,
The Birde was gettynge hoarse, and could hardly force a squeak ;
My blood was turned to curds
When a beak, *but not the Birde's*,
Pronounced these solemn wordes,
"For your freak,
I deeply grieve to saye
Twentye shyllynges you must paye,
Or in Chokey you must staye
For a week !"

From *The Jingoldsby Legends.* By Jonas Jingoldsby, Esq. The Latest Edition.

This little anonymous sixpenny pamphlet was published at 84, Fleet Street, London, about 1882. In addition to the above parody, and *A Lay of St. Dunstan's* which appears a few pages back, it contained "The Inspector a' Trapping 'em," "Sir Wilfrid the Beerless," "The Night and the Ladies," and other imitations of the Ingoldsby Legends, both in prose and verse.

There are two imitations of *The Ingoldsby Legends* in *The Corkscrew Papers*, published anonymously in 1876 by W. H. Guest, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

One is styled "Tamborini, the Poet," the other "Pygmalion and His Statue," they are long, and of no particular interest.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

BORN, 1672. | DIED, 17 June, 1719.

"Cato," a tragedy by Mr. Joseph Addison, was produced with much success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1713. It is now well nigh forgotten, but the following soliloquy was generally inserted in the school books of the last generation :—

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

IT must be so—Plato thou reason'st well—
Else why this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity ! Thou pleasing, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me !
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold—If there's a Power above us
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or where ?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

Thus am I doubly armed—My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end ;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point :
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Humbly inscribed to the Right Honourable
JOHN, *Earl of* STAIR.

MITCHELL, *solus*, sitting in a thoughtful posture : In his hand his tailor's bill, with an expostulatory letter : pen, ink, and paper on the table by him.

IT must be so—Tailor, thou reason'st well !—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This earnest longing to discharge thy *Bill?*
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of an arrest ? Why shrinks the conscious soul
Back on herself, and startles at a *Bailiff?*
The *Justice* of a cause prevails within us ;
'Tis *Honesty* that points out better days,
And intimates even *Money* to a *Bard !*
Money, thou pleasing, anxious, dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untry'd life,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass ?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If a *Mæcenas* be,
(And that there is, Fame publishes abroad
Thro' *British* realms) he must delight in goodness ;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when, or who ?—at present I'm in need,
And dun'd for debt—but this must bring relief.
(Taking his pen in his hand.)

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My pain or pleasure,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment claps me in a gaol ;
But *that* informs me I shall yet be rich.
The *Muse*, secured by inspiration, smiles
At sight of *Catchpoles*, and defies a *Writ*.
Nobles may perish, and the *King* himself
Submit to fate, the very realm be ruined ;
But *Bards* shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the *Whig* and *Tory* broils,

Our civil fury, and our foreign wars.
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps thro' all my senses?
Nature, oppress'd and harrass'd out with care,
Sinks down to dulness.—Let me drink a *Bottle*,
That my awaken'd *Muse* may wing her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An off'ring fit for Stair. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Mitchell knows neither of them,
Indifferent in his choice to live or die,
If he, great Lord! vouchsafe me not his favor.

From *Poems on Several Occasions*, in 2 vols., by Joseph Mitchell, commonly called Sir Robert Walpole's Poet. Published at London. 1729.

The Masquerade;

or, the Belle's Soliloquy.

Celestina, *solus*, in a thoughtful posture—a Domino, with Hat and Feather, and a Purse of Gold lying on the table.

It must be so—smart plume thou reason'st well
Else whence this springing joy, this fond desire,
This longing after concerts, plays, and balls?
Or whence this loathing dread and chill *ennui*,
At staying oft at home? Why hate we all
Immur'd to sit alone, and start at crickets!
'Tis scenes of polished life which prompt our longings,
'Tis Fashion's self, that points out public places,
And intimates *Bon Ton* to well-bred females.
Bon Ton, thou heart-reviving, pleasing thought!
Thro' what variety of frolic parties;
Thro' what bright scenes and changes may we pass;
The brilliant masquerade lies straight before me,
But gods and milk-maids, clowns and demons throng
it.—
Here will I hold—if there's a Queen of Fashion,
(And that there is, each milliner declares
In every cap you buy!) she must love gadding,
And that which she approves the great must follow.
But when or where!—Cits go to the Pantheon!
I cannot make decision; this must close it.

(Laying her hand on the Purse.)

Thus am I doubly arm'd; my cash and trappings,
Money and Domino are both before me;—
This, in a moment, purchases a ticket:
But *this* informs me I shan't be much spoke to.
The *Belle*, secure in Indian princess' robes,
Smiles at the Domino as 'neath her notice!
Colours shall fade; new Irish steps grow old
With lapse of time; ev'n laced Pellice be scorn'd,
But *Diamonds* still shall flourish and attract,
Unchang'd amid the varyings of caprice,
The coiffure powder'd, or the natural wig!

From *Poems*, by John Peter Roberdeau. Chichester. 1803.

Lady Townley's Soliloquy.

It must be so—great Hoyle, thou counsell'st well;
Else whence this anxious hope, this thirst of gain,
This longing after Faro, Whist, Quadrille?
But whence this secret dread, and inward horror
Of staking all I'm worth? Why shrinks my soul?
Does Reason's secret impulse strive to shake
My firm resolve of going to a drum!
No:—'Tis last night's ill run at which I start;
'Tis want of gold that dictates stay at home,
And intimates 'twere better not to play.
Must I not play? Oh, serious hated thought!
From what variety of pleasing hopes,
From what gay scenes of joy, would'st thou exclude
me,
And tempt my steps to tread Discretion's paths?
The wild, the dreary prospect lies before me,
And none but prudent fools can rest upon it.
Here I will hold: if there is chance at play,
(And that there is, Hoyle proves in every line,
Through all his works) I yet may be successful;
And if successful, then I must be happy.
But when, or where?—Home has no charms for me—
I'm weary of conjectures.—Bring me my jewels.

(To her maid.)

Thus am I doubly arm'd; jewels and gold,
My purse and casket, now are both before me:
This, in a moment, may perchance be lost;
But this insures me credit for a week.
My heart elate, depending on good fortune,
Smiles at *Sans prendre*, and defies Codille.
The stars shall fade away, the tapers waste,
Morning appear, my husband wake alone;
But I shall flourish heroine at play,
Unhurt by fears of war with France or Spain,
Prussia's defeat, or Brunswick's overthrow.

Another parody has *Love* instead of *Play* as the leading idea:—

"Ovid, it must be so—thou reason'st well;
Else whence this pleasing pain—these tender doubts—
This longing after something unpossess't?"
Etc., etc., etc.

A long political parody of the Senate scene in "Cato" appeared in *Figaro in London*, December 14, 1833, with an illustration by Robert Seymour. It dealt with William IV. and his Ministers, and has no present interest whatever.

An imitation of Addison's prose writings may be found in *Posthumous Parodies* (London, 1814), it is entitled "A Prefatory Paper, by the Shade of Mr. Addison," and describes the characteristics of the various authors whose works are parodied in the volume.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

Born, 1720 | Died, 1756.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possessed beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,

From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—for madness ruled the hour—
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

* * * *

But oh! how altered was its sprightly tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call, to Fawn and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste eyed
Queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
And Sport leaped up and seized his beechen
spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's Vale, her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

* * * *

About 1800 a satirical parody on this Ode was published anonymously, of which unfortunately no copy can now be traced. It contained the following lines:—

ODE TO THE PASSIONS.

"REVENGE impatient rose;
He threw his boxing gloves in haste away,
And, with a knowing look,
A set of Scottish bagpipes took,
And blew a strain so full of fears,
The very Passions melt in tears.
(Tears! such as you've heard Shakespeare say,
A Bagpipe's drone WILL bring away.)
And ever and anon he'd hum
The Giant's Song of Fe Fa Fum.

* * * * *

The most complete parody is however to be found in *Posthumous Parodies and other Pieces*, published anonymously in London in 1814. Unfortunately it deals with the politics and politicians of the day, and many of the allusions are of no general interest at the present time, so that only a few extracts need be quoted:

THE ASPIRANTS:

An Ode for Music.

WHEN George our Prince, first sway'd the land,
While yet Restriction cramp'd his hand,
Aspirants oft, with smiles and bows,
Throng'd the door of Carlton House,
Expecting, hinting, praying, striving,
To get the reins, and shew their driving.
By turns they found the Princely mind
Disturb'd or calm, displeased or kind,
Till once, 'tis said, when one and all
Met impatient in his hall,
From a music room beyond
They snatch'd the instruments of sound;
And, having heard, perhaps, at school,
How fiddling Orpheus rose to rule,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would tempt the self-same path to pow'r.

First fiddle Grenville needs must try,—
And strain'd the chords, to make them sure:
Then back recoil'd, he knew not why,
From the unfinish'd *overture.*

Next, Brougham came pushing from behind,
His native bagpipe at his side:
In one rude roar he forced the wind,
And sounded strong, and far, and wide.

The organ fell to Byron's share,
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd:
A solemn, strange, and mingled air!
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild

* * * * *

But thou, O Croker, bard of flame,
What was thy prophetic story?
Still it spoke of promised glory,
And bade the lofty hopes at distance hail.
Still would his touch the strain prolong:
And from the fort, the height, the vale,
He call'd on Wellington through all the song;
And as that noble theme he chose,
Britain responsive cheer'd at every close,
And Croker smil'd, well pleas'd, and Britain boasts his
fame.

* * * * *

Sheridan came last to trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,[*]
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd;
But soon he saw the soul-awak'ning viol,
Whose tone his nobler judgment loved the best:
While, as his skilful fingers kiss'd the strings,
Wisdom and mirth framed a harmonious round:
Then wisdom gracious smiled, with zone unbound,
And mirth, amid his frolic play,
Beating brisk measure to the jocund lay,
Waved in the Sun his gaily burnished wings.

---

[*] R. B. Sheridan's attachment to the bottle was notorious.

THE VICTIMS.

WHEN GLO'STER, humpback'd Prince was young,
While yet on fostering breast he hung,
His mind being, like his body, made ill,
The VICES throng'd around his cradle;
Exulting, sneering, grinning, fighting,
They set his early teeth a biting;
By turns they taught the embrio King,
To roar and cry for everything;
Once, while he slept, and all were fired,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd
Each fiend prophetic snatch'd a page;
And, as they oft had shewn apart,
Dark lessons of their forceful art,
Each borrow'd from the future hour,
Some victim of the tyrant's power;
And mutually agreed to pry
Into their darling's destiny.

First CLARENCE came, his taste to try,
(Near him a Malmsey butt they laid
Who back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Even at the choice himself had made.

Next HENRY'S SON, his eye on fire,
With just reproof the tyrant stings,
One savage blow speaks RICHARD'S ire,
And the youth soars on seraph wings.

In woeful guise of sad despair,
King HENRY mourns his hopes beguil'd,
'Till GLO'STER'S dagger ends his care,
And sends the father to his child.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delusive measure?
Still it whisper'd royal pleasure
To Edward's son, and promis'd thrones and pow'r.

Still did her voice the cheat prolong,
While their fell uncle in the Tower,
Thought fit to echo the deceitful song,
And where of loyalty the theme she chose
His hypocritic voice was heard at ev'ry close;
And YORK and EDWARD fell into the snare.

And longer had she sung, but with a frown
The Duke impatient rose,
He threw his artful mask in fury down,
And with a withering look,
Of HASTINGS, RIVERS, VAUGHAN and GREY he took
The lives: and bid his hellish agents do
A deed so horrible and dread—
Ne'er were half-stifled shrieks so full of woe,
As when the fell assassins press'd
Against each struggling infant's breast;
And tho' some time each dreary pause between,
Dejected pity at their side,
Her soul subduing voice applied:
Still on the couch of innocence they lean,
'Till each strained ball of sight announce the victim's dead!

Unsteady BUCKINGHAM, whose friendship fixed
The crown on RICHARD, mourns his fallen state;
His cup of death ungrateful Glo'ster mix'd,
And one he cherish'd sells him to his fate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired
The Wife of RICHARD sat retired;
And from her wretched regal seat,
In notes by sorrow render'd sweet,
Pour'd to Prince EDWARD'S shade her plaintive soul;
And deeply grieves that e'er she found,
Like EVE, the soft beguiling sound
Of the keen serpent's voice, which gently stole
Within her heart, her duty to betray;
When after once or twice refusing,
Oh woman's weakness! past excusing,
She on the Crook-back threw herself away!

But oh! how alter'd was the mournful tone,
When HARRY RICHMOND, arm'd with title true,
His Baldrick 'cross his shoulder flung,
And, with enliv'ning trumpet, blew
A call to arms that thro' the island rung!
His claim announcing to the English throne.

ELIZABETH, late EDWARD'S Queen,
With age so gay, and youth so green,
To join his standard soon were seen;
And STANLEY inwardly rejoiced to hear,
And RICE AP THOMAS seized his Cambrian spear.

Last came BOSWORTH'S warlike trial,
RICHARD for his crown advancing;
First to the soldiery some words addressed,
But soon he saw brave HENRY defy all,
(And *fighting*, far than *talking* he lov'd best).
They might have thought who heard the fray,
That in dark Pandœmonium's shade,
All Milton's demons were arrayed;
Such clang of arms and coursers prancing.
While, as at sounding shield the falchion rings,
Death, in his ebon car, drove fiercely round;
And RICHARD'S corse among the slain was found!
And HENRY on that well fought day,
His worth and valour to repay,
Received a crown upborne on Victory's wings.

Just at this scene young GLO'STER 'woke,
And begg'd, not relishing the joke,
His tutors would so civil be,
As alter the catastrophe.

But that which is decreed by fate,
Must surely happen, soon or late;
And what, as fiction has been stated,
All came to pass, as we've related.

From *A Metrical History of England, or Recollections in Rhyme*, by Thomas Dibdin. 2 Vols. London. 1813.

The following parody was written by Mr. C. H. Waring, and although it was first printed 46 years ago, it is only a few months since the author kindly sent permission for it to be included in this collection.

THE SESSIONS.

An Ode for Music.

WHEN Parliament was fresh and young,
While yet election squibs were sung,
The M.P.'s throng'd to take their seats,
Through London's country-leading streets,
Exulting, trembling, burning, glowing,
With patriotic zeal o'erflowing,
By turns they felt the teeming mind
To silence forced, to speak inclined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Fill'd with speeches, rapt, inspired,
From the surrounding benches nigh

They strove to catch the Speaker's eye;
And as they oft had tried apart
Lessons in the forensic art,
Each, as the Speaker ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Dizzy rose his skill to try,
Mid wild abuse bewilder'd stray'd,
Accusing those in places high
Of making statesmanship a trade!

Next * * rush'd—his eye's clear fire
Told of power that lurk'd within—
In some few words he squashed the liar,
And stripp'd the falsehoods bare and thin.

With woeful measures, poor Joe Hume!
Low plaintive sounds beguiled his soul,
In solemn, strange, and fearful fume,
He summ'd the "tottle of the whole."

But thou, old boy! with tongue so glib,
What was thy expected pleasure?
Still it cried "Repale's the measure!"
And bid the friends of Ireland "agitate!"
Still did his tongue that word prolong,
And now deject, and now elate,
He spoke of Erin's worth, and Erin's wrong;
And as his eyes and hands uprose,
Each Tory's finger touch'd the scornful nose,
And Dan O'Connell smiled and waved his Irish
"sprig!"

*   *   *   *

Last came Peel's ecstatic trial!
With majority advancing,
First to New Tariff laws his lore address'd,
But soon he pourèd from his wrath-full phial
The Income Tax, whose ease he loved the best,
They would have thought who heard his strain
They saw in ancient Rome her saviour stand,
Amid the lyres of the Imperial band,
To the triumphant notes unwearied dancing,
While, as his pearl-white pinions swept the strings,
Joy pranced with fear a wild fantastic round,
Plain were all profits seen, strong chests unbound;
And he amid his frolic play,
As if he would some part repay,
Shook promises by thousands from his wings!

O Parliament! the people aid!
Friend of debtors! wisdom's shade!
Why now to us, thy worth denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient strength aside?
As in that old forensic place
You learn'd to body forth with grace!
St. Stephen's now, alas! for these,
Cannot recall old memories!
Is all thy ancient power dead,
And with that chapel echoes fled?
Arise! as in that olden time,
Warm, energetic, true, sublime!
Thy speeches in that golden age
Fill many a glowing, storied page,
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Then an humblest speech could more prevail—
Had more of truth, and patriot rage,
Than all that linger through this age;
E'en all at once together bound,
One inane senseless world of sound!

Oh! bid our modern M.P.'s cease
This war of Party, and in Peace,
Learn to sincerely legislate,
Not for themselves, but for the state.

Punch. November 5, 1842.

Ode to the Fashions.

When Fancy, heavenly maid, was young,
And roved the hills and dales among,
The Fashions, to produce a swell,
Would throng around her magic cell,
Exulting, strutting, almost fainting,
Possessed beyond e'en Planché's painting,
By turns they showed creative mind
In costumes curiously designed,
When all at once, they all desired,
Each goddess much to be admired.
They from imagination caught,
The wondrous power of Fancy's thought.
And by that aid sought to impart
The lessons of her graceful art,
And each—for Fashions rule the hour—
Would prove its own delusive power.

First *Ancient Briton* sought to try
His hand upon the tailoring trade,
And back recoiled—pray don't ask why—
E'en at the fright himself had made.

A Templar next with eyes on fire,
Looked through a helmet made of chain,
And Fancy cried she'd ne'er desire,
To see such head-dress worn again.

Then came the elongated toe
And hose that made the legs look taper,
With movement that of course was slow,
The wearer couldn't cut a caper.

But thou, oh hoop, with ruffles grand,
What was thy extended measure,
In which Queen Bess could take her pleasure,
And bade her courtiers keep their distance all?
She scarcely could her train prolong;
It must have awkward been when at a ball,
Especially if there had been a throng.
And when her sweetest dress she chose,
Soft voices from soft men bepraised her clothes,
And she enchanted, smiled, and waved her bright
red hair.

And long this Fashion reigned, till with a frown,
The Puritan uprose;
He raised his sword, and thundered at the gown,
And, with determined look,
Ruffling the ruffles, took
A sight; and as he did so said,
That such a bauble from the scene must go.
And ever and anon he beat
The "Devil's Tattoo" with his feet,
With scarcely any pause whate'er between.
Dejected Cavaliers tried
Their deep vexation all to hide,
As thus the Puritan maintained his mien,
And spoke as though a cold affected his round head.

Then came the Restoration with nought fixed,
Sad proof of what had been the state
Of parties—for then all kinds were mixed—

And now they courted lace to show their Roundhead
hate.
With curls turned up beneath the tile,
The wig full bottomed showed its style,
The wearing which, when in the street,
Could surely not have been a treat;
The style passed through three reigns, dating from
Anne,
This Brunswick fashion all around,
In circles quite genteel, was found;
Through promenades the hideous head-dress ran,
And e'en the country spots, the histories say,
Found the strange taste diffusing,
Love of wigs 'twas quite amusing;
At length the costume died away.

And now how altered is the Fashion's tone!
When silks and satin of most brilliant hue
Their show across each shoulder flung,
Their flounces gemmed with ribbons, too,
Had *a distingué* air when seen upon the young,
A charm that's in Belgravia well-known,
In *nez retroussé*, or in beauty's queen,
So that e'en beardless boys are seen
Looking quite sheepish or quite green,
Till exercise gives them a leer,
As love leaps up where Fashion doth appear.

Last came crinoline into the trial;
She, with mighty hoops advancing,
First with flowing flounces it was dressed,
But soon she saw, for beauty quick doth eye all,
That something yet should her fair form invest.
They would have thought, who saw the train,
That it could scarcely be on English maids,
Here, where decorum oft upraids
Our Mabille mode of dancing,
And modesty looks sheepish at such things.
Love raised up mirth on this fantastic round,
Which looked like a balloon just coming to the ground,
'Neath which the ankles made display,
Which, with Balmoral boots, looked very gay
As military heels displayed their rings.

Oh, Fashion, most fantastic maid!
Friend of pleasure, frailty's aid;
Why, goddess, it can't be denied
That thou dost many a blemish hide.
But where is now the simple art
That did in ages past impart
A grace, which scarcely now is thine,
Unto the human form divine?
Arise, as in the elder time,
When simple grace was quite sublime:
The triumph of that graceful age,
Display once more upon the page
Of Fashion's book, *Le Follet* named,
Through which new fashions are proclaimed.
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
The simplest dress did more prevail,
Had much more charm folks to engage
Than the strange guise of modern age!
Then bid your vain displays to cease,
Give the simplicity of Greece,
Return us to that simple boast,
That beauty unadorned's adorned the most.

The Comic News. May 21, 1864.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

BORN, 1763. | DIED, 18 Dec., 1855.

Mr. Rogers's poem *The Pleasures of Memory*, published in 1792, was imitated in a small volume published in 1812, entitled *The Pains of Memory*, a Poem, in two books, by Peregrine Bingham. London, W. Anderson, 1812.

ON A TEAR.

OH! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystalize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart!
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught ftom Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude controul
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

ON A TEAR.

(Suggested by the above Poem.)

OH! that the tailor's modish art
Could fashion trousers to our measure,
Secure and strong in every part,
A source of inexpensive pleasure!—

I little thought, mistrustless swell,
Whose garments Snip and Shears supply,
That trousers were but made—to sell—
The test of gullibility!

Yet, though these hands had scarce arrayed
In tourist suit my ugly body,
The fabric frail my trust betrayed,
I thought it cloth, but found it shoddy.

What power malignant sent it here?
Vile rent; my peace of mind it drowns,
It proves these flimsy bags were dear,
That only cost me five half-crowns.

Here must I, sorrowing, wait repairs,
And moralize the mournful scene,
My sad refrain, "Tears, hideous tears,
I know, confound them, what they mean!"

Come, *Jane*, with silver finger-sheath,
With thread and needle heal my woes;
Come, armed like Curtius to the teeth,
And bid the yawning chasm close!

Fun.

ADDENDA.

In order that this Volume may contain as complete a collection as is possible of the Parodies of those Authors who are treated in it, the following poems are here inserted. Although they appear here somewhat irregularly they will all be found in the Index under the respective Authors to whose works they refer.

THOMAS GRAY.

Numerous parodies and imitations of Gray's poems appeared in the early pages of this volume, a few remain still to be quoted.

Musæ Berkhamstediensis, or Poetical Prolusions by some Young Gentlemen of Berkhamsted School, 1794. this work contains Latin translations of Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and of several other standard poems.

An Imitation of Gray's Elegy. Written by a Sailor. London. Printed by George Cooke, 1806.

The setting sun now gilds the mountain tops,
The busy shepherd pens his fleecy care,
Domestic fowls now seek their fav'rite props,
And leave the fields, barn-doors, and stack-yards fare.

The following parody was satirically attributed to William Cobbett, M.P., by the Editor of *The Satirist*, in which paper it appeared in August, 1810. The whole of it is bitterly personal and offensive, but it must be remembered that Cobbett himself never spared the feelings or characters of his adversaries :—

Elegy in Newgate.

The Curfew tolls the hour of locking up,
The grating bolts turn heavy on the key,
The turnkey hastens on beef-steaks to sup,
And leaves the cell to treason and to me.

Now fades the glittering dram glass from the sight,
And through the gaol a horrid stillness reigns,
Save where the watchman bawls the hour of night,
Or restless felon shakes his clanking chains.

Save that beneath the prison's outward bound,
Some drunken Cyprian wrathfully complains
Of such as, wandering near her nightly round,
Forestal the market of her wanton gains.

* * * *

The Hangman's Speech.

Here bleeds his head upon the traitor's stage,
A wretch to Virtue and to Truth unknown,
Foul Faction frown'd not on his lying page,
And Infamy had mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty,—so he would you cram, —
The law rewarded him beyond his hope,
He gave to misery, all he pleased—a damn,
The law bestow'd, 'twas all he feared—a rope.

No further seek his villainies to know,
Nor bid me all his hateful libels tell,
For now with him they burn in fires below
And serve the cause of Faction still, in Hell.

A Parody.

The ruin spread by war is wisely o'er,
The grateful mob receive a peace with glee,
The drooping party cease their wonted roar,
And leave these shades to silence and to me.

* * * *

This is also given in full in *The Satirist* for May 12, 1812, where it is attributed to Mr. J. Taylor, who had then recently published a volume of poems. Neither of the above is of sufficient interest to reprint in full, the first, indeed, is too coarse to please modern readers.

Written in the Temple Gardens.

The gard'ner rings the bell at close of day,
The motley crowd wind slowly home to tea ;
Soft on the Thames the daylight fades away,
And leaves the walks to darkness and to me,

Now shine the glimmering gas-lights on the sight,
The warders now the outer portals lock,
And deepest stillness marks th' approach of night,
Save when the watchman calls "Past ten o'clock."

Save, also, when from yonder antique tower* ;
With solemn sound, the bell strikes on the ear,
And wand'ring damsels, as they hear the hour,
Trip through the gloomy courts with haste and fear.

In those high rooms, where clients ne'er intrude,
And here and there a light doth dimly peep,
Each in his lonely set of chambers mewed,
The briefless crowd their nightly vigils keep.

The grave attorney, knocking frequently,
The tittering clerk, who hastens to the door,
The bulky brief, and corresponding fee,
Are things unknown to all that lofty floor.

Small comfort theirs when each dull day is o'er :
No gentle wife their joys and griefs to share,
No quiet homeward walk at half-past four
To some snug tenement near Russell Square.

Oft have they read each prosing term report,
Dull treatises, and statutes not a few ;
How many a vacant day they've pass'd in court ;
How many a barren circuit travell'd through.

Yet let not judges mock their useless toil,
And joke at sapient faces no one knows,
Nor ask, with careless and contemptuous smile,
If no one moves in all the long back rows ?

Vain is the coif, the ermined robe, the strife
Of courts, and vain is all success e'er gave ;
Say, can the judge, whose word gives death or life,
Reprieve himself when summon'd to the grave ?

Nor you, ye leaders, view them with ill-will
If no one sees their speeches in *The Times*,
Where long-drawn columns oft proclaim your skill
To blacken innocence, and palliate crimes.

Can legal lore or animated speech
Avert that sentence which awaits on all ?
Can *nisi prius* craft and snares o'er reach
That Judge whose look the boldest must appal ?

---

* The Middle Temple Hall Tower, a modern antique.

Perhaps, in those neglected rooms abound
Men deeply versed in all the quirks of laws,
Who could with cases right and wrong confound,
And common sense upset, by splitting straws.

But, ah ! to them no clerk his golden page,
Rich with retaining-fees, did e'er unroll ;
Chill negligence repress'd their legal rage,
And from the quibbling current of the soul,

Full many a barrister who well could plead,
Those dark and unfrequented chambers bear ;
Full many a pleader, born to draw unfee'd.
And waste his counts upon the desert air !

Some Follett, whom no client e'er would trust,
Some Wilde, who gain'd no verdict in his life ;
In den obscure, some Denman there may rust ;
Some Campbell, with no peeress for his wife.

The wits of wond'ring juries to beguile,
The wrongs of injured clients to redress :
To gain or lose their verdict with a smile,
And read their speeches in the daily press,

Their lot forbad—nor was it theirs, d'ye see ?
The wretched in the toils of law to lure ;
To prostitute their conscience for a fee,
And shut the gates of justice on the poor.

To try mean tricks to win a paltry cause,
With threadbare jests to catch the laugh of fools,
Or puff in court before all human laws,
The lofty wisdom of the last New Rules.

Not one rule *nisi*, even "to compute,"
Their gentle voices e'er were heard to pray,
Calm and sequester'd, motionless and mute,
In the remote back seats they pass'd each day.

Yet e'en their names are sometimes seen in print,
For Frail memorials on the outer doors
Disclose, in letters large, and dingy tints.
The unknown tenants of the upper floors.

Door-posts supply the place of Term Reports,
And splendid plates around the painter sticks,
To show that he, who never moved the courts,
Has moved from number two to number six.

For who, to cold neglect a luckless prey
His unfrequented attic e'er resign'd,
E'er moved with better hopes across the way
And did not leave a spruce tin-plate behind ?

Strong is the love of fame in nobler minds,
And he whose bold aspiring fate doth crush,
Receives some consolation when he finds
His name recorded by the painter's brush.

For thee who, mindful of each briefless wight,
Dost in these motley rhymes their tale relate.
If, musing in this lonely attic flight
Some youthful students should inquire thy fate,

Haply some usher of the court may say—
"At noon I've mark'd him oft, 'tween nine and ten
Striding, with hasty step, the Strand away,
At four o'clock to saunter back again.

There in the Bail Court, where yon quaint old judge,
Doth twist his nose, and wreath his wig awry,
Listless for hours he'd sit, and never budge,
And pore upon a book—the Lord knows why.

Oft would he bid me fetch him some report,
And turn from case to case with look forlorn,
Then, bustling, would he run from court to court,
As if some rule of his were coming on.

One morn I miss'd that figure lean and lank,
And that pale face, so often mark'd by me,
Another case—nor yet was he in Banc,
Nor at th' Exchequer, nor the Pleas was he.

The next day, as at morn I chanced to see
Death's peremptory paper in *The Times*,
I read his name, which there stood number three,
And there I also read these doleful rhymes,"

EPITAPH

"Here rests a youth lamented but by few ;
A barrister, to fame and courts unknown.
Brief was his life—yet was it briefless, too,
For no attorney mark'd him for his own.

"Deep and correct his knowledge of the laws,
No judge a rule of his could e'er refuse ;
He never lost a client or a cause,
Because, forsooth, he ne'er had one to lose.

"E'en as he lived unknown—unknown he dies,
Calm be his rest, from hopeless struggle free,
'Till that dread court, from which no error lies,
Shall final judgment pass on him and thee,"

By the late MR. JUSTICE HAYES.

From *Random Recollections of the Midland Circuit*. By Robert Walton. Second Series. Chiswick Press, 1873.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A BALL-ROOM.

THE beaux are jogging on the pictured floor
The belles responsive trip with lightsome heels ;
While I, deserted, the cold pangs deplore,
Or breathe the wrath which slighted beauty feels.

* * * *

This does not continue in the vein of parody.

From *Miscellanies : Prose and Verse*, by William Maginn. 1885.

THE "ELEGY" TRAVESTIED.

THE shops are closed—the sign of closing day
The sewing-girl glides glibly home to tea ;
The drayman homeward drives his noisy dray,
And leaves "down town" to watchmen and to me.

Now fade the lightless lamp-posts on the sight ;
O'er all the street a soothing stillness reigns,
Save where the stages wheel their distant flight,
And random sprinklings tap the window panes.

Save that, from yonder "Square," upon the ear
Fall sounds of "Presses," with a buzzing din,
Where hordes of "Scribblers" take their "Bitter Beer,"
And "Midnight Bounders" drink their fighting gin.

* * * *

Observe, ye chaste, who promenade the way
In spotless satin and unsullied fame,
Where, thro' the crowded streets, in open day,
The painted wanton publishes her shame.

Can rounded arm, or well-developed bust
Pertain alike to women of our clime?
Can Kalydor disguise the cheek of lust,
Or *Rouge* conceal the ravages of time?

Perhaps beneath those flaunting robes are locked
Hearts once recoiling at the name of "Flirt"—
Hands that a nursery cradle might have rocked,
Or sewed the buttons on a husband's shirt!

And who so bold as venture to presage
The fate of seeming best or seeming worst?
For woman's the same mystery to the age,
She was to Senor Adam at the first.

Full many a fair, to hopeless love a prey,
Still in life's drama plays a smiling part;
Full many a lover sighs his soul away,
And wastes his passion on a "Marble Heart."

* * * *

Yet who, despite the frailties of the fair,
A Bachelor existence long can brook;
Dwell in dull lodgings up a dozen pair,
Nor cast upon the "Sex" one longing look?

On some fond breast the aching head must lean,
Some heart must beat in union with ours;
In this alone their proper "sphere" is seen,
Even in our weakness live their vaunted powers,

For thee, who mindful of the yet unwed,
Dost in these lines extol the married state,
If chance, by British disposition led,
Some *curioso* shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some old associate may say:
"Oft have we seen him through the deepest snows,
Rushing with hurried strides and features gay
To reach the play-house, ere the curtain rose.

"There, at the end of yonder circling row
That skirts the stage, above the foot-light's glare,
His careless length at evening would he throw,
And gaze upon the girl that dances there.

"Hard by yon bar, now swearing, as in spite,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now talking awful wild, like one half 'tight,'
Of some new 'mash,' his latest love!

"One night we missed him 'mong the accustomed bloods'
Within the corner near his favourite she;
Another came; not yet among the 'gods,'
Nor near the bar, nor in the pit was he,

"The next, with favours white, and strange designs,
Swift up the church-way path we saw him whirled;
Just take your eye and throw it o'er the lines
That show he's lost for ever to the world."

THE EPIGRAPH.

Here lives, retired, with no more to excite,
A youth to all the *corps de ballet* known;
Fair woman smiled upon him every night,
Till Matrimony marked him for her own.

Strange though his fancies, yet his heart was warm;
Fraught with aversion for a form uncouth,
Was down on Humbug in its wildest form:
His motto—"Every man his own Kossuth!"

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or paint the follies of his single life,
For they, alike, quiescently repose
Within the bosom of his faithful wife.

The Umpire. (Manchester), May 5, 1888.

The following imitation of the "Elegy" appeared in *The Volunteer Record and Shooting News* (London, 33, King William Street, E.C.), August 11, 1888. It was written by a well known shooting man of the London Rifle Brigade as a funeral dirge upon the last of the N.R.A. meetings on Wimbledon Common. The first meeting was held there in July, 1860.

WIMBLEDON—AN ELEGY.

July 21st, 1888.

THE sound of gunfire marked the closing day
Of that last meeting on the breezy lea;
Now marksmen homeward plod their weary way,
And leave the Common they no more shall see:

For fades the latest glimmering hope from sight
That he who by ill-fate the land doth hold,
Hard by where bullets sped their rapid flight
Might yet a portion of that land have sold.

Round yon trim cottage and the windmill's tower
The moping owl shall hoot his sad refrain,
And with the bat disport at twilight's hour;
Nought to disturb their solitary reign.

Where stood the umbrella tent, whose welcome shade
They often sought—to smoke, to flirt, to sleep;
Where Henton's* band such charming music played;
Now, noisome creatures o'er the turf shall creep.

The cheery call of bugles in the morn,
Or thunder rain-drops trickling on their head;
Or worse, the shriek of bag-pipes, zephyr borne,
No more shall wake them from their palliasse bed.

And they no more upon those beds shall turn,
Making perchance, in dreams, tall scoring there.
No comrades greet them in hot haste to learn
What they have made, their joy or sadness share.

Oft did the targets to their science yield
The welcome "eyes" when they past records broke.
How jocund then they sped across the field!
Scarce bent the grass beneath their feet's light stroke.

And yet, more oft, mocked was ambition's toil,
Modest outers, and "mags," scarce less obscure,
Rewarding hope with a disdainful smile!
Provoking language the reverse of pure.

They freedom asked for, from vexatious strife.
Their well-aimed bullets never learned to stray,
And never yet endangered limb or life,
While to the butts they sped their noiseless way.

Full many a budding shot, with vision keen,
Strove hard to woo the fickle goddess there;
But now, alas! they live to blush unseen
And waste their sweetness on the desert air!

---

*Mr. Hiram Henton, Bandmaster of the London Rifle Brigade. The L.R.B. Band was selected for several years, for Camp duty, by the National Rifle Association.

Perhaps, on that neglected range have laid
  Embryo prizemen, who, if they could fire,
Might with their fame have distant empires swayed !
  And, being chaired, have invoked the living lyre !

And thou, proud Duke, 'twill be indeed thy fault
  If mem'ry o'er thy tomb no trophies raise !
If, after long-drawn years, thy fretted vault
  Bears no inscription graved in words of praise.

No storied urn, or marble sculptured bust,
  Shall e'er record thy name—but fleeting breath—
For thou hast brought the N.R.A. to dust,
  And laid thereon the dull cold hand of death.

'Twas thou forbade it—yes, thou, and thou alone
  Their growing talents crushed ; the deed's confined
To thee, who, although dwelling near a throne
  Hast shut the gates that bound thee to thy kind.

The gnawing pangs of conscience try to hide,
  Go, quench the blush caused by thy action's shame,
Heap on thyself discredit for thy pride ;
  Thou'st sunk for gain, thy erstwhile honour'd name.

That name, thy years, thy choice to power misuse,
  Thy selfish deed, this elegy supply,
Which round thy fame unholy blessings strews,
  For thou hast left the N.R.A. to die.

The Epitaph.

There now lies dead upon this spot of earth
  An institution once to fame well-known,
A Queen was present at its humble birth !
  Success unrivalled marked it for its own.

Large was its mission, and its work sincere,
  The Volunteers its meets did well attend ;
They give its mem'ry (all they have)—a tear,
  And pray for (that which "George" was not) a friend.

No further need the merits to disclose
  Of that Common, so long by marksmen trod,
Those marksmen now in trembling hope repose
  Their future in the Council, and their God.

E. B. Anstee.

Another parody on Gray's "Elegy" appeared in a scarce old Scotch volume, entitled "*The Court of Session Garland*" which has recently been re-issued by Messrs. Hamilton, Adams & Co., London.

The parody was written by Colin Maclaurin, Esquire, advocate, and was first privately printed at Edinburgh in 1814. It relates the cares and anxieties incident to the legal profession :—

The bell now tolls, soon after dawn of day,
  The lawyer herd wind slowly up the street,
The macer court-ward plods his weary way,
  Anxious, in haste, each learned judge to meet.

And soon the bustling scene delights the sight,
  In yonder gorgeous and stupendous hall,
While eager macers call, with all their might,
  The busy lawyers from each judge's roll.

E're long, from yonder velvet-mantled chair,
  The angry judge does to the bar complain,
Of counsel who, by way and means unfair,
  Molest his potent and judicial reign.

Beneath yon fretted roof that rafters shade,
  Whare lie huge deeds in many mouldering heads,
Each, in its narrow cell, far too long laid,
  Many a dusty process often sleeps.

The dreadful call of macer, like a horn,
  The agent, tottering from some humble shed,
The lawyer's claron, like the cock's, at morn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the agent's lamp shall burn,
  Or busy clerk oft' ply his evening care,
No counsel run to hail their quick return,
  Or long their client's envied fees to share.

Oft' did the harvest to their wishes yield,
  And knotty points their stubborn souls oft' broke.
How keenly did they, then, their clients shield !
  How bow'd the laws beneath their sturdy stroke.

Let not derision mock their useful toils,
  Forensic broils, and origin obscure,
Nor judges hear, with a disdainful smile,
  The short and simple causes of the poor.

The boast of sov'reignty, the rod of power,
  And all the sway that judges ever have,
Await alike the inevitable hour
  When all must yield to some designing knave.

Nor you, ye vain, impute to such the fault,
  If mem'ry o'er his deeds no trophies raise,
Where, thro' the long drawn hall and fretted vault,
  The well-fee'd lawyer swells his note of praise.

* * * *

For thee, who mindful of each agent's deeds,
  Dost in these lines their artful ways relate
If chance, or lonely contemplation leads
  Some kindred spirit to enquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary headed sage may say,—
  Oft' have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
  To meet the judges, at the court in town.

One morn I miss'd him in th' accustomed hall,
  Upon the boards, and near his favourite seat ;
Another came, and answered to the roll :
  Nor at the bar nor in the court he sate.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
  Slow through the church-way path we saw him
      borne :
Approach and read, for thou canst read the lay
  Grav'd on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn.

Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
  A youth to Business and to Law well known ;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
  And Litigation marked him as her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
  Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Mis'ry (all he had), a tear ;
  He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wished),
      a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
  Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode ;
(There they, like many a lawyer's, now repose)
  The bosom of his Father and his God.

MATTHEW G. LEWIS.

(Concluded from page 143.)

Several parodies of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine" are given in *The Spirit of the Public Journals*, of which the following is the best. It originally appeared in *The True Briton*, and was reprinted in Vol. III. of *The Spirit of the Public Journals.* for 1799.

PEGGY THE GAY, AND THE BOLD ROGER GRAY.

A PLOWMAN so stout and a damsel so rare,
Conversed as they sat on the hay;
They ogled each other with simpering stare;
Pretty Peggy the Gay, was the name of the fair,
And the plowman's the Bold Roger Gray.

"And O!" said the nymph, "since to-morrow you go
Far hence with a sergeant to list,
Your tears for your Peggy soon ceasing to flow,
Your love for some wealthier maiden you'll show,
And she'll by my Roger be kiss'd."

"What nonsense you talk!" cried the youth in a pet;
For by the Lord Harry I swear,
Nor cheeks red as cherries, nor eyes black as jet,
Nor moist lips, nor of teeth the most beautiful set,
Shall make me untrue to my fair.

"If ever by money or love led aside,
I forget my sweet Peggy the gay,
With the power of a justice's warrant supplied,
May a constable come as I sit by my bride,
And bear me to prison away!"

To Glos'ter then hastened this plowman so bold,
His sweetheart lamented him sore,
But scarcely nine months had over him roll'd,
When a rich butcher's widow, with bags full of gold,
Bold Roger entic'd to her door.

Her mutton and beef, so red and so white,
Soon made him untrue to his vows;
They pamper'd his palate, they dazzled his sight,
They caught his affection, so vain and so light,
And she carried him home as her spouse.

From church the fond couple adjourn to the "Crown,"
The company laugh, drink, and sing,
The bacon and greens they go merrily down,
And the mugs were all frothing with liquor so brown,
When the bell of the alehouse went—Ding!

Now first Roger Gray with amazement descried
A stranger stalk into the room;
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not aside,
He neither regarded the landlord nor bride,
But earnestly gaz'd on the groom.

Full stout were his limbs, and full tall was his height,
His boots were all dirty to view,
Which made all the damsels draw back in a fright,
Lest by chance they should sully their petticoats white,
And poor Roger began to look blue.

His presence all bosoms appear'd to dismay:
The men sat in silence and fear;
Till trembling at length, cried poor Roger, "I pray
Aside your great coat, my old cock, you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The swain now is silent—the stranger complies,—
His coat now he slowly unclos'd!
Good Gods! what a sight met poor Roger's gray eyes,
What words can express his dismay and surprise,
When a constable's staff was expos'd!

All present then utter'd a terrified shout,
All hasten with hurry away;
For as no one knew whom he came to seek out,
Some tried to creep in, some tried to rush out,
Till the constable cried "Roger Gray!"

"Behold me, thou false one!—behold me!" he cried;
"Remember fair Peggy the gay,
Whom you left with a child to possess a new bride;
But his Worship, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
Has sent me to fetch thee away."

So saying, he laid his strong arm on the clown,
Calling vainly for help from the throng;
He bore him away to the gaol of the town,
Nor ever again was he seen at the "Crown,"
Or the catchpole who dragg'd him along.

Not long staid the bride—for, as old women say,
The meat in her shop was all spoil'd,
All her beef and her mutton were carried away,
And sold to buy caudle for Peggy the gay,
And biggins and pap for the child.

Four times in each year, when in judgment profound
The Quorum all doze on the Bench,
Is Roger brought up, and is forc'd to be bound,
With a friend, in the sum of at least forty pound,
To provide for the child and the wench.

The Church-wardens sit round the treat they don't pay,
Their cares all with '*bacco* beguil'd,
They drink out of mugs newly form'd of bak'd clay,
Their liquor is ale, and this whimsical lay
They sing—"Here's a health to fair Peggy the gay,
And the false Roger Gray and his child."

There is another Parody in the same volume commencing:—

"A Bulldog so fierce, and a Spaniel so meek."

In Volume V. (1801) of the same collection there is an imitation of Lewis's style, entitled "*The Little Green Man*," and in Volume IX. (for 1805) a parody of "Alonzo the Brave," commencing:—

"Lemona was daughter of Hudda the Brave."

Neither of these is worth preserving, but the following rather humorous skit may be quoted:—

THE SQUEAKING GHOST.

A Tale according to the genuine principles of the horrific, by M. G. L——s, Esq., of Spectre Hall, In the County of Hobgoblin.

THE wind whistled loud! Farmer Dobbin's wheat stack,
Fell down! The rain beat 'gainst his door!
As he sat by the fire, he heard the roof crack!
The cat 'gan to mew and to put up her back!
And the candle burnt—*just as before!*

The farmer exclaimed, with a piteous sigh,
“To get rid of this curs'd noise and rout,
Wife, gi'e us some ale.” His dame straight did cry,
Hem'd and cough'd three times three, then made this reply—
“I can't, mun!” “Why?” “*'Cause the cask's out!*

By the side of the fire sat Roger Geeho,
Who had finished his daily vocation:
With Cicely, who's eyes were as black as a sloe,
A damsel, indeed, who had never said no,
And because—*she ne'er had an occasion,*

All these were alarmed by some loud piercing cries,
And thrown into a terrible state;
Till opening the door, with wide-staring eyes,
They found to their joy, no less than surprise,
'Twas the old sow stuck fast in a gate!

The Spirit of the Public Journals for 1804. Volume VIII.

* * *

A scarce little pamphlet, published by J. Crocker, London, 1838, entitled “*The Modern Gilpin*, or the Adventures of John Oldstock, in an Excursion by Steam from London to Rochester Bridge, containing a passing glance at the principal places on the Thames and Medway” was, as its name implies, a parody of Cowper's “John Gilpin”:—

John Oldstock was a store-keeper,
In far-famed Seven-Dials;
An ebon nymph grac'd his shop-door—
He dealt in rags and phials.

* * * *

It is very long, and its only interest consists in its descriptions of scenes much changed during the past fifty years.

“*A Lay of Modern Exon:* a serio-comic satire on the Great Gas Question,” by Blabington Mike-Hawley, F.C.E., was the title of a small pamphlet published in Exeter in 1879. It was a not very good parody of Lord Macaulay, and of purely local interest.

* * *

AMERICAN PARODIES

On page 284 a parody of E. A. Poe, entitled “The Swells,” was erroneously attributed to Mr. T. F. Dillon Croker. That gentleman had kindly written a *copy* of the poem for this collection, hence the error, which he wishes to be corrected. The author of the parody is unknown.

The Dutchman and the Raven.

Vonce upon a midnite dreary, as I pondered, veak and veary,
Ofer many a glass of lager, vot I drank in days of yore,
In my bed I vas faschd nabbing, ven I dream I heert some dapping,
As if some von gently drowing brickbats at my voodshed door;
“Dis dot Snyder poy,” I muttered, “trying to preak my voodshed door—
Only dis, and noding more.”

Yah, disdinctly I remember, it was in dot pleak December,
Und each seberate dying ember vos gone oud long pefore;
Dot nide I felt quoide heardy, for Louise vent to a bardy,
Und of cause I drunk more lager as I nefer did pefore;
But schdill I know dot somedings sthruck my oudside voodshed door—
Only dot, und noding more.

From oud mine bed I makes von jumb, und see vot vos dis drubble,
Mine Got! vot makes mine legs so veak? I feel so not pefore;
I sckarce could valk, I could not talk, mine mind was in a muddle;
But I dought it vas Johnny Snyder dryin' to open schud mine door,
Und mit cabbage-sdumps to hit me, as he often doned before—
Dis I said, und noding more,

Py und py I vos got praver; den I takes mine gun and sabre,
Und schloly valks, midout mine pants, up to mine voodshed door;
Und dare for von half hour I sdood mitout no power,
So veak I vos I could not lift mine hands up any more;
But at vonce I got more polder, und I opened vide de door—
Plack as darkness, noding more.

Deep into dot plackness peeping, all around mine voodshed creeping,
Dreaming dreams no Dutchman efer dare to dream pefore.
Der silence vos unbroken, und der sdillness gave no token;
But I hear somepody spoken, “You vill vare dem pants no more.”
“Vot is dot?” I cried, and someding answered back the vord, “No more.”
Merely dis, und noding more.

Back indo my bedroom turning, all my sole mitin me burning,
Den vonce more I heert a tapping, someding louder as pefore.
Now I cries out, “Dunder vetter! vot the devil ish the madder?”
Surely dis ain't Johnny Snyder hitting cabbage mit mine door?
No! I dink dis cannot be, for I bet, by geminee!
'Twas the vind, und noding more.

Oben here I flung mine vindow, ven dere all at vonce came into
A ding just like a big plack cat I never saw pefore;
Von fearful vink he gafe me, not von moment sdoped nor sdayed he;
His pack he humped, und den he jumped upon mine bedroom door.
Dare he sat, und noding more.

The air dew was so funny, for it schmells no more like honey,
Und den I squease mine nose hard until it vas quide sore;
Den vonce I cried mid all my mide, “I vant to vare mine pants to-night,

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Und of you dink dot I vos dighd, chust chumped down off dot floor ;"
Again I heard it gently say : "You'll vare dem pants no more."
Dis it said, und noding more.

"Profid," said I, "ding of efil ; profid sdill, if dorg or devil,
For vot you comes into mine house ? I vant you here no more ;
Leafe no ding here as a doken of dot lie vich you hafe spoken ;
You go home, I vas not joking, for I told you once pefore,
Chust dake dot smell frum out mine house, und jump down off mine door !"
But it vinked, and said no more.

A penny pamphlet, in a blood red cover, has been recently published in Poppin's Court, Fleet Street, entitled "*The Whitechapel Murders*, A vision of the Murderer as seen from Dreamland, by *Marcus.*"

It is written in imitation of Poe's *Raven*, to call attention to the wretched inefficiency of our present system of police, and the supineness of the Home Office in everything relating to the unfashionable quarters of London.

But as both Sir Charles Warren and Mr. Matthews are already sufficiently unpopular, it is needless to quote this parody, dealing, as it does, with topics of a most unpleasant description.

:o:

The following parody refers to the Fisheries dispute between Canada and the United States, which, but for Mr. Chamberlain's unfortunate want of tact and temper during his mission, might have been amicably settled :—

Canada, my Canada.

The haddock's feet are on thy shore,
Canada, my Canada ;
The halibut is at the door,
Canada, my Canada ;
For smelt and gudgeon, chub and eel,
For codfish, hake and mackareel,
Arise and meet the Yankee steal.
Canada, my Canada.

Thou wilt not cower in the brine,
Canada, my Canada ;
Thou wilt not drop thy fishing line,
Canada, my Canada ;
Defend thy sculpin, save thy skate,
Strike for thy shad with soul elate,
Don't swear, and spit upon thy bait.
Canada, my Canada.

Deal gently with a herring race
Canada, my Canada ;
Put up your swordfish in its place,
Canada, my Canada ;
If for reprisal you would sue,
Just turn your other cheek—please do,
And take a Yankee smack or two,
Canada, my Canada.

The Brooklyn Eagle, U.S.

:o:

The Beautiful Snow.

A correspondent in Chicago writes in reference to this poem (see page 268) "there seems little doubt but that it was written by Mr. James M. Watson. Mr. Bryant in his *Library of Poetry and Song*, and Mr. Coates in his *Fire-side Cyclopedia* both name him as the author. The last verse, however, which you quote is not a part of the original poem, but added later, and by another hand. Mr. W. F. Fox, of this city, wrote an additional verse to supply the idea of final hope of forgiveness and happiness. It is as follows :—

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow
Should robe with its brightness this world in its woe !
Yet the soft crystals so tenderly falling,
Speak to my heart as if angels were calling,
Lovingly, earnestly, bidding me come,
Offering this soul of mine rest and a home ;
Away in the mansion of glory above,
I'll plead for admission through pardoning love,
There, robed in that mantle God's grace can bestow,
I'll rival the whiteness of beautiful snow.

The authorship of this poem has been very much discussed over here in the United States. The following verses, which went the rounds a few years ago, were keenly enjoyed by the reading world" :—

The Gallant Three Hundred.

Three hundred brave warriors with pistols and rifles,
Who will not be daunted by dangers or trifles
Have taken an oath and are ready to go,
On a hunt for the author of "Beautiful Snow."

Too long has he lived on this suffering earth,
Too long has he haunted the family hearth,
Too long been permitted his trumpet to blow,
That cold-blooded author of "Beautiful Snow."

If they find him—and surely we hope that they will—
They will finish him up, for they'll hunt him to kill ;
The gallant Three Hundred will follow the chase,
Till they come within sight of his back or his face.

Then fearlessly charging the terrible foe,
They will pepper the author of "Beautiful Snow,"
So let the brave heroes in battle array,
Dash off to "the front" well equipped for the fray.

Accomplish their purpose they can and they must,
For their cause is the people's, their warfare is just,
And when their good work is effectively done,
When the battle is fought and the victory won,

They'll return with their banner star spangled and bright,
And high on their flagstaff plainly in sight
Will dangle what all must feel happy to know,
Is the scalp of the author of "Beautiful Snow."

Der Good-lookin Shnow.

Oh ! dot shnow, dot goot-lookin shnow,
Which makes von der shky out on tings below,
Und yoost on der haus vhere der shingles vas grow,
You come mit some coldness, vherefer you go ;
Valtzin und blayin und zinging along.
Goot-lookin shnow, you dond cood done wrong.

Ofen of you make on some oldt gal's scheek,
It makes notting tifferent, ofer das shendlesom freak.
Goot-lookin shnow, von der glouds py der shky,
You vas bully mit cold vedder, und bully von high.

Oh ! dot shnow, dot goot-lookin shnow,
Yoost dis vay, und vot you make vhen you go ;
Fhlyin aroundt, you got matness mit fun,
Und fhreeze makes der nose of efery von ;
Lafein, runnin, mit gwickness go py,
Yoost shtobbin a leedle, den pooty gwick fhly ;
Und efen der togs, dot vas out in der vet,
Vood shnab at der bieces vhich makes on dhere hedt.
Der peobles vas grazy, und caddles vood crow
Und say how you vas, you goot-lookin shnow.

Und so gwick you vas dhere, und der vedder did shnow,
Dhey shpeak out in dones so shweeder as low,
Und der shleigh-riders, too, vas gone py in der lite,
You doond cood saw dhem, dill quite out of site.
Schwimmen, shkimmen, fhlirdin dhey go
Rect on der tob of dot goot-lookin shnow.
Dot shnow vas vhite glean vhen it comes der shky down,
Und yoost so muddy like mud, ven it comes of der town ;
To been valked on py more as dwo hoondret fife feet,
Dill gwick, vas yoost lookin so phlack like der shtreet.

*   *   *   *

This imitation will be found complete in Routledge's *Medley Dialect Recitations.*

Good-bye to the (Cricketing) Season,

(A Fond Farewell, something in the style of Praed, composed at the Oval in October by our Own Old Enthusiast.)

Good-bye to the Season !—'Tis over !
Pavilions no longer are gay ;
Bat, bowler, and leal Cricket-lover,
Are scattered like M.P.'s away.
Walter Read bobs no longer his brown end
At point, watching Bannerman's "shape ;"
Gilbert Grace has gone home to dear Downend,
Bob Abel is bound for the Cape.
For want of a fuller enjoyment,
Till Bat, Ball, and Stumps, can come out,
At Football a few find employment,
But Cricket is done, beyond doubt.

Good-bye to the Season !—The weather
Has bowed at the shrine of St. Gamp ;
Wet wickets have sodden the leather,
And stumps have been pitched in a swamp.
Chill deluges, varied with thunders,
The Cricket-crack's "average" queer.
Bad hits and bad misses are blunders
Scarce blamed in so beastly a year.
There are all sorts of excellent reasons
All round for the prevalent "duck ;"
So, Good-bye to this wettest of Seasons !
Its memories are mainly of muck.

Good-bye to the Season !—The chances
That filled even champions with gloom ;
The rascally tricks and rare dances
Devised by the demon of doom.
The "bad hits" that should have been "beauties,"
The good ones so palpably "flukes" ;
The fielders so slack in their duties,
The Captains so tart in rebukes ;
The cocksures who dropped bobs and tanners
On matches like Surrey *v.* Notts ;
The consequent breaches of manners ;
The subsequent downfall of "pots."

Good-bye to the Season !—Another
Will come with the coming of May ;
Though the new county boundaries bother,
The cry of the boys will be "Play !"
Will it come like *this* terrible "tryer ?"
Or come very much the reverse ?
Will its scorings be lower or higher ?
Will its weather be better or worse ?
Will it favour the bowler or batter ?
Will it come with dry turf and clear sky,
Or washy and squashy ?—No matter :—
Good-bye to the Season—good-bye !

END OF VOLUME V.

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